

DECEMBER 11, 1880

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 576.—Vol. XXII.

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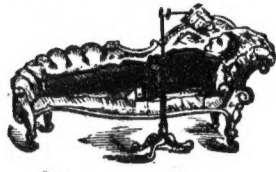
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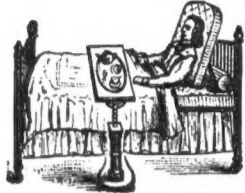
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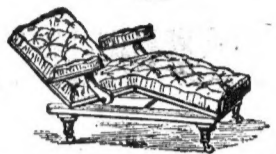
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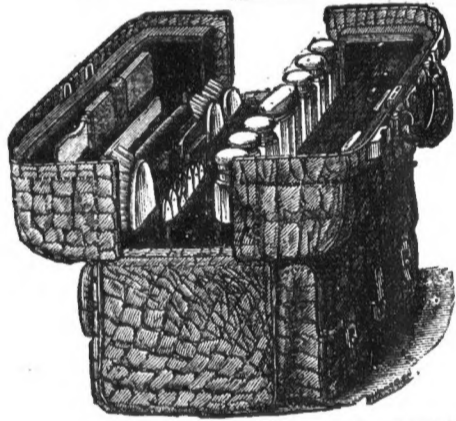
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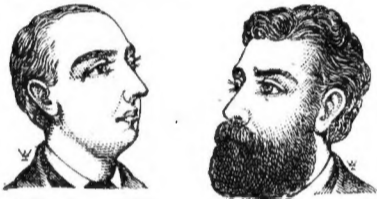


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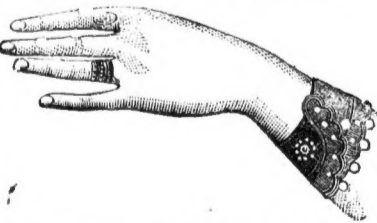


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THE GRAPHIC

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No. 576.—VOL. XXII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. A Stony Country.—2. En Route from Lough Mask.—3. "Heaven save ye, Sorr! Will ye give me the Price of a Bit o' Turf to cook some Pitatees?"—4. Mr. Parnell's Residence, Avondale, Rathdrum, County Wicklow.—5. A Tramp.—6. "Ah—I only said, 'Howld the Crops, and Howld the Rints,' just to Plase them Country Folks."—7. Camp Life: An Escort for the Army Service Corps.—8. At Lough Mask: Patrol from 2 to 6 A.M.—9. On the Way to a Land Meeting.

THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND

Topics of the Week

THE END OF THE DEMONSTRATION.—The dispersal of the International Fleet has caused much satisfaction on the Continent. As long as it remained together no one could feel sure that it would not lead to trouble; its breaking-up was looked upon as the removal of a more or less serious menace to peace. The Demonstration has occasioned a vast deal of noise in the world, but it would be difficult to point to any enterprise which has been attended by less important results. Even the surrender of Dulcigno was not due to it, for the Sultan did not give way until Smyrna was threatened, and Smyrna was threatened only by a few of the Powers, not by Europe. But even if the Montenegrin claims had been satisfied by means of the squadron, what a petty achievement by so vast an expenditure of force! The truth is that when the policy of the European Concert was started the British Government looked for consequences of a much more serious nature. The claims of Greece were to be satisfied also; probably those of Armenia were to be insisted on; and the Porte was to be compelled to reform its whole system of government. From all these fine schemes England has been compelled to draw back, and there is not now much chance that she will resume them. What, then, are we to think of those bitter denunciations of Lord Beaconsfield's policy by means of which he was driven from office? After all, it has been proved that he was right not to pursue the course prescribed for him by his opponents, since the circumstances of Europe rendered it altogether unsuitable. Mr. Gladstone, with all his enthusiasm, is already compelled to retrace his steps, and to move on very much the same lines as those marked out by his predecessor.

SYSTEMATISED BOYCOTTING.—Society generally is so timid and apathetic, that an energetic unscrupulous minority can achieve wonders. Fear, for example, is a far more important factor in the affairs of modern life than is usually admitted. If, for example, we could look into the hearts of a number of trades' unionists on strike, we should find that most of them would willingly go on working at the old rate of wages rather than be half-starved while trying to raise them. But each man is afraid of his mate, he fears to be called a "black" or a "knobstick," he fears personal maltreatment, and so he succumbs to the invisible tyranny. This modern sort of tyranny—which is an outcome of Democracy—is far more subtle and, therefore, more oppressive than the old-world tyranny of Kings, because it is so difficult to track this supremacy to its source. The greater part of Ireland, just now, is converted into one vast Trades' Union, of farmers *versus* landlords. The ordinary machinery of society is thrown out of gear. Rents remain uncollected, vacant farms remain unoccupied, the community at large is forbidden to buy from or sell to obnoxious persons. Where does this *Vehmgericht* reside? Is it in the Land League Committee at Dublin? They will tell you, and tell you truly, that they are merely executing the will of the mass of the Irish people. Is it then the Irish people? Not so, for, if they dared to tell the naked truth, most of them would admit that they joined in the movement rather from fear than for love. Still, the impalpable invisible tyranny daily spreads its nets more widely. Formerly, a man was "Boycotted" for some overt offence, such as paying or receiving rent at a rate above "Griffith's Valuation," but now he is "Boycotted" if he simply refuses to join the Land League. Except in Ulster, where, it is to be hoped, public opinion is still likely to remain independent, we may presume that before long all Irishmen, under the influence of terror, will have joined this potent organisation. There is just a possibility that by that time the League will number among its nominal adherents so many secret malcontents that it will drop to pieces from sheer rottenness. But we are not very sanguine of such a blessed consummation.

CONTINENTAL LIBERALISM AND IRELAND.—A very remarkable letter appeared this week in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, dealing with the question whether the Irish agitators have a right to claim the sympathy of Continental Liberals. If, as is asserted, the writer is Arnold Ruge, he cannot be accused of speaking either with imperfect knowledge of his subject, or with an imperfect appreciation of Liberal ideas. He maintains that with the present phase of "the Irish Question" true Liberals abroad can and should have no sympathy. One of his arguments is that behind the land agitation there is a demand for national independence; and national independence, he points out, would mean the supremacy of that "Clericalism" against which all Continental Liberals are contending. He also urges that Liberalism can only have words of stern condemnation for those acts of violence which have disgraced, and which continue to disgrace, the present movement. All this is true; but Herr Ruge (if he is the writer) seems to have omitted what ought, perhaps, to be regarded as the chief consideration. In this country the Liberals act as if their only enemies were the Conservatives; but on the Continent, while resisting Conservatives, they fight with no less vigour against Socialism. There is, indeed, a growing conviction that the Socialists are far more formidable opponents of

Liberalism than reactionary politicians. Now, the principles of the Land League are simply those of the most extravagant Socialists; and if they have the support of Liberals anywhere, the fact must be attributed to misapprehension. This does not, of course, imply that the Liberal party all over the world would not wish that Irish grievances should be considered with a sincere desire to discover the most effective remedy.

RELATIVE DENSITY OF THE IRISH POPULATION.—That on the barren hill-sides and sea-coast of the Western districts of Ireland there is a larger population than the land can properly support is generally admitted, but few persons, at all events on this side of St. George's Channel, were aware that not only in the West, but throughout Ireland, "all the rich lands are without any inhabitants; while on the poor lands and on the bogs the people are crowded together in small holdings." Such, nevertheless, was the statement made by Mr. Parnell at a recent banquet at Waterford, and, even allowing for the exaggeration arising from extreme partisanship, it is probably substantially true. This conversion of small holdings into extensive grazing areas was one of the chief grievances in the midland and southern counties of Ireland during the middle of the last century, and was the provoking cause of the terrible outrages which were perpetrated by the Whiteboys. Of course, if we are to follow the dictates of political economy, we should leave such matters as the occupation of land to be arranged by the self-interest of private persons. And this, the political economist may say, is what has actually happened in Ireland. More than a hundred years ago it was discovered that grazing farms were more profitable than arable farms. And this discovery holds good even more strongly now; for while the summers are as adverse to corn crops as they ever were, the corn-grower is exposed to the competition of America; whereas the demand for beef, bacon, and butter in England is practically unlimited, the climate of Ireland is just suited for these products, nor is it likely that a country three thousand miles away will ever beat the Irish grazier and dairy farmer out of the English market. Mr. Parnell would reconvert these grazing farms into small holdings. These holdings would, we presume, be chiefly cultivated by the plough and the spade, for dairy farming on a petty scale would scarcely be profitable. If the experiment were to result in making the mass of the Irish peasantry loyal and contented, England would cheerfully forego her provision imports, supposing they ceased to come. But the experiment might prove disastrous. What with the passion of the Irish for subletting, and their powers of multiplication, the Empire might once more be confronted with the difficulty of eight million peasants all trying to live by the land and prostrated by famine. Already in India we have enough of this sort of trouble.

COMBINED ACTION AGAINST SOCIALISM.—The Cologne correspondent of the *Standard* asserted the other day that France and Germany had agreed to take common measures against Socialism. This has been denied by semi-official German papers, but the correspondent has replied by publishing what appears to be an accurate report of a conversation on this and other subjects between Prince Bismarck and the French Ambassador at Berlin. In this conversation the two statesmen are represented as talking of Socialism as a very grave danger indeed; and it is worth noting that M. de St. Vallier seemed to be more sanguine than Prince Bismarck as to the possibility of putting it down. Whether or not the French, German, and other Governments ever decide to take concerted action in the matter, there can be no doubt that one of the gravest aspects of Socialism is its international character. The genuine Socialist does not know what patriotism means. He transfers to his party the sentiments which other people feel towards their country; and his party is of course essentially the same in all the leading nations of the Continent. As yet the Socialists have not been able to organise themselves in an effectual manner; but their leaders continually look forward to an international organisation as the best means of attaining their ends in each individual State. Even now they try hard to influence the various armies of the Continent; but this part of their work will obviously become very much easier if they ever succeed in combining the working classes of Europe against "the powers that be." It would be absurd to predict confidently that this ideal of theirs is unattainable. Perhaps it is, but they themselves are confident of success, and it must be admitted that many tendencies of the age appear to be working in their favour.

THE RED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.—Our treatment of savage races forms one of the most unpleasant chapters in the history of civilised human nature. These remarks especially apply to the savages of North America, who have been poisoned with adulterated alcohol, cozened out of their lands, and only made use of when we wanted their help in maiming and killing our white brethren. Of late years, however, the Canadian Government has been fairly successful in its dealings with the Indians, and has in this respect shown a good example to its Republican neighbours across the border. We have already on former occasions shown why the Canadians manage better than the Americans in this matter. First of all, a monarchical Government is better able than a democratic Government to restrain with a strong hand the reckless spirits of its

outlying settlements; and secondly, the parts chiefly inhabited by the Indians in the British dominions have till lately possessed little attraction for the gold-seeker or the emigrant. The reverse of this obtains in the United States, where, moreover, the pioneers of civilisation are often desperadoes and scoundrels, and where too frequently the Indian Agents have been more intent upon filling their own pockets than in benefiting the savages. We are glad to note that the American Government is now showing a sense of greater responsibility towards these poor creatures, of whom there are still some 250,000 within the limits of the Republic, and that genuine efforts are being made to educate the children and to teach them industrial pursuits. All the Indian tribes are not alike in this respect, some are much more capable of civilisation than others; but, even if civilisation is in some cases impossible, the scandal of these perpetually-recurring Indian wars might be terminated. Unbiased American testimony informs us that the first provocation to strife usually comes from white men. For this there is an efficient remedy in the hands of the Government. The inadequate and overworked little American army should be increased in numbers, and the Indian Agents, as well as the public generally, should, in all matters concerning the Indians, be under the control of the military commanders.

GREECE AND THE PORTE.—There are vague reports that Turkey is about to enter into negotiations with Greece for the settlement of the Greek claims. France and Germany, it is said, have been impressing on both countries the necessity of moderation; and the Porte has declared its readiness to come to some kind of understanding. It is to be hoped that there is some truth in these rumours, for there can be no doubt that this Greek Question may become a source of terrible danger to the world. Besides, Turkey herself would be in an infinitely better position if the dispute were settled, and if she could apply herself steadily to the consideration of other problems. We confess, however, that we have not much faith in the willingness of Turkish statesmen to make concessions; nor can they be severely blamed for resisting the pressure that is brought to bear on them. After all, it is a good deal to ask of a Sovereign to give up flourishing provinces to an ambitious neighbour with whom he has not even been at war; and we must remember that the Sultan is asked to do this by Ministers who have not concealed their desire to make an end of the Ottoman Empire. It would not have been surprising if Turkey had at last consented to offer a compromise in deference to the opinion of Lord Beaconsfield. He was known to be to some extent friendly, and it was possible to regard his advice as disinterested. But how can the Turks be expected to look with anything but suspicion on any counsels which proceed from Mr. Gladstone? There is a certain inconsistency in the talk of many leading politicians about the Turkish Government. They attack it incessantly, and denounce its obstinacy and stupidity; yet they are astonished that it does not regard them as friends, and display the utmost wisdom and self-control.

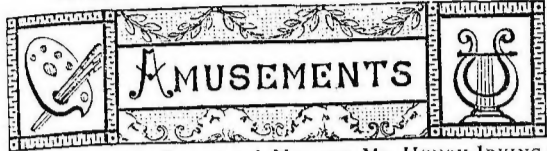
FOG AND SMOKE.—The discussions which have recently taken place on this subject have at all events done this amount of good: they have demonstrated the difficulty of the problem to be achieved, and they have cleared away some popular misconceptions. Mere fogs we shall never get rid of, they are natural to the latitude and situation of the Thames Valley, and no doubt they were familiar objects to the Ancient Briton as he paddled his coracle over the site of the future University Boat Race. But black and yellow fogs can be changed into white ones, if we can only get rid of the smoke which causes the blackness and yellowness. Now we are all by this time aware (having been pretty well preached at) that we send a large percentage of our coals unconsumed up our chimneys, and that this unburnt coal soils our linen, injures our plants, disfigures our statues (if that be possible), and causes what are specially known as London fogs. At the same time Mr. Siemens tells us that it is barbarous to burn raw coals, that we should separate the ingredients beforehand, and then burn coke over a row of gas-jets. We have seen a grate on this principle; it makes a tolerably cheerful fire, and it needs no poking. By-the-way, could the average Paterfamilias, even with the prospective reward before him of a fogless winter, be content to abandon the luxury of poking, clearing the hearth, and shovelling up the cinders? We fear he would think the Siemens grate, as old Paley said of married life with never a quarrel, "plaguy dull." But supposing this objection surmounted, who is going to the expense of altering the hundreds of thousands of domestic grates in London? Landlords rarely do more than is legally binding on them, and tenants cannot be expected to pay for improvements which they would have to leave behind them. An Act of Parliament would be necessary for making the reconstruction of our fireplaces compulsory, but it seems doubtful to us whether the public desire for the abolition of yellow fogs is at present keen enough to render the passage of such a measure possible.

NOTICE.—THE GRAPHIC this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which contains the FIRST PART of an ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT of CAIRO AND THE NILE.

RE-ISSUE OF THE GRAPHIC XMAS PLATE.

In order that the Public may not be disappointed in the possession of the popular Picture, "CHERRY RIFE," by J. E. MULLAIS, R.A., which forms the chief feature of the Xmas Number, it has been decided to Re-issue an Edition of 5,000 only, of this Plate, but it is impossible in so short a time to reprint any portion of the Number itself, the printing of the Edition of 400,000, all of which were purchased by the Trade a week before publication, having occupied more than six months.

The Picture is being reprinted from New Plates, and it is hoped will be superior to the first issue. The price of Plate alone, is ONE SHILLING. Please order of your Newsagent, and not direct from the Office.



AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CORSIAN BROTHERS Every Night at 8.30. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. Irving. At 7.30 BYGONES, by A. W. Pinero. Doors open at 7. Special Morning Performances of THE CORSIAN BROTHERS, Saturday, Dec. 11, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

Mlle. LANTHIER begs to announce that she will give her SECOND and LAST RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC on Wednesday afternoon next, December 15, in St. James's Hall, to commence at four o'clock. Program—Sonata in E flat, Op. 27, No. 1 (Beethoven); Fantasia in C minor (Bach); Prelude, C major, A minor, and B flat minor (Chopin); Variations Serieses (Mendelssohn); Carnaval (Scenes Mignonnes) (Schumann). Sofa stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Programmes and tickets at Chappell and Co.'s, 59, New Bond Street, Piccadilly.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Sir Michael COSTA.—The 49th CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCE of Handel's MESSIAH will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Friday next, December 17. Madame Worthington, Madame Mary Cummings, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Bridson. Trumpet, Mr. Harper; Organist, Mr. Willing. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., and 2s. 6d.; can be bought at the Society's Office, 7, John Street, Adelphi; Austin's, St. James's Hall; and principal Music-sellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—SIXTEENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR. In one continuous season of the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. The acknowledged supreme head of EVERY MINSTREL COMPANY IN THE WORLD, and the only one NOW recognised by the Public and the leading Journals of the Metropolis.

PEERLESS AND PROUDLY DEFYING ALL COMPETITION. The New and Successful Programme will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at 8.

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The enormously successful Musical and Terpsichorean Sketch of THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME will be given at every performance until Christmas.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Last Week of THE TURQUOISE RING, Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, THE HAUNTED ROOM, and A FLYING VISIT. Evening Performances, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s. Will close after Saturday, Dec. 18. Re-open Boxing Day at 3 and 8, with an entirely New Holiday Programme.

THE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt, deterred persons embarking in a profession which they feared might before long prove unremunerative. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood-engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But, meanwhile, there is a great scarcity at the present time of good engravers; and unless a practical effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the Proprietors of the Graphic have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of Engraving, in which the students will be instructed for a term of five years. No premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial before being definitively accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum according to progress made, varying from £3 in the second, to £75 in the fifth year. The hours of attendance will be from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., with an hour allowed for dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government Schools of Design will be allowed to leave at 5 P.M. Intending candidates must send in specimens of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate, addressed "To the Manager of The Graphic, 190, Strand, W.C.," and marked Drawings for Competition.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromolithography and Colour Printing from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—WINTER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from Ten to Five Daily, at the SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES, Pall Mall East. Admission One Shilling.

THOS. ROBERTS, Secretary.

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is now OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, Haymarket, next the Theatre. Admission on presentation of Address Card.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION is now OPEN, from Ten till Six. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W.

H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, AND DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY LIVING ARTISTS, will open January 1st, 1881. Admission One Shilling. Season tickets, Five Shillings.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES BY BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS is now OPEN at MILLER TOTH and SONS' GALLERY, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD ART SCHOOLS, 7, ELM TREE ROAD, N.W. Drawing from the Life and Antique Painting from Model and Still Life. Students specially prepared for Royal Academy. (Two successful at last competition.) Apply to A. A. CALDERON, Esq., Principal.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts. A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants. From Victoria to Brighton, at 10.55 a.m. every Weekday.

GRAND AQUARIUM AND PAVILION. Military and other Concerts every Saturday Afternoon. For which the above Saturday Cheap Tickets are available.

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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 26, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and No. 8, Grand Hotel, Barking, Trafalgar Square; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

THE STATE PROSECUTIONS will commence on the date already fixed, the applications for a postponement to enable the five traversers who are M.P.'s to attend during the opening of the Session having been refused by the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench. Chief Justice May, in delivering the judgment, went out of his way to speak of the conduct of the accused in terms the strength of which is hardly justified by his subsequent remark; "I mean these are the accusations, these are the charges, which Mr. Parnell has to meet." Small wonder that this philippic, which is by common consent condemned as unsuitable to come from the lips of a judge who may have to try the case, should have evoked retorts of the most fiery indignation, or that the Land League should have resolved to call the attention of Parliament to it, with the view of having him excluded from the coming trials. It is probable, however, that his lordship's meaning was not half so bad as his enemies declare it to have been, for his decision with regard to the attachment applied for against the *Dublin Evening Mail* seems fair enough. He admitted that it was the duty of journalists to notice such speeches as those of the Land Leaguers, but at the same time held that the articles were objectionable, and therefore the attachment was granted, though its issue was stayed. We have no space for a tithe of the protests, taunts, and epithets which the infuriated orators of the Land League have hurled at the offending Chief Justice, and though the abusive language may be condemned, we cannot help thinking that he brought it upon himself, and that his unfortunate speech, which went so perilously near to a prejudgment of the case, will do much to influence the passions of the people, and aggravate in a purely gratuitous manner the unhealthy excitement which already exists throughout the country.

On Sunday Mr. Parnell attended a Land meeting at Waterford, and on Monday was presented with the Freedom of that City. The rejoicings and demonstrations of welcome were very general, the streets being full of flags and decorations, and a grand procession was organised, but it is whispered that a good many of the inhabitants only "made believe" to co-operate, for fear of being "Boycotted." Mr. Parnell, who was dubbed "General" by one of the Aldermen, made several lengthy speeches, in one of which he declared his conviction that in five or six years at most the Irish members would have the pleasure of meeting in their own Parliament on College Green. During his stay he received two threatening letters.

The Land League has issued an appeal to the people of Ulster, in which they deny the "foul and malicious slander of Sectarianism; affirm that agrarian crime is the natural outcome of the present land system; and call upon them to join in their labours and dangers, and share the glory of their triumph when victory shall crown their efforts, as crown them it must."

The Land League campaign in the North is being conducted with much skill, the proceedings and tone of the speeches being modified with the object of conciliating the Presbyterian Liberals and the Orange party. A meeting was to have been held at Brookeborough, Fermanagh County, on Tuesday, but it was prohibited by the local magistrates, and a large force of police and military was sent to the spot. On the arrival of Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., and another member of the Land League, the magistrate read the Riot Act, and had him expelled from the field. A meeting was, however, held just beyond the parish boundary, and Mr. O'Kelly telegraphed to Mr. Forster, protesting against "the outrage against Constitutional liberty."

Anti-Land League organisations are springing up all over the country, and many Orange lodges are providing themselves with firearms, with bayonets attached. It is said that the landowners intend holding a series of meetings in England for the purpose of correcting public opinion in this country against the many misstatements and calumnies which are in circulation regarding them.

The Anti-Coercion Association is meeting with but little encouragement from the Advanced Liberal party, several prominent members of which have written to the Secretary, expressing their regret that the Association should have started an agitation which can only have the effect of embarrassing the Government, whom they ought to support as being necessarily better informed upon the subject.

The commercial condition of Ireland, according to the correspondent of the *Times*, is completely paralysed; but the *Statist*, on the other hand, thinks that the increased railway traffic on all the main lines but one, and the October returns of the circulation of the banks afford a decisive proof of the greater activity of trade. The same difference of opinion appears to exist with regard to agrarian outrages, reports of which are this week more numerous than ever. The *Freeman's Journal* says that two-thirds of all the reported outrages, serious and silly, that appear in the newspapers are either utterly baseless or grossly exaggerated. Yet they pass for the most part uncontradicted and unqualified, because what is everybody's business is nobody's business. The *Cork Examiner*, too, asserts that the list of misdeeds is considerably swelled by statements which are completely fictitious, and thus an utterly false impression as to the condition of the country has been created in England. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, in opening the Munster Assizes on Tuesday, made a lengthy charge to the Grand Jury. He said that there were 431 offences supposed to be of agrarian origin. Every farmer's son and farmer's boy seemed to be armed with a rifle or revolver, and they had certainly been pretty freely used in the outrages referred to. Mr. Forster has issued a circular to the magistrates, reminding them of their powers and duties to arrest and punish persons who assemble with arms or in disguise, or are guilty of any act of malicious injury or intimidation.

Most of our engravings need no description beyond that supplied in the titles. With regard to Mr. Parnell's House at Avondale, we learn from a recent number of the *World* that it is situated on a slope of the Wicklow Mountains, and commands a beautiful

view of forest, river, and dale. It was built about a hundred years ago by Mr. Parnell's grandfather, and in one of the rooms is a richly enamelled fireplace, the work of an Italian artist, whose method of execution, Mr. Parnell thinks, is a lost art. The drawing-room was painted and ornamented by the same artist. The furniture is old fashioned, and in the entrance hall are some fine antlers of the ancient Irish elk. The whole place is cheerless and forsaken in appearance, for Mr. Parnell is a single man, who lives a solitary life, and his only retainers are a venerable housekeeper, and a man who attends to his horse and garden. It is added that "Mr. Parnell is a man of singularly mild and gracious manners in private life, but one's eyes are constantly directed inquiringly to the cold and bloodless face in the endeavour to reconcile the frigid exterior with the courtesy of the lips."

Turning to our double-page engraving, we have the striking contrast of "Peace" and "War," which are faithful sketches of the condition of Ballinrobe during and after the recent military occupation. An "illigant" rider is trotting home with a load of turf from the bog. The police-court scene shows the magisterial investigation concerning a riot at Ballinrobe in November, when Captain Boycott was annoyed by the mob, and had to claim the aid of the military. The accused men were ultimately committed for trial. In "The Joke of the Campaign" we have Father O'Malley beseeching the miserable, weakling, undersized population of Ballinrobe not to hurt the "English Army," any one of whom looks a match for a round dozen of such adversaries. No particular tradition concerning the "Holy Well" on the road between Lough Mask and Ballinrobe seems to be remembered by the peasantry, all of whom nevertheless make devout obeisance as they pass the spot. The "Gombeem man" is a petty usurer, who for small unsecured loans, payable by weekly instalments, charges interest at the enormous rate of 260 per cent. per annum. A full description of his operations and their effect upon the condition of the peasantry appeared in the *Daily News* of last Saturday in the letter of the special commissioner. Lastly, we have the "Farewell to Lough Mask," a gay Hussar waving his hand as he spurs away from the gates of the farm, which is now completely deserted, the constabulary having left when Captain Boycott took his departure.

OFFICERS OF THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN

THE late Lieut. WILLIAM CHARLES OWEN came of a family which had served in India with distinction for several generations. He was the only son of Mr. William Louis Owen, District Superintendent, Bengal Police, Retired; and grandson of the late Major Arthur Owen, of the 26th Bengal Native Infantry. He entered the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in February, 1871, and joined the 3rd (King's Own) Hussars as Sub-Lieutenant at Ahmednuggur, in November, 1872. He continued in this regiment till in May, 1878, he passed for, and entered, the Bombay Staff Corps. At the time of the disastrous Battle of Maiwand (or Khushk-i-Nakhud), July 27, 1880, where he fell in a cavalry charge, he was squadron officer, and officiating Adjutant of the 3rd (Queen's Own) Bombay Light Cavalry. One of the survivors of the battle writes:—"The last time I saw him alive was when our infantry line broke, and we charged into a mass of Ghazis. The next I saw was his white horse being led by a sowar, who had found him trotting about. Poor Owen must have fallen in that charge." This gallant and promising young officer has left a widow and an infant son.—Our portrait is from a photograph by P. Vuccini and Co., Melow Street, Fort, Bombay.

The late Lieut. FRANK WHITTUCK, of the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, was the youngest son of W. J. Whittuck, Esq., late Captain 32nd Regiment, of Ellsbridge House, Keynsham, Somerset. He passed out of Sandhurst at the close of 1876, and was appointed early in the following year to the 17th (Leicestershire) Regiment as a probationer for the Staff Corps. After serving in India with the 12th and 20th Native Regiments, he was finally attached to the Bombay Grenadiers when roadmaking in the Bolan Pass, and was with the regiment at Maiwand, and during the disastrous retreat under Brigadier-General Burrowes, being one among the twelve officers who reached Candahar in safety on the memorable 28th of July. The fatigue and privations then endured, together with the additional duties imposed upon the garrison during the siege of Candahar, proved too severe a trial of his strength, and brought on an attack of dysentery, of which he died on September 6th at the early age of twenty-four. Frank Whittuck, whilst in the service, was devoted to his military duties, and a great favourite with his brother officers and friends, besides being fondly loved by his family.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Humpidge and Co., 5, Park Street, Calcutta.

The late Lieut. THOMAS RICE HENN, R.E., who was killed in the Battle of Khushk-i-Nakhud, July 27th, 1880, was the third son of Thomas Rice Henn, Esq., J.P. and D.L., of Paradise Hill, in the County Clare, by Jane Isabella, second daughter of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. When only just seventeen he passed second on the list into Woolwich (it was in the same year in which H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught entered the Academy), and in 1869, at the age of nineteen, obtained his Commission in the Royal Engineers. Having been for some years stationed at Kirkee, in the Bombay Presidency, where he was officiating Quartermaster of the Bombay Sappers, he proceeded to Candahar early in the year 1879, and during his brief career in Afghanistan was four times mentioned in the despatches; and shortly before his death was strongly recommended for a Majority by the Generals in command.

Although he was on the Staff of General Burrowes, and had been appointed Acting Brigade-Major, it is quite clear, from the narrative in *The Times* of the 16th October, that he was with the Bombay Sappers as "their only officer" in this disastrous battle, and that he was killed early in action in the hottest part of the field. High-spirited, full of talent, generous, gentle, deeply beloved, and most deeply regretted, to him may be applied the touching and beautiful lines in "Childe Harold":—

When showered
The death-bolts deadliest thim'd files along,
E'en where the thickest of War's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!

—Our portrait is from a photograph by Jabez Hughes, Regina House, Ryde, I.W.

THE CESSION OF DULCIGNO—THE LAST OF THE INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON, TEODO BAY

TEODO BAY, where the International Squadron has been lying for the past six or eight weeks, is the centre of the three inland gulfs of the Bay of Cattaro. The anchorage there is very large, though perfectly landlocked. The fleet was anchored about three cables' lengths from the shore in a long single line, at a distance of three cables from the shore, the order, counting from the westward, or seaward end, being as follows: English, French, Italian, Russian, Austrian, and German, with the small craft anchored between their respective squadrons and the shore. From the point where H.M.S. *Alexandra* (Admiral Seymour's flag-ship) lay to the entrance, Castelnuovo, the distance by water was 3½ miles. The officers of the fleet do not seem to have found very much amusement on shore, as there appears to be little or no game, while beyond a few of the curiously-shaped guns and daggers which the Albanians occasionally offered for sale, there were few mementoes to carry away. One of our sketches depicts a scene on the deck of H.M.S. *Monarch*, where, as usual throughout the East, much bargaining is the order of the day. The people who most benefited by the visit of the fleet seem to have been the commissariat contractors, and a correspondent



LIEUT. W. C. OWEN, 3RD BOMBAY LIGHT CAVALRY
Killed in the Battle of Maiwand, Afghanistan, July 27, 1880



LIEUT. FRANK WHITTUCK, 1ST BOMBAY GRENADIERS
Died at Candahar, Afghanistan, Sept. 6, 1880, aged 24, from Dysentery, brought on by the fatigue of the Retreat after the Battle of Maiwand



LIEUT. THOMAS RICE HENN, R.E.
Killed in the Battle of Maiwand, Afghanistan, July 27, 1880, aged 22

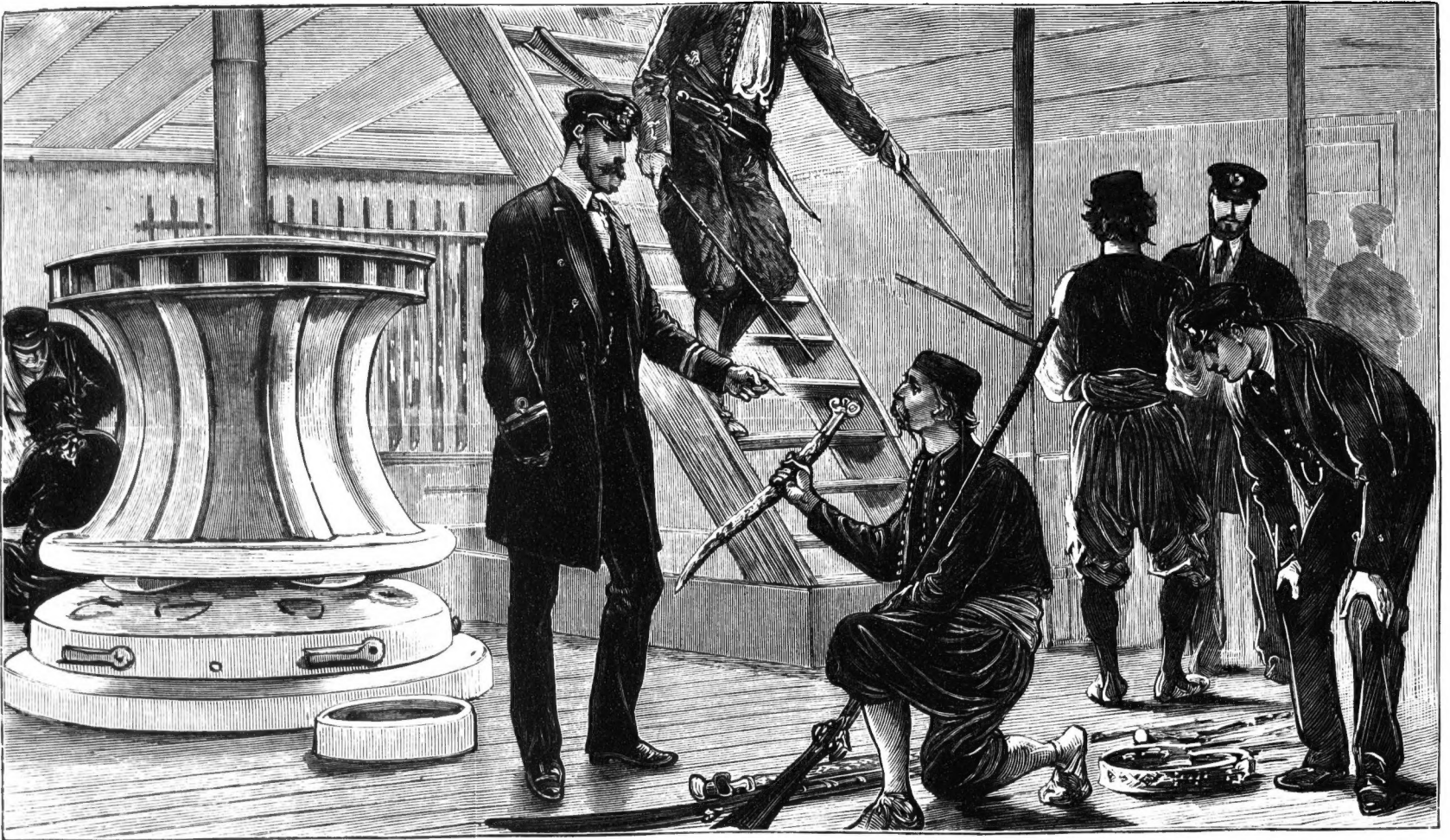


THE ENTRY OF THE MONTENEGRINS INTO DULCIGNO—IN THE TURKISH QUARTER



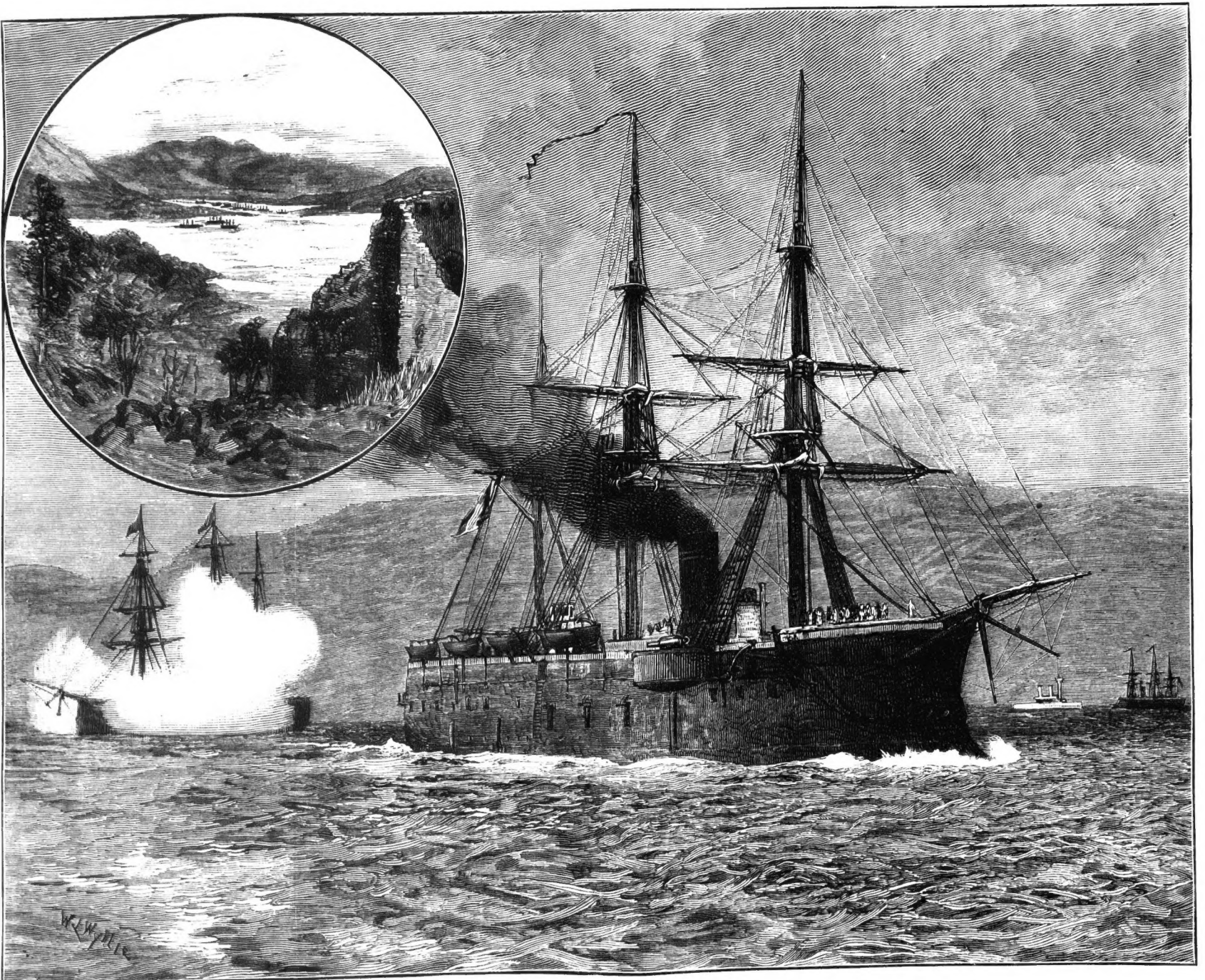
THE BATTLE AT MARTICI BETWEEN THE ALBANIANS AND THE TURKS UNDER DERVISH PASHA

THE SURRENDER OF DULCIGNO



ON BOARD H.M.S. "MONARCH"—PURCHASING ARMS AS SOUVENIRS FROM ALBANIANS AND DALMATIANS

TEODO BAY FROM CASTEL NUOVO



DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH IRONCLAD "FRIEDLAND"

THE SURRENDER OF DULCIGNO—THE LAST OF THE INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON

of a contemporary recently wrote that "the beef contractor is, next to the general commanding at Cattaro, quite the greatest man in the province, and the man who makes bread—and not very good bread either—will probably be able to dower his daughter after a fashion hitherto unknown in this country." The same correspondent, however, bears unqualified testimony to the scrupulous honesty of the people. As soon as Dulcigno had been surrendered the fleet began to make preparations to go; the French vessel *Friedland* being the first to leave, being duly saluted by her colleagues, one of which, H.M.S. *Alonarch*, is represented in the engraving. On Sunday, as described elsewhere, the whole of the fleet left the Bay, and what has been called the "Coercive Co-operation" was at an end.

THE BATTLE BEFORE THE SURRENDER OF DULCIGNO

THIS encounter took place on November 22nd. Early on that morning Dervish Pasha and his army had begun their definitive march upon Dulcigno, and crossing the Bojana River by the St. Giorgio Bridge, proceeded straight across country to the pass where the Scutari and Dulcigno road winds through the eastern extremity of the Maza heights. "There," the correspondent of *The Times* tells us, "he met the Albanian outposts, and quickly dispersed them. Pushing on rapidly, he met with no further resistance until within a few miles of Dulcigno, where the road passed through large olive plantations, affording excellent cover. There the Albanians made a resolute stand, and kept up a telling fire from their entrenched positions. At last Dervish Pasha brought his artillery into play, and ultimately compelled the Albanians to yield. The lost on both sides is said to have been exceptionally heavy." Dervish Pasha then advanced to Kodra, where he encamped for the night, and next day occupied Dulcigno without any further resistance.

THE ENTRY OF THE MONTENEGRINS

THE Montenegrins entered Dulcigno on November 26th. Dervish Pasha having intimated to the Commander-in-Chief of the Montenegrins, Bojo Petrovic, that all was ready, the latter, who had previously occupied the Maza heights, which lie on the line of march, and command the whole country, sent forward a detachment of troops, who arrived at the town about six o'clock in the evening. The Turkish troops, during the transfer of the position, were kept at a distance of fifty paces from the Montenegrins, whose passage through the Turkish quarter is represented in our engraving, and who were under the command of the new Governor, Simon Popovic, and the General of Division, Giuro Petrovic. Next day the Commander-in-Chief, arrived with 4,000 men, and took possession of the town, a salute of twenty-one guns and the hoisting of the Montenegrin standard announcing to the inhabitants that the transfer of the territory from the rule of Abd-ul-Hamid to that of Prince Nicholas had been definitively completed.

THE RITUALISTIC PROSECUTIONS

THE hearing of Mr. Dale's case in the Queen's Bench Division commenced on Monday, and as the arguments of the contending counsel had not come to an end when we went to press, it would be rash to guess how long it will take to arrive at a decision. The Court has been densely crowded each day, and numbers of would-be auditors have been turned away for lack of room. The sitting Judges are Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and Justices Field and Manisty. Mr. Dale's counsel are Mr. Charles, Q.C., Mr. Poland, and Dr. Phillimore. The Crown is represented by the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. A. L. Smith, and Mr. Danckwerts; whilst Mr. Wills and Mr. Jeune appear for the churchwardens of St. Vedast's. The arguments in favour of Mr. Dale's discharge are all of a highly technical character, the principal one, as it seems to us, being the contention that Lord Penzance is not Dean of Arches at all, inasmuch as he did not subscribe to the Oath of Supremacy and sign the Thirty-nine Articles upon assuming that office. It is further contended that the process of contempt ought to have been brought into the Queen's Bench Division in the presence of their lordships, instead of merely delivered at the office of the Court. The Bishop's requisition, the motion issued by the judge, and the inhibition which followed it are all also declared to be bad in law; in fact, the whole proceedings from beginning to end are objected to, and the dispute threatens to assume a more complicated aspect than the celebrated American puzzles "fifteen" and "thirty-four." Two whole days were occupied by Messrs. Dale's three advocates in the statement of their case, and on Wednesday, when Mr. Charles asked and obtained permission for Mr. Dale to wait in another part of the building, as the atmosphere of the court affected him, the arguments in support of Lord Penzance were commenced by the Attorney-General, who said that what had been done was in exact accordance with the rules and regulations framed by Earl Cairns and the late Chief Justice Cockburn, a point which the Lord Chief Justice remarked might with advantage have been mentioned earlier. At the close of that day Lord Coleridge said that though disobedience of the law was, of course, a grave matter, it was a serious question whether, in such cases, imprisonment was intended. Mr. Enraght, whose case is said to differ only from Mr. Dale's in the fact that the writ against him was issued in term time, while Mr. Dale's was not, is still in Warwick Gaol. He declines to attend Divine Service, lest the other prisoners should say that one parson is preaching and another is a felon like themselves (it seems that the prison rules do not permit of their being told that this is not the case), and because he does not wish to be an unintentional stumbling-block in the way of their conversion. Otherwise, he says, he would be proud to sit among the poor fellows, and pray with them for his own deeper conversion as well as theirs. During his confinement he has written a pamphlet entitled "My Ordination Vows: Have I Kept Them?" which will be shortly published. The Rev. Mr. Green, of Manchester, has not yet been arrested, and it is understood that the *significavit* issued against him has lapsed. Last Sunday he conducted the service as usual at St. John's, Miles Platting, but made no reference to his prosecution.—Our portraits are from photographs—Mr. Dale by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.; and Mr. Enraght by Bernasconi and Langford, 29, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

A NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 593.

SILK MANUFACTURE IN THE LEBANON

See page 606.

"CAIRO AND THE NILE"

See page 598.

AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW

See page 588.

CARCHEMISH

TWENTY miles below the town of Beredjik, on the west bank of the Euphrates, may be seen an extensive group of earthen mounds and ramparts, known to the Arab natives by the name of "the Castle of Jerablus," and evidently marking the site of some ancient and buried city. As early as 1699 these ruins were accurately described by the traveller Maundrell, but were regarded as

the remains of a Roman frontier town, until 1874, when Mr. J. H. Skene, then British Consul at Aleppo, and the late Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, agreed in identifying them with Carchemish, the capital of the Hittite kingdom.

The chief evidence for this decision was furnished by the Assyrian historical descriptions, which record most accurately the situation of the various cities visited by the Assyrian monarchs. Moreover an Assyrian inscribed brick has been discovered, bearing the names and titles of Sargon (B.C. 721), who captured and annexed Carchemish to Assyria, building there a palace for his Viceroy.

The site of the city is that of an oblong, with two sides very much bowed outward. The ramparts, which enclosed the city on two sides, are very clearly to be traced, as are the openings which marked the city gates. The total circuit of the city was much less than the circumference of Babylon or Nineveh, being less than 3,000 yards, but there were extensive suburbs beyond. The principal feature in the topography of the ancient city is the palace mound or Acropolis, which towers over the river, and the base of which is laved by the broad Euphrates. These large palace mounds are distinctive features in all the great ancient cities of Western Asia.

Another powerful aid in the identification of these ruins is afforded by the bronze gates from the temple of the War God at Ballawat, Nineveh. On these gates are represented, with much local truth and accuracy, the cities besieged by the Assyrian conqueror, Shalmaneser III., twenty-seven centuries ago. Among the Hittite cities occurs the capital Carchemish.

The scene within the ruins presents a perfect chaos; masses of stones, pillars, cornices, walls, and mounds of earth being heaped confusedly together. This chaotic condition is not surprising, for above the ancient Carchemish was reared the Roman city of Hierapolis, and on the ruins of Hierapolis a village has been built by the Arab peasantry.

The excavations which have recently been made, and which have resulted in some remarkable discoveries, have been carried out under the direction of Mr. P. Henderson, the present British Consul at Aleppo. Among these discoveries is that of a black basalt monolith column, bearing a curious hieroglyphical inscription on its back. The upper part of the statue is lost. It is probably that of some ruler of Carchemish, in his priestly character. Other interesting sculptures, one or two of which are depicted in our engravings, have also been unearthed; and there is little doubt that exploration systematically conducted, after the German fashion, would produce a rich harvest of Hittite antiquities.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. S. C. Boscawen, who was permitted by the authorities of the British Museum to visit the site.

THE WAR IN BASUTOLAND.—A BASUTO WARRIOR AND WOMAN

THE Basutos proper, who have headed the revolt in Basutoland and Griqualand against the authority of the Cape Government, are mostly remnants of South African tribes who were driven before the Kaffirs. Early in the present century they took refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Basutoland, in order to escape the pitiless soldiery of the Zulu conqueror Chaka. There more recently the chief Moshesh rallied the remnants of his race, and practically rehabilitated the Basuto nation. For many years Moshesh struggled against both black and white foes, until in 1868 he appealed to British protection, and his territory was annexed to Cape Colony. From a fighting point of view the Basuto is not considered to be in any degree equal to the Zulu. The Basutos, as a correspondent of *The Times* recently pointed out, lack the discipline, the reckless bravery, and the taste for fighting possessed by the Zulu soldiery. They have no military organisation, merely turning out or being turned out by their chiefs for fighting in tribes and clans. Unlike the Zulus, however, they fight as a rule mounted, possessing hardy active ponies, which make light of the difficulties of the mountain tracks of the country. Almost all of the Basutos, also, have taken to clothing, partly from their progress in civilisation, partly from the severe climate of their territory, which owing to its mountainous character is exceedingly cold. The Basutos do not seem to be very handy with their rifles, and use the sights merely because they think they serve to make the weapon "shoot harder."—Our engravings represent a Basuto warrior in native fighting costume, and a Basuto woman, and are from photographs by Mr. J. N. Tudhope, Cambridge Road, King Williamstown, Cape Colony, and were furnished to us by Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho Square.

"ROBERT THE DEVIL"

THE subject of our equine portrait and short memoir was fairly enough named in accordance with the family tradition connected with the name of his sire Bertram, but it was often said when he was a yearling, and in his earlier career as a two-year-old, that he would never turn out a first-class race-horse with such a title. However, he has shown that there is not much in a name, and as a Moses won the Derby and a Pot80's was one of the best animals of his day, there was really no cause or just impediment in the way of nomenclature why Robert the Devil should not become a Turf celebrity. The son of Bertram and Cast-Off has some rare blood in his veins, being a grandson of Mr. Duke and a great-grandson of Stockwell, while he partakes of the Touchstone, Birdcatcher, Orville, and other celebrated strains. He was bred by Mr. C. Brewer, the bookmaker, who disposed of half a share in the colt to Blanton, his trainer. Robert ran but twice last year, when he won the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood and the First October Two-Year-Old Stakes at Newmarket, and he established a reputation of being quite in the first flight of the two-year-olds of 1879. He commenced this season inauspiciously, being beaten at even weights by Apollo in the Newmarket Biennial at the Craven Meeting. His next attempt was in the Derby, which will be long remembered for the short-head defeat he received from Bend Or, the crack two-year-old of the previous season, and the objection his owners afterwards lodged against the winner. Subsequent events may be fairly said to have shown that this defeat was rather that of his jockey than of the horse himself. Then followed shortly afterwards his easy victory in the Grand Prize of Paris; and at Stockbridge he walked over for the Twenty-fifth Biennial. But a defeat was again in store for him, as at the Newmarket July Meeting he failed to carry his penalty to victory in the Midsummer Stakes, when Cipolata beat him by half a length. But he made ample amends for this and for the Bend Or Derby by winning the St. Leger in grand style, and afterwards in the Cesarewitch by carrying first past the post 8st. 6lbs., a higher weight than had ever been carried to victory in this race either by a three-year-old or horse of any other age. At the Newmarket First October Meeting he won the Second Great Foal Stakes, again defeating Bend Or, though only by a head, and later on the Champion Stakes, thus putting on a record of victories in one season the like of which can hardly be found in the annals of the Turf. His five successes as a three-year-old produced 12,171*l.* in stakes for his owners, and he is the only animal of his age whose winnings this season run into five figures. Taking all things into consideration, it may be fairly said that Robert the Devil is the best three-year-old we have had for many years, and perhaps those are not far wrong who maintain that in him and Isonomy we have now the two best animals which have been on the Turf in the memory of man.

THE MISSING LINK between the monkey and the man has turned up at last. There is now being exhibited at Saigon a young Cambodian, seven years old, the possessor of a most undoubted tail, ten inches long and an inch in diameter—at least, so says the Brussels *National*.



THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE AT LEEDS.—A portion of this new Institution, which has been erected at the cost of 15,000*l.*, contributed by the Clothworkers' Company of London, was opened on Friday last, Lord F. Cavendish, President of the College presiding at the ceremony and the banquet which followed. Sir C. Reed, M.P., and Mr. Mundella, M.P., were among those present, the latter delivered an address on the value of technical and scientific education which he said, England could not afford to neglect if she wished to maintain her industrial supremacy. The Council have issued an appeal to the country for a further sum of 30,000*l.*, to carry out as much of the proposed plan as will suffice for the immediate wants of the literary, scientific, and technical departments, which have been carried on since 1874 in temporary premises.

THE NEW KNIGHT.—On Friday, last week, Mr. E. Baines was presented in the Albert Hall, Leeds, with an address, in which special mention was made of his having consented to hand over to the Yorkshire College the sum of 3,000*l.* subscribed as a memorial fund for himself on the occasion of his having attained his eightieth year; and it was announced by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., in a telegram from the Premier, that the Queen had been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon him. Mr. Mundella made a speech, in which he eulogised Sir E. Baines' career, and said that there were tens of thousands of men in this country who owed much of their education, intelligence, and social position, and much of their wealth to his self-sacrificing efforts. The new knight succeeded in 1859 to the seat once occupied by his father as M.P. for Leeds, and has been for about half-a-century proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*. He is the author of several works relating to the woollen and cotton manufactures, is an Alderman and Magistrate for Leeds, a Deputy-Lieutenant of the West Riding, and President of the Yorkshire Mining Mechanics' Institution.

SPEECHMAKING IN ENGLAND, as well as in Ireland, has been mainly devoted to the all-absorbing question of the hour. Mr. Jacob Bright, at Newton Heath, on Saturday said that he was tired of the cant about teaching the Irish the sacredness of law. No law was sacred which destroyed a people; and unless we gave security to Irish industry we had better not attempt any remedy at all.—Lord Dalhousie, at Liverpool, said he had no sympathy with the Land League programme, but, if Ireland were to become loyal, it must be through measures of justice and reform. He suspected that many Irish landlords now regretted the rejection of the Disturbance Bill by the Peers, for this prevented only what no good landlord would do if left to himself.—Mr. Trevelyan, the new Secretary to the Admiralty, addressing his constituents at Harwich on Monday, said that in every possible manner and on every possible occasion it was impressed on the sensitive minds of the Irish people that no measure of justice would be willingly permitted by the Conservatives, and it was the duty and interest of the country to keep the settlement of the Irish question out of Lord Salisbury's hands and leave it to Mr. Gladstone.—Mr. Bradlaugh, in the course of a recent lecture at Accrington, said that if the House of Lords had passed Mr. Gladstone's Land Act in 1870 as it was sent up to them, the present agitation would have been impossible. Many Irish members thought him unfair, but he felt it his duty to speak and vote for the redress of Irish grievances, and the maintenance of the authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom.—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, speaking at Reading on Wednesday, said that past legislation for Ireland had failed because of the compromise forced upon the then Government by Parliament, and particularly by the House of Lords. The Land League must be suppressed, and a remedy must be found for Irish discontent, but the creation of a peasant proprietorship must be gradual and not by expropriation.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT.—On Sunday, at a mass meeting of railway employes, held at Liverpool, resolutions were passed affirming the general application to working men of the provisions of the Employers' Liability Act; condemning any action calculated to frustrate its purpose; and intimating that any proposition emanating from the railway employers, providing that it was not inimical to the Act, would be carefully considered. The men of the London and North-Western Railway have decided to take a ballot on the question of accepting the recent proposals of the Company in regard to insurance in view of the operation of the Act. The employes of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company have decided to accept the proposals made by the directors. It is stated that much consternation has been excited in the minds of the mining population by the legal opinions which have been obtained from Sir F. Herschell and Mr. Horace Smith, to the effect that miners who pay the "drawers" or helpers stand to them in the relation of employers, and that, as such, they and not the mine owner would be liable to be sued for compensation for injury. Mr. Crawford has issued a protest against "converting the Act into a meaningless farce," and Mr. Macdonald has assured the working miners of South Wales that if he had the vigour of ten million voices he would cry to them to reject the offered hush-money, and to refuse to give up "a single iota of the right conferred upon them."

SCORING AT WIMBLEDON.—The National Rifle Association has adopted a new scheme for the prevention of fraudulent practices in marking. The chief points are greater secrecy in the squadding of competitors, and the appointment of markers, who will besides be changed at mid-day; so as to prevent them knowing who fires any particular shot.

THE UPPER THAMES.—Much discontent has been created among fishing men and others by the claims recently set up by riparian landowners to the by-streams, back-waters, and weir-tails; and the attempts made to exact tolls from all using the river, except for the purpose of navigation. Mr. Francis Francis has taken up the matter, and is now organising a Society for the Preservation and Protection of the Public Rights on the Upper Thames.

THE CABMEN'S SHELTER SOCIETY is in great need of funds to extend the movement by which twenty-eight shelters have already been opened, which are daily used by about 2,000 cabmen. Money may be paid to the credit of the fund at the Union Bank, Chancery Lane, or sent direct to the office, 15, Soho Square.

THE NEW RUGBY SETTLEMENT IN TENNESSEE was described in glowing terms by Mr. T. Hughes, Q.C., in a lecture which he delivered at the Working Men's College, on Saturday last. In the "central avenue" of the new town are the company's offices, a temporary church, a new hotel, lodging houses, and a co-operative store, and the land already cleared swarms with melons, tomatoes, Irish potatoes, "liver beans," and other valuable produce.

THE "THIEVES' SUPPER," which has now become an annual institution at the Union Chapel, Little Wild Street, Drury Lane, took place on Thursday last week, under the presidency of Mr. Flowers, the Bow Street magistrate. About 200 persons who are or have been "known to the police" partook of the meal, and were afterwards addressed by the Chairman and other gentlemen interested in the movement. Mr. G. Hatton, the Secretary of the Mission, read a number of grateful letters from reclaimed criminals, stated that during the past year 5,383 persons had been provided with breakfasts on the mornings of their discharge, 1,659 had been induced to sign the pledge, employment had been

found for 135, and many others had been relieved, while only ten had been expelled or had absconded from the Mission Home. Sympathetic letters were also read from the Home Secretary, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Howard Vincent, and others.

A FATAL ACCIDENT occurred last week at the Battersea station, on the West London Extension line, when a man named Ambler, while attempting to enter a train which was just starting, missed his footing, and was crushed to death between the platform and the carriages. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death, but added that they were most strongly of opinion that great negligence had been shown by the Company in leaving the station almost entirely in charge of a lad of sixteen. They considered that had there been a proper attendance of experienced porters on the platform, the accident would not have occurred.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. MARK FIRTH, which took place on Thursday last week, partook of the nature of a public ceremonial, business being generally suspended, and the shops throughout the long route from Oakbridge to the cemetery being closed. Among the mourners, besides the relatives of the deceased, were Mr. Mundella, M.P., and Mr. C. Stuart Wortley, M.P., and in the procession were the members of the Town Council, the Committee of Firth College, representatives of various other public bodies, several Church of England clergymen and ministers of other Denominations, and the workmen employed by Messrs. Firth and Sons. The Burial Service was conducted by the Rev. Canon Blakeney, Vicar of Sheffield; the Rev. Dr. Chalmers of Rannmoor Church, and the Rev. Dr. Stacey, of Rannmoor (Independent) College. Among the many floral wreaths placed on the vault was one of violets and roses, bearing the words, "To Mark Firth, from his French friends."



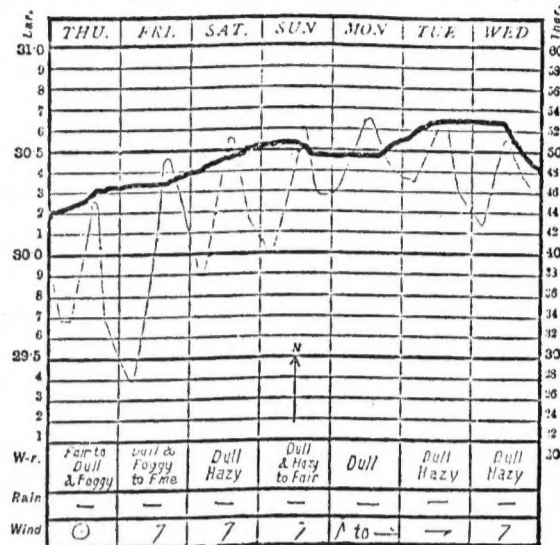
M. OCTAVE FEUILLET'S *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre* appears to have a peculiar attraction for English adaptors, for we had already five English versions at least of this celebrated piece when Mr. Coghlan lately sat down to prepare for us another. His adaptation, which bears the title of *Good Fortune*, is understood to have been represented in the United States, from which country this excellent actor lately returned after a prolonged absence from our stage. It is new, however, in London, so far as a piece can be said to be new under these circumstances, and it has been judged advisable to reproduce it at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre in the place of Mr. Wills' reconstructed and revised edition of *Black Eyed Susan*, which has not apparently been found suited to the tastes of the patrons of Messrs. Hare and Kendal. The story, as many readers will be already aware, sets forth the adventures of a poor young nobleman, who is compelled to get his living by accepting the post of steward in the family of a wealthy country gentleman. Surrounded by the sycophants and parasites who have gathered about the rich octogenarian, this exemplary hero baffles their selfish curiosity, and confounds their schemes by his straightforward manly courses; and all would be well, but for the fact that two ladies simultaneously fall in love with him—the governess Miss Somers (we cite the names of Mr. Coghlan's version, which changes the scene from Brittany to Wales), who is determined to inveigle him into her snares by any method, lawful or unscrupulous, and the wealthy heiress Isabel Ransome, who distrusts him because this ingeniously malicious person has persuaded her that he is a mere fortune-hunter. Out of this position of affairs the French author evolved numerous situations in which melodramatic elements are rather oddly interwoven with scenes of genuine comedy. Mr. Coghlan prefers to reduce melodrama within its narrowest limits, while applying a more sparing hand to the sentiment and social satire of the play. The only exciting incident indeed which remains is the hero's leap from the lofty ruined tower at peril of his life, Isabel having stung him to the quick by unjustly accusing him of decoying her into a position where their retreat is for awhile cut off, for the express purpose of compromising her reputation. This scene, which might very easily be rendered ridiculous, is very adroitly managed; and it gives rise to some admirable acting on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The dénouement of the play, however, is not skillfully brought about in this adaptation; and the piece is assuredly not a model of good construction. It nevertheless interests the audience, and affords genuine amusement. Mrs. Stephens is very interesting in the character of a legacy-hunting poor relation. Mr. John Clayton is less happy as a fortune-seeking visitor of rather slow intellect, much given to laboriously emphatic utterances, which are occasionally witty, but more often simply rude. The part of the malignant governess receives from Miss Linda Dietz a very artistic though hardly sufficiently forcible interpretation; but the consistency of this character has been greatly damaged by the adaptor's tamperings. One of the most amusing pieces of acting in the play is Mr. Mackintosh's performance of the part of the old butler—a welcome change from the tedious conventionality of the ordinary type of stage domestic. The minor parts are indeed without an exception well acted, special notice being due to Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mr. Wenman, Miss Cowle, Master McConnell, and Miss B. Buckstone, a very promising little girl. The play is mounted with all the care that it is the custom of Messrs. Hare and Kendal to bestow on their productions. It met with a very favourable reception.

A very amusing comedieta by Mr. James Mortimer, founded on Meilhac's *Suzanne et les Deux Vieillards* has been produced this week at the COURT Theatre with the title of *Two Old Boys*. The abundant humour of the little piece arises out of the rivalry of two elderly gentlemen for the hand of a young lady who happens to be their ward. The comedieta is very humorously acted by Mr. Anson, Mr. Price, and Miss Emery, and it affords great entertainment to the spectators.—This evening, Madame Modjeska appears at the COURT Theatre for the first time in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. The performances for the benefit of the Harcourt Memorial Fund given at DRURY LANE Theatre were remarkable, both for variety of the entertainments and the extra number of distinguished performers who gave their services gratuitously on the occasion. Commencing at half-past twelve in the day the programme was not exhausted till nearly six in the evening. The sum of 426*l.* was taken at the doors, exclusive of cheques forwarded for stalls and boxes. Altogether the Committee have already secured to the fund a nett sum of 1,700*l.*, which, with future sums, will be devoted to the education and maintenance of Mr. Harcourt's little daughter, suddenly left by the late unhappy accident fatherless and insufficiently provided for.—Mr. Booth's Richelieu has proved so attractive that the intention of limiting the representation to twelve nights has been abandoned. The revival will be continued till after Christmas, when Mr. Booth will appear as Bertuccio in *The Fool's Revenge*.—At the PRINCE OF WALES *Anne M* has been withdrawn, and the theatre closed. It will, however, reopen on Saturday next with Mr. Coghlan's adaptation of Signor Giacometti's tragedy *La Morte Civile*, in which Mr. Coghlan and Miss Amy Roselle will appear. The character of the hero is a famous part of Signor Salvini.—A translation of a comedy of the celebrated Norwegian dramatist Ibsen is to be performed at the GAIETY

Theatre on Wednesday afternoon next. The comedy in question, which is called *The Pillars of Society*, has been adapted for our stage by Mr. William Archer.—Mrs. Lane announces her benefit at the BRITANNIA for Dec. 13, when an attractive programme is promised.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED's entertainment will close after Saturday, December 18th, and re-open on Boxing Day at three and eight. "Turquoise Ring" will be temporarily withdrawn, and an entirely new holiday programme will be given on Boxing Day.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK DECEMBER 2 TO DECEMBER 8 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the whole of this period the weather has been almost continuously dull and gloomy, with a good deal of fog at first, and some thick haze later. These conditions have been brought about by the presence of an area of high pressure, which has remained directly over London or in its vicinity all the week, and under whose influence the barometer rose gradually until Tuesday (7th inst.), when it attained the unusually high level of 30.66 inches. In winter it is usually found that anticyclones of this intensity and persistence bring exceedingly cold weather, but the present one has been an exception to the rule, and especially so during the last four days. On Monday and Tuesday (6th and 7th inst.) the average temperature was as much as 10° above the mean, and on Sunday (5th inst.) and Wednesday (8th inst.) the excess was almost as great. This unusual warmth may doubtless in some measure be accounted for by the fact that the current of air during the week, although very gentle, has been generally westerly and south-westerly, but the divergence from the mean is still very extraordinary. There has been no rain whatever during the whole time. The barometer was highest (30.66 inches) on Tuesday (7th inst.); lowest (30.18 inches) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range, 0.48 inches. Temperature was highest (53°) on Sunday and Monday (5th and 6th inst.); lowest (28°) on Friday (3rd inst.). Range, 25°.

COFFEE MUSIC HALLS.—The undeniable success of the Coffee Palaces which now abound and flourish in every quarter of the metropolis, and also in most of our provincial towns, has led to the inception of a scheme for the establishment of places of entertainment, to be conducted on similar principles, and the Coffee Music Halls Company, of which Lord Mount Temple is the President, and Miss Cons the energetic Secretary, will commence the campaign on Boxing-night by opening the Royal Victoria Coffee Music Hall in the Waterloo Road; a building which has for many years past been known as the Royal Victoria Theatre, or "Vic," as it was familiarly and affectionately called by its former patrons; a house long famous as one of the homes of the Trans-pontine drama of the many-murder order, and the scene of the histrionic triumphs of "Bravo, Hicks!" and other tragedians of the same school, which flourished ere the teacup-and-saucer comedy-drama of modern days was dreamt of. The building is a large one, and well adapted for the purpose which the Company have in view, being situated in the very heart of an extensive and densely-populated district, inhabited almost exclusively by the working classes. It was chosen after many other sites had been visited and examined by the Board of Directors, and more than 3,000*l.* has been expended upon new scenery, interior fittings, and decorations; besides which a Coffee Tavern has been erected at the entrance, towards the cost of which Mrs. Montefiore has contributed 1,000*l.*, in memory of her late son, Mr. Leonard Montefiore. Many of the Company's shares have been taken up by the philanthropic ladies and gentlemen connected with the movement, and some few have already been purchased by working men, an example which, it is hoped, will be extensively followed by others of their class. The prices of admission are exceedingly low—gallery, 3*d.*; pit, 6*d.*; stalls and dress circle, 1*s.*; balcony stalls, 2*s.*; and private boxes, 6*s.* and 10*s.*—children being charged half-price to all parts except the gallery, to which two children, if accompanied by their parents, will count as one adult. No intoxicants will be sold, but other refreshments of the best qualities will be supplied at a moderate tariff. Tobacco and cigars will also be sold, and smoking will be allowed in all parts of the building. By-the-way, we hope that due precaution will be taken against the extra risk of fire which this seems to involve. The professional company which has been engaged is of the mixed character usually to be seen at other Music Halls—comic, serio-comic, and sentimental vocalists, dancers, jugglers, acrobats, a "lightning cartoonist," and a host of other performers; whilst the orchestra will number eighteen instrumentalists besides the conductor. There would seem no reason to doubt the success of such an experiment, both as a financial undertaking and a movement for weaning many from drink. There are, of course, working men and working men; but we have no sympathy with those who, like Mr. Commissioner Kerr, regard the whole class as "impostors." The average working man is of higher intellect, more refined tastes, and greater capacities of appreciation than many people suppose him to be; and we are firmly convinced that in most cases he yields to the insidious influences of drink more from motives of good-fellowship than from a debased appetite for liquor. Give him the opportunity of enjoying his leisure in a rational and sober fashion, in company with his wife, children, and friends, and he will not be slow to abandon the public-house. This the Coffee Music Halls Company is about to attempt, and everyone must heartily wish them success.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,446 deaths were registered against 1,521 during the previous seven days, a decline of 75, being 322 below the average, and at the rate of 20.6 per 1,000. These deaths included 10 from small-pox (a decrease of 9), 54 from measles (an increase of 17), 73 from scarlet fever (a decline of 10), 10 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 12 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 3), 17 from different forms of fever (an increase of 2), and 9 from diarrhoea (a decline of 10). There were 2,442 births registered against 2,432 during the previous week, being 62 below the average. The mean temperature was 44.1 deg., and 2.6 deg. above the average.



A WHISTLING MATCH is the latest novelty in New York.

SIXTY-EIGHT POLITICAL DAILY JOURNALS are now published in Paris, three new additions having appeared on one day last week, the *Ville de Paris*, *L'Union Nationale*, and *La Loi*. Other new publications are a weekly satirical illustrated paper, *L'Assommoir*, and *Paris Mondain*, after the model of the *Vie Parisienne*.

A NIGHT FETE IN THE PARIS SEWERS is to be organised by some enterprising Englishmen, we learn from the *Evénement*, whose interesting information on British affairs we have previously quoted. Gondolas, hung with lanterns, will circulate on the subterranean waters, and the vaults will be illuminated with Bengal fires and the electric light.

SWISS WATCHMAKERS have successfully invented a new method of cheating the Customs. Lately one particular firm despatched daily by rail to Rome some fifteen to twenty pigeons, which on arrival at their destination were immediately sent home again. This peculiar traffic at last roused suspicion, and on examination it was found that each pigeon carried a small watch, carefully fastened to its leg.

THE EX-AMEER YAKOUB KHAN seems more contented in his semi-imprisonment in the Punjab. Since he has been joined by his wives and children he has expressed little desire to return to Cabul, while lately he has been on a hunting expedition in the Doon, the Indian Government having bought him some fine horses and elephants. He will probably be definitively domiciled either at Delhi or Lahore.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S "ENDYMION" has aroused remarkable interest across the Channel, and over 130 proposals to translate the novel into French have been sent to the author. In Russia also, after passing under the censors' eye, the work will be brought out in four separate translations—two cheap editions in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and in the weekly supplements of the *Novoe Vremya* and the *Novosti*.

NOVELTIES FOR BONNETS are so eagerly sought after in Paris that the milliners are fast exhausting the resources of the floral and animal worlds for ornamentation. Bears' and tigers' paws, as in England, now clutch knots of ribbon and bunches of flowers, a whole stuffed white dove surmounted the headgear of a belle at a recent Academy *séance*; but the newest thing is a mechanical arrangement in which butterflies are suspended on an invisible wire over the floral garlands, and by means of clockwork are made to flutter backwards and forwards at the wearer's will. This is decidedly suggestive of stage tricks.

BRITISH POSTAL SAVINGS' BANKS seem likely to be much imitated abroad. Switzerland intends to adopt Mr. Fawcett's scheme of saving small-sums in postage stamps, the plan being tried first in Geneva, and, if successful, being subsequently extended throughout the Confederation, while in the United States the Postmaster-General strongly recommends to the President the introduction of Post Office Savings' Banks. Further, he suggests that the Government should acquire the telegraph system as the English authorities have done. France, too, is studying reform in her postal system, and proposes to reduce the inland postage to 1*d.* instead of 1½*d.*, the present charge.

POLAR EXPLORATION is again being discussed by the Royal Geographical Society. An Arctic Committee is to be appointed to collect and arrange all the information accumulated since the return of the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and on the report of the Committee will depend the further action of the Society. Should a fresh expedition be decided on, Government will probably be applied to for assistance. Talking of Arctic affairs, Professor Nordenskiöld's account of the North-East Passage—"The Voyage of the *Vega*"—is now being printed at Stockholm—the *Athenæum* tells us—and an English translation by Mr. A. Leslie will shortly follow. The work will also be brought out in eight other languages.

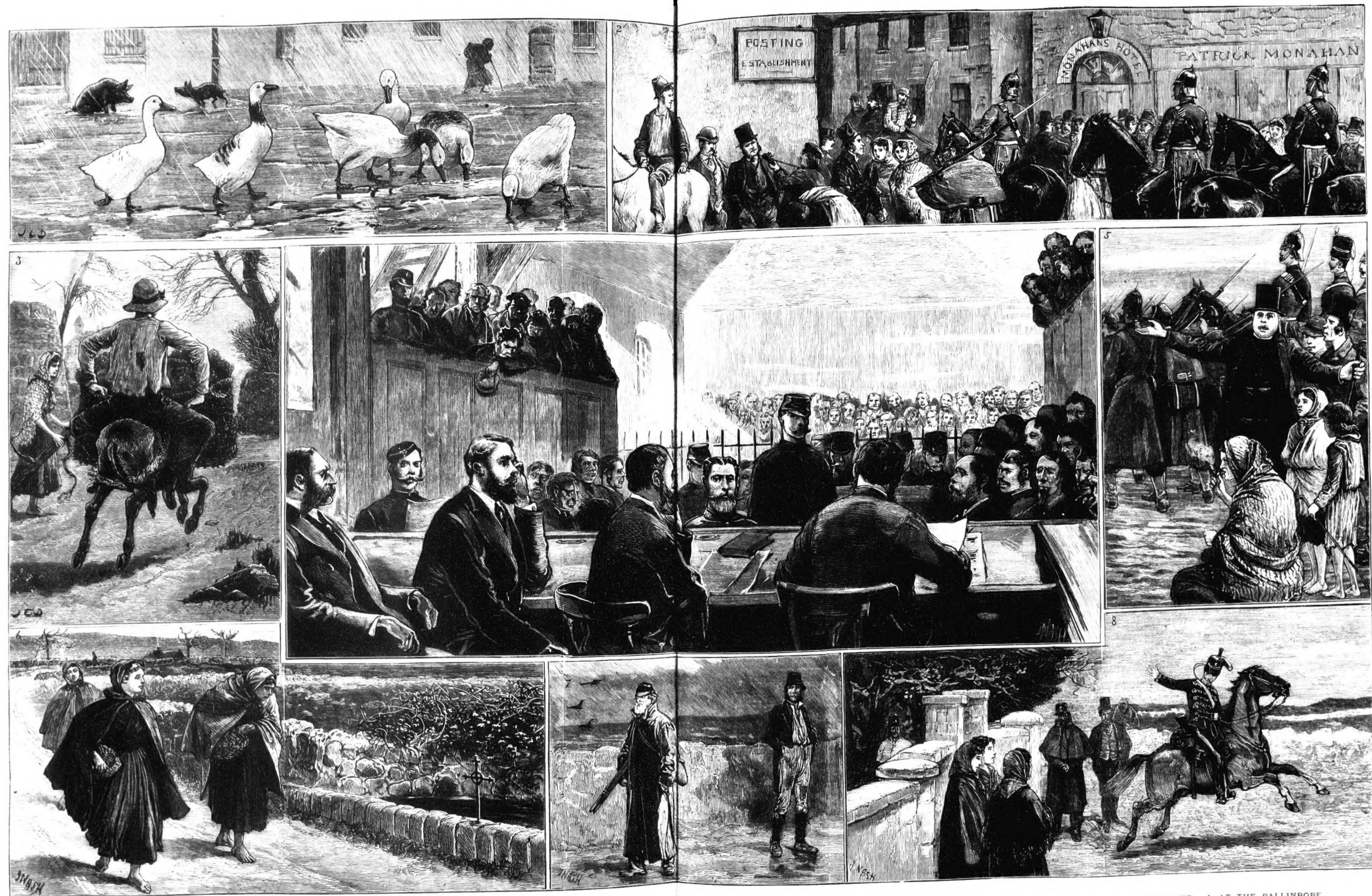
NEXT YEAR'S CENSUS IN GREAT BRITAIN will probably cost a considerable sum of money in the collection of the statistics. Could we not take a hint from Germany, where the census was taken last week, and the Government was saved some 100,000*l.* by each head of a family filling up a card with the necessary particulars of the household, the cards being subsequently gratuitously collected in each district by certain volunteers? This is the third census of the Empire, the first having been taken in 1871, and from it we learn that the population of Berlin has increased sixteen per cent. since the last enumeration, in 1875, and now amounts to 1,100,000 souls, while it has more than doubled in twenty years.

CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.—The Christian Blind Relief Society appeals for assistance to give the needy London blind their Christmas tea and entertainment which has been annually held for sixteen years, and is provided for by spontaneous gifts entirely distinct from the funds of the Society. Last year over 900 blind and their guides were entertained—the Society putting no limits whatever as to sect. Contributions to be sent to the National Provincial Bank of England, or to the Hon. Sec., Mr. T. Clarke, 59, Burdett Road, E.—The *Dreadnought* Hospital, Greenwich, also asks for gifts of game and poultry towards the annual Cosmopolitan Seamen's Dinner on Christmas Day, when over forty nationalities will be represented.

THE PARIS SALON is being seriously reformed at last, and in addition to the decision not to admit more than 2,500 pictures, it has been further determined to abolish the privileges of certain artists whose works were exempt from examination, and entitled to a place on the walls, whatever their merits. Artists may now send any number of pictures; while works of industrial art—including porcelain, goldsmiths' productions, bronze-work, &c.—will also be admitted to the Exhibition. The plan of a triennial Salon has been abandoned in favour of a decennial exhibition, the first of which will take place in 1884. Portraiture will be particularly strong in the coming Salon, the likenesses of M. Gambetta, by Madrazo; of M. Henri Rochefort, by E. Manet; and of M. Coquelin *ainé*, also by Madrazo, being amongst the most notable.

MR. WHISTLER'S VENETIAN ETCHINGS

At the gallery of the Fine Art Society, in New Bond Street, twelve etchings of large size recently executed by Mr. James Whistler are now on view. These are admirable examples of the art. Besides being very picturesque and true in local colour, they are full of tone, and display a complete mastery over the technical difficulties of the method. We have seen no works that so vividly recall the aspect of the quaint byways and smaller canals of Venice. They are, as etchings should be, above all things suggestive; in none of them is imitation pushed beyond the limits proper to the art. "The Piazzetta" and "The Venetian Mast" are striking examples of the artist's graphic powers of realisation; the figures as well as the architectural features of the scenes are indicated with an assured mastery of touch that could scarcely be surpassed. The other plates are, however, not less worthy of admiration; in none of them is there a superfluous line or a touch that could be eliminated without in some degree injuring the general unity of effect.



1. "PEACE." A SKETCH AT BALLINROBE AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE TROOPS.—2. "WAR:" MARKET DAY AT BALLINROBE DURING THE MILITARY OCCUPATION.—3. ON THE ROAD TO BALLINROBE: AN "ILLIGANT" RIDER.—4. AT THE BALLINROBE POLICE COURT: MAGISTERIAL EXAMINATION OF RIOTERS ON A CHARGE OF THREATENING CAPTAIN BOYCOTT.—5. THE JOKE OF THE CAMPAIGN: "DON'T HURT THE ENGLISH ARMY."—6. HOLY WELL ON THE ROAD BETWEEN LOUGH MASK AND BALLINROBE.—7. THE "GOMBEEN MAN," OR MONEY LENDER.—8. FAREWELL TO LOUGH MASK.

THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND—SKETCHES FROM BALLINROBE AND LOUGH MASK



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The International Fleet sailed from the Bay of Cattaro and parted company on Sunday. The English vessels led the way, being saluted and heartily cheered by the crews of the other ships, and were escorted for some miles by the Austrian Squadron and the German corvette. Outside the Point d'Ostro, Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, as Commander-in-Chief, hoisted the signal to disperse, and the vessels sailed for their different destinations. The Austrian and German going back to the Bay of Cattaro, the French to Toulon, the Italians to Brindisi and the Piræus, to which latter port also the Russians have gone, and the British to Malta. The relations between the various commanders and officers were most cordial to the last, and Admiral Seymour gave a farewell lunch on Saturday. At Dulcigno all has been quiet, and the Montenegrin rule has been accepted without a murmur, although there is a rumour that the Albanian chief, Ali Pasha of Gussinje, is collecting together a large force for the purpose of attacking Podgoritz and reoccupying the Dulcigno district. Dervish Pasha, however, and his battalions are still at Scutari, and their presence will probably do much to restrain the turbulent Pasha. Now that he has entered into possession of his new territory Prince Nicholas seems to be anxious to be on friendly terms with the Porte. He has resumed diplomatic relations, and in reply to an address from some Albanians across his frontier offering their submission, replied that as they were Turkish subjects he did not wish to annex them. The Boundary Commissioners are to begin their work at once, and until then the disputed fortress of San Giorgio will remain in the hands of the Turks.

The great problem of the day now is the Greek Question, and there are noteworthy signs that both the Porte and the Greek Government are desirous of coming to a pacific solution. The Turkish Ministers have prepared a Note to the Powers calling attention to the Greek preparations for war, and declaring their willingness to negotiate upon the basis of the Note of October 3rd, by which Greece would certainly receive an increase of territory, but Janina, Metzovo, and Larissa would remain in Turkish hands. When this proposition was first made it was scouted as absurd, but the recent difficulties in connection with the Naval Demonstration and the surrender of Dulcigno have considerably modified the views of several of the Powers, and they are inclined to impress upon Greece the advisability of accepting half a loaf rather than risk the whole by stirring up a general conflagration. In consequence very strong representations have been made to the Greek Cabinet, and with apparent success, as it is announced that Greece is now not disinclined to enter into direct negotiations with the Porte, while she has promised the Powers, although the military preparations could not be abandoned, to enter upon no definitive action before the spring. As the Powers since the settlement of the Dulcigno question have taken the mediation actively in hand, there is a very fair chance that by that time all danger of hostilities may have passed away.

Mr. Goschen has left CONSTANTINOPLE for home, and will shortly be followed to London by Musurus Pasha, and it is rumoured that in addition to the Greek frontier question, the basis of a financial settlement is not unlikely to be discussed in London during the next few weeks. The relations between the Porte and Persia are said to be somewhat strained just now, owing to the demand of the latter for the surrender of Obeidullah, the Kurdish chief, who has been heading the recent invasion of the Persian territory, but who has now fled across the frontier. The Sultan is somewhat afraid to comply with this not unnatural request, as his orthodox subjects would be highly scandalised at the deliverance of one whom they revere as a saint into the hands of such hated heretics as the Shiya Persians.

FRANCE.—There is little political news, as both Chambers have been quietly discussing measures of home interest, the chief item being the election of the Senatorial Committee to consider the new Magisterial Bill, which has been sent up for approval by the Lower Chamber. The chief feature of the Bill is the clause authorising for a year the removability of magistrates—a measure which is rightly distrusted by a very large portion of the community, who consider that justice will be no more impartially administered by the nominees of Léon I. (as M. Rochefort recently termed M. Gambetta) than by the present more Conservative judges. Thus the Senate, as was expected, has elected a Committee hostile to the Bill, with M. Jules Simon as its Chairman, and an animated discussion accordingly may be expected to arise out of its report, though it is to be devoutly hoped that the none too cordial feeling now existing between the two Houses may not be still further embittered by the conflict. A compromise, however, is expected to be effected by which the period of removability will be reduced to six months.—A very prominent young Republican Deputy, M. Joly, has died of typhoid fever. At his funeral M. Gambetta made a touchingly eloquent speech, reminding his hearers that M. Joly—Liberal, Democrat, Republican—was the link between the different shades of Republicans. He added, "This is a great example. Let us remain united, not for a fleeting object, but for one that is sacred and supreme—the lasting foundation of the Republican régime, in the service of which he died. Let us inspire ourselves with Joly's maxim, 'Everything by means of work; all for the Republic and the country.'" Another noteworthy death has been that of the Japanese Ambassador, Naonobou Sameshima. The funeral took place on Tuesday at Mont Parnasse, and was attended by various officials of State and the Diplomatic Body. The ceremony was conducted according to the Shin-to rites, the chief mourner being M. Mori, the Japanese Minister to England, who had come over from London. Several addresses were delivered at the grave, M. Mori bearing testimony to the talents of the deceased in the following words:—"Sameshima! Ever since you began your uses in this world, righteousness found you a most faithful servant. You worked hard and well, thirty-seven years worthily spent."—Another diplomatic event has been the official reception by M. Grévy of M. Velasco, the first Mexican Minister since the Maximilian disaster in 1867. Essad Bey, the new Ottoman Ambassador, has also been received by the President.

In PARIS there is little stirring excepting in theatrical circles, where the great event has been the production of M. Sardou's much-talked-of comedy, *Divorçons*, at the Palais Royal. In this M. Sardou reconciles a married couple, who are only waiting for the passing of a Bill authorising divorce to separate on the simple plea of incompatibility of temper, by the old trick of making the wife jealous of her husband.—At the Français there has been a revival of M. Auguste Vacquerie's *Jean Baudry*, which in the latter days of the Empire was voted dull and slow, but which, under the Republic, appears likely to enjoy a deserved success. This is one of the plays that, like *Le Roman d'un jeune Homme Pauvre* (now being played at the St. James's), would translate admirably into English.—At the Gymnase there is a new comedy by Edmond Gondinet, entitled *Les Braves Gens*, which has been produced also with considerable success.—At the Opera there is a new two-act Breton ballet, by MM. Coppée and Merante, entitled *La Korrigane*, of which the music is by M. Widor.—Mme. Thiers is said to be very ill, and to be fast sinking.—The Paris Municipality have rejected M. Roche-

fort's proposition to erect a monument to the deceased Communists.

GERMANY.—The recent visit of the French Ambassador and Prince Hohenlohe to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe having given rise to rumours of a new alliance between Germany and France with a view to the repression of Communism and to a settlement of the Eastern Question, these have been promptly contradicted by the *North German Gazette*. Meanwhile Prince Bismarck is vigorously continuing his anti-Socialist measures; and on Tuesday there was a brisk discussion in the Prussian Diet over an order which had been issued to the employees of the State mines at Saarbrück that they were neither to take in nor read a somewhat advanced print, entitled the *Neunkircher Tagblatt*.

Marshal Manteuffel, the Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine has made a noteworthy speech at a banquet of the Provincial Assembly at Strassburg. He acknowledged with great frankness that during his tour no one had concealed their sentiments, friendly or hostile, from him, and told his hearers that they must recognise openly and fearlessly the solidarity of Alsace-Lorraine with Germany. He did not ask for sympathies, but merely advised the country to make it clear to itself that the bond is of a definite nature. He then alluded to the attacks of the German Press, which accused him of being too indulgent, and of showing a weakness towards French sympathies, and declared in reply that the Emperor had sent him to the Province to heal wounds, and not to open them afresh. He was ordered to "spare feelings which must naturally accompany the separation of a land like theirs after a connection with France of more than two centuries, and by a just rule, favourable to the intellectual and material interests of the inhabitants, facilitate the transition." A court-martial at Strassburg has sentenced an ex-French officer to three years' imprisonment in a fortress for having communicated to the French Government plans of the fortress of Diedenhofen, which he has obtained while acting as a fire insurance agent.—A terrible suicide has been committed at Schwarzenberg, Saxony. A young man entered a ball-room with what appeared to be a cigar in his mouth. This he applied to the chandelier apparently to light it, when a terrible explosion occurred, the seeming cigar having been a dynamite cartridge. The young man was blown to pieces, the lights extinguished, and even the walls partly gave way.

INDIA.—The news from Afghanistan is fairly satisfactory. At Candahar all is quiet, and traders continue to arrive from Cabul, thus showing that the road is open. There is some uneasiness among the Barakzais at the announcement that the Wali, who is one of their tribe, had determined to retire to India, it being thought that this retirement is not voluntary, but compulsory, and that we are determined to punish all Barakzais for the late rising. Ayob Khan does not appear to be prospering at Herat, where his prestige appears to have been utterly destroyed by his late defeat, and it seems likely that he may have once more to seek an asylum in Persia. The battle in which General Roberts defeated him, hitherto known as Baba Wali, is to be officially styled the Battle of Candahar.

Lord Ripon is at Allahabad, suffering from the effects of a sunstroke. He will leave for Calcutta when convalescent. During his stay at Bombay he attended a dinner given to the survivors of the 66th Regiment, to whom he made a speech, telling them that the great feat of arms performed by their comrades, who had died to the last man in the defence of their colours, would long live in the memory of Englishmen and of the world. . . . He heartily wished them God speed, and was confident that if called upon they would know how to defend the colours which the Queen would soon entrust to them.—The harvest prospects in the North-West are more encouraging, and the anxiety recently expressed has for the present been set at rest.

UNITED STATES.—President Hayes' Message to Congress, which reopened on Monday, certainly represents the United States to be in a condition of unexampled prosperity. He begins by congratulating the country both on this and on the peaceful character of the recent Presidential Election, and then proposes an extension of free education, and warmly advocates reforms in the Civil Service, including the adoption of fixed rules for appointments and dismissals. He denounces the doctrine hitherto followed, that to the victor belong the spoils, and advocates a divorce between the power of Congress and that of the Executive. Turning to the Mormons, he declares that it is the duty and purpose of the people to suppress polygamy, and that prompt and decided measures are necessary. Coming to foreign affairs, he announces that the present British Government is showing itself more conciliatory than its predecessor respecting the Fortune Bay outrage, and that the British Government is willing to consider both the indemnity question and the disputed interpretation of the Treaty of Washington with regard to the conflicting interests of United States and Canadian fishermen. The firing on American vessels by Spanish cruisers is briefly alluded to, as also the Morocco Congress at Madrid, the Chinese Immigration Treaty, the failure of the negotiations between Chili and Peru, and the Panama Canal Question, the views which he expressed last year being confirmed and renewed. Then President Hayes enlarges with manifest satisfaction upon the financial situation, which he declares is "more favourable than that of any country in our time, and never surpassed by any country at any period—all industries thriving, the rate of interest low, new railroads being constructed, vast immigration, numerous enterprises afoot, and the commercial relations with other countries improved." Thus the revenue for the last fiscal year was 66,600,000, against an expenditure of 53,400,000, the surplus being applied to redemption purposes. The revenue for the current year is estimated at 70,000,000, and the surplus at 18,000,000. This large surplus is to be directly applied to reducing the debt. He recommends attention to Secretary Sherman's report, who declares that within a year the various outstanding five and six per cent. bonds may be redeemed, and the interest on them reduced to 2,400,000 annually. The uninterrupted continuance of specie payments has contributed greatly to the revival of business. The coinage of a dollar composed of an actual dollar's worth of silver is warmly advocated. President Hayes concludes by dwelling upon General Grant's great military services, recommends Congress to authorise his appointment as Captain-General of the Army, expresses approval of the efforts to civilise and educate the Indians, and urges the allotment of land to them.

President-Elect Garfield has been indisposed from overwork.—The subscriptions to the Panama Canal Company in New York for the first day is said to have amounted to 36,000 shares. The Secretary to the Navy has accepted the Chairmanship of the Company.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In RUSSIA the Czar arrived in safety at St. Petersburg last week from Livadia. In consideration of the great distress in the agricultural districts he has abolished the salt tax.—In AUSTRIA there have been further shocks of earthquake at Agram, and at Vienna the police have been energetically striving to put down an extensive Socialist propaganda which is being carried on.—In SWITZERLAND Herr Anderwart, of Thurgau, has been elected the new President of the Confederation.—In ITALY the great Government tobacco manufactory at Naples has been burnt down. The King and Queen intend to visit Sicily after the New Year's receptions.—From SOUTH AFRICA the news is no better. There has been further fighting, a patrolling detachment from Mafeteng, when laagered, having been attacked by a large Basuto force, and compelled to retreat upon Mafeteng.—In SOUTH AMERICA, Buenos Ayres has now been definitively selected as the capital of the Argentine Republic, and the President has telegraphed that "peace is permanently insured."



THE Queen continues to receive visitors at Windsor. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duke and Duchess of Teck last week spent a few days with Her Majesty, Earl and Countess Granville, Earl and Countess Sydney, Sir Barle and Lady Frere dined and slept at the Castle, and the Princess Louise paid the Queen a short visit, leaving for London on Saturday morning. In the evening the Earl of Kimberley and Sir Hercules Robinson, the new Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, dined with Her Majesty, and on Sunday morning the Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel, when Canon Fleming preached. On Monday Her Majesty and the Princess called on the ex-Empress Eugénie at Chislehurst, going also to the church of St. Mary, to visit the tombs of the ex-Emperor and Prince Louis Napoleon. Returning to Windsor the Queen witnessed the departure from the Castle of the funeral of one of Her Majesty's footmen, James Macintosh, who had died suddenly. Next day Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice came up to town to see the Duchess of Cambridge, returning afterwards to Windsor, where they were joined at dinner by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Selborne, and other guests. On Wednesday Lord Beaconsfield went down to Windsor, dined with Her Majesty, and slept at the Castle; General Sir Frederick Roberts also dined with Her Majesty. The Queen and the Princess will probably leave for Osborne on the 17th inst.

The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a ball last week at Sandringham to the tenants on their own and the neighbouring estates in honour of the Princess's birthday. On Saturday the Prince and Princess with their guests were present at the meet of the West Norfolk Hounds at Gayton, and joined in the hunt, while next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. The party separated on Monday, and while the Princess and her daughters remained at Sandringham, the Prince came up to town and visited the Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, where he is an exhibitor, and has gained several prizes. On Tuesday the Prince presided at a meeting of his Council, and subsequently left town on a visit to Mrs. Gerard Leigh at Luton Hoo.—The Prince and Princess's visit to Normanton, which was postponed a fortnight since, owing to a death in Lord Aveland's family, has been fixed for January 10th.

The Duke of Edinburgh visited the Cattle Show on Monday. He has sent presents of game to the Dreadnought Hospital, Greenwich, and to several of the Metropolitan Hospitals.—Prince and Princess Christian, with their nieces, concluded their visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at the end of last week, having visited Canterbury Cathedral during their stay at Eastwell. When the Princesses Augusta-Victoria and Caroline of Schleswig-Holstein return to Germany, Prince and Princess Christian will accompany them, in order to attend the wedding of Princess Augusta and Prince William, which remains fixed for February 26. It seems doubtful whether Queen Victoria will be present, but the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will certainly go to Berlin, where a very gay season is expected.—As President of the Kyrle Society, Prince Leopold will preside, on January 7, at a joint-meeting of the National Health and Kyrle Societies, to consider the abatement of the smoke nuisance.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The extra season, under Mr. Armit's direction, closes to-night. *Aida* was repeated on Saturday afternoon, and the eternal (never unwelcome) *Carmen*—which the orchestra must by this time know by heart—in the evening. We have also had another performance of Signor Mattei's *Maria di Gand*; but the *Don Giovanni*, advertised for Tuesday night, was, at the eleventh hour, replaced by the *Barbiere di Siviglia*—no less a masterpiece in its way. For Thursday an Italian adaptation of the late Vincent Wallace's first opera, *Maritana*, was announced.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the new season drew a full, if not crowded, audience to St. James's Hall. The programme comprised Beethoven's First Mass, Mendelssohn's chaste and exquisite setting of the "Lauda Sion," and the fragments from the same composer's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*—a selection both varied and interesting. The diminution in the numerical force of the chorus and orchestra was not only unavoidable in the new locality but, as many are disposed to think, a clear advantage. Sir Michael Costa, who received the welcome so justly his due, has laboured his utmost to retain the most capable singers, and to make his orchestra as complete and efficient as possible. More, nevertheless, might be effected with regard to the instrumental department, in which the amateur element is still, in some instances, superfluously prominent. The performance for the most part, however, was excellent. It is to be regretted that an oratorio bearing such promise as is shown in the fragments of *Christus* should have been left unfinished, and thus a more than probable rival to the *Matthew-Passion* of Bach, and Handel's *Messiah* itself, be lost to the world. The solo vocalists, in the Mass and "Lauda Sion," were Mrs. Osgood, Miss M. Hancock, Messrs. Henry Guy and F. King.—Mr. Chaplin Henry taking part with the two gentlemen just named in the impressive trio of the "Wise Men," immediately following the recitative with which *Christus* so tranquilly opens. All did their best. Mrs. Osgood, the popular American soprano, won fresh laurels, Mr. Henry Guy, the young and rising English tenor, especially distinguishing himself by his delivery of the recitatives that separate chorus from chorus in the scene of the arraignment of Jesus before Pilate. As examples of choral singing, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth," and "Daughters of Zion," each in its style such a masterpiece as no composer of our time could approach, may be commended without reserve. The leading violin in the orchestra was M. Sainton.

VIENNA (correspondence).—The unexpected and violent attack made by Ludwig Spiedel, the well-known critic of the *Freiden-Blatt*, upon Hans Richter, as an orchestral conductor, has led to a hearty demonstration on the part of his many zealous advocates. On his appearance at the second Philharmonic Concert, Herr Richter met with a most enthusiastic recognition. At this concert the distinguished French pianist, Madame Montigny Rémaury, made her first appearance before a Viennese audience, and, with her performance of Beethoven's first pianoforte concerto (C major), achieved a brilliant success. Miss Emma Thursby, the New York soprano, so well known in London and Paris, has also made a sensible impression in the Austrian capital, at a concert given under her name, in the rooms of the Musical Association. Miss Thursby gave examples of her ability in various styles, ancient and modern, from Mozart's fine concert *scena*, "Mia speranza adorata," to the "Echoliad" of the late Carl Eckert—to say nothing of what separated one from the other—winning the most spontaneous

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demonstrations of sympathy. The Vienna concert-season has begun with more than ordinary activity.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—"Alas," by Malcolm Lawson, is rather gloomy, notwithstanding Madame Antoinette Sterling's delightful singing, and Stephen Adams' "Viking's Song" is just one of those rollicking ditties in which Mr. Maybrick delights. Mr. Lloyd was absent through illness, but Mr. Maas filled the gap by a capital delivery of "The Death of Nelson," "Tom Bowling," and Blumenthal's "Her Name," while Mr. Santley was one of the chief favourites of the evening, and in particular sang Tosti's "For Ever and for Ever" with great fervour and effect. Misses Clara Samuells and McKenzie, and Mr. F. King, agreeably contributed to the programme, and the South London Choral Association showed good training in their part songs, although they were a trifle shaky in Randegger's "Joyous Life."

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The return of Madame Norman Néruda, "Queen of the Fiddle," has been welcomed by Mr. Arthur Chapell's constant patrons with becoming enthusiasm. On Saturday afternoon the accomplished Moravian led Schumann's first quartet, and for her solo performance chose the D minor Sonata of F. W. Rast, after the published "arrangement" of Ferdinand David, for whom Mendelssohn expressly composed his violin concerto. In both of these she was near perfection; but on Monday night she may be said to have excelled herself in one of the finest of Mozart's compositions—the quartet in D minor—No. 2 of the series of six dedicated to his friend, and at that time only rival, Joseph Haydn. The *minuetto* and *trio* of this she was compelled to repeat. Madame Néruda was never more completely mistress of her exceptional means, never played with more graceful expression, purer tone, or mechanism more absolutely faultless. At Saturday's concert the seat at the pianoforte was worthily occupied by that zealous and talented artist, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who selected, for solo, the "Rondo alla Mazur" of Chopin—an early, little known, and not very remarkable work of the gifted Polish musician. Better executed, however, it could hardly have been. In Rheinberger's E flat quartet for pianoforte and stringed instruments, Miss Zimmermann enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Madame Néruda, Mr. Zerbin, and Signor Piatti. On Monday night Mademoiselle Janotha, again the pianist, gave the Fantasia in F sharp minor, inscribed to Moscheles (*Sonata Ecossaise*, as it was originally styled by the author), with such vigour and brilliancy that, as usual, she was called back, and, with her accustomed good (at times too good) nature, entertained her hearers with another piece. She also joined Madame Néruda, MM. Ries, Zerbin, and Piatti in Schumann's E flat quintet for pianoforte and strings—a highly-spirited climax.

WAIFS.—Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren has been lecturing at the Hull Royal Institution on the "Classics of the Pianoforte, from Haydn to Beethoven, and from Beethoven to Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett," illustrating his remarks by playing examples from each master.—The theatres in Naples, known as the "Circo," "Varietà," and "Follies," are to be pulled down. A good thing too.—Beethoven's *Mefistofele* has been produced at Barcelona, under the direction of the renowned Italian conductor, Faccio.—The theatre at Bucharest is to open shortly with Italian opera.—King Humbert having won, in a lottery, Elia's much talked about statue of Euterpe, has presented it to the Philharmonic Academy of Turin.—Mr. W. A. Barrett acted as assistant inspector of music at the Training Colleges in England and Scotland, during the temporary indisposition of Mr. John Hullah. A worthier substitute could not have been appointed.—Max Bruch's setting of Schiller's *Das Lied von der Glocke* ("Lay of the Bell"), written for and produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1878, has been performed by the Cæcilien Verein, at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, creating even a milder impression than the one well remembered in the commercial capital of Warwickshire.—Mr. Henry Holmes, one of our leading English violinists and a favourite pupil of Spohr, is about to settle in the United States.—At the fourth and last of Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Saturday Orchestral Concerts" (Nov. 18), his new Symphony in C minor will be the principal attraction. If it turns out as good as his first, in the same key, there will be much reason for satisfaction; if better, still more. The highest hopes are everywhere entertained about the future of this young and gifted musician.—The second and last performance of the *Damnation de Faust*, under the direction of M. Halle, is announced for this evening in St. James's Hall.—At the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday the Symphony of Goetz, in F major, was magnificently played, under the direction of Mr. August Manns. Nevertheless, it does not gain on nearer acquaintance. After Sterndale Bennett's clear and transparent overture, *The Naiads*, the orchestration of Goetz reminded one of a band in a fog.



THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY on Tuesday held a Conversazione at their Bible House, Queen Victoria Street, in celebration of the Jubilee Year of the work of their Continental Agency. The guests were first shown the stock of bound Bibles in many languages, the process of printing in raised type for the blind, and many other things of interest, and subsequently Lord Shaftesbury, who has been President of the Society for thirty years, took the chair at a meeting in the library, when the various foreign agents gave an account of the progress of their work in the different countries which they represented.

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, who has been for some years a subscriber to the Church Extension Fund, has written to the Bishop of Lichfield saying that he hesitates to subscribe money, or take part in any movement, when he can have no security that the intentions of the donor will be carried out. Dr. Maclagan has replied that no conceivable adverse legislation such as the Burials Act can affect the annual grants made from the fund to the clergy, to mission-rooms, and to new churches other than parish churches; and the Duke rejoins that, this being the case, he is happy to renew his subscriptions, though he fears that Parliament, led by the heads of the Church, has shown a disposition to respect no vested rights, and is omnipotent.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER has presented 2,000*l.* to the Owens College to found two scholarships of 40*l.* per annum each to encourage proficiency in classical studies. Of this sum 1,000*l.* was presented to the Bishop as part of a public subscription on the occasion of his marriage, and the Bishop and Mrs. Fraser have added the other 1,000*l.*

ST. PAUL'S, WALWORTH.—This church was closed on Sunday last, and will so remain until the induction of the new vicar. The Rev. J. Baden Powell, the curate in charge, has resigned. The Bishop of Rochester has written to the churchwardens, in reply to the resolutions passed at the meeting of parishioners held last week, accepting the expression of regret for the serious attack made upon him on leaving the church by "a crowd of well-dressed persons," and saying that if any harsh or inconsiderate word escaped him in his address to the congregation he sincerely regrets it, but for doing what was clearly his duty he wants indulgence from no man. To have pretended to consult the congregation when he knew it was impossible for him to gratify

them would have been a weak fraud; just as to appoint a man, however excellent, who would have felt bound in honour to continue existing illegalities would have been (from his point of view) a dastardly falseness to the convictions of his life. He adds that it is a libel on the vast majority of the English clergy to assume that an absence of illegal ceremonial presumes an atmosphere of neglect or irreverence; and a dishonour to the Church's Master to suppose that His Presence is less likely to be vouchsafed because the worship will be simpler than before.



THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

THE Winter Exhibition of the Institute, like that of the older Society, contains unusually few figure pictures, important either from their size or the nature of their subjects. Nearly all the most able figure painters, however, send small pictures, which, if they have little dramatic significance, are interesting from their purely artistic qualities. Among the numerous single figures which Mr. J. D. Linton has exhibited here, we remember none better than the half-length of a stately lady of mature beauty attired in a rich costume of the time of Louis XIII., called "Autumn" (64). The head, which is distinguished by refinement as well as beauty, is admirably painted, and the masses of powerful colour are well balanced and fine in quality. Less striking in colour and effect, but scarcely less perfect in accomplishment, is the artist's second picture, "Winter" (276), representing a lady warming her hands at a fire. The attitude of the figure is at once spontaneous and graceful, and every part of the picture is in keeping with the rest. The only contribution of Mr. Seymour Lucas, "A Study" (114) of a man in a black dress and wide ruff drinking, is a capital example of his sound and solid style. The head is full of vitality, and though the picture is painted with facile freedom, it lacks nothing in the way of completeness. Near this is a pleasant and characteristic picture of Dutch life (71), by Mr. G. Clausen, representing a peasant girl of robust beauty waiting on the bank of a river or canal for the ferry boat, which, with its passengers, is dimly discerned in the gathering gloom of evening. There is vivacity of design and truth of character in Mr. Walter T. Wilson's picture of Dutch children at play in a rustic cottage, but it is not altogether free from mannerism. There is unfortunately nothing in the Gallery by Josef Israels, but Mr. Hugh Carter, who has successfully adopted his style, sends a very agreeable picture of children, "On the Downs, Scheveningen" (19), purer in tone and less rugged in execution than anything we have seen by him before; the sea and sky, as well as the figures, are admirably painted.

"The Old Coaching Days" is the title of an excellent picture illustrating the life of the last century by Mr. Andrew C. Gow. The two masked highwaymen who, with exulting glee, are galloping away from the coach they have plundered, are very spirited in design, but the best part of the picture is the group of discomfited and enraged passengers. The scene is full of movement, and the gestures of the figures spontaneous and natural. The picture is executed with the artist's accustomed skill; while the general effect is broad and simple, every part is finished with the most elaborate care. Mr. C. Green sends a very small drawing of a single female figure, "The Harp Player" (155), gracefully designed and delicately executed, and another of a student in a flowered dressing-gown, "Interrupted" (58). The annoyance of the man who has just risen from his books to meet his unwelcome visitor is expressed with subtle skill. Both pictures are distinguished by beauty of colour and finished workmanship. Mr. E. Bale has a clever picture of a merry little Italian girl, carrying in her arms a huge "Wine Flask" (204). The face is extremely well drawn and modelled, and delightfully childish in character. Mr. Guido Bach's large picture, "A Shady Corner, Rome" (222), is good in composition and true in local colour; the beggars of various ages and both sexes, who are lazily lolloping about on some steps leading to a church, are skilfully grouped, and among them are many truthful types of character, but the picture wants strength and solidity of tone; the general effect is flimsy and unsubstantial. Mr. L. Haghe's large drawing of a party of monks examining a picture in the porch of a convent is well composed and broadly painted; but the smaller drawing of the "Anteroom to the Sala del Concilio in the Ducal Palace" (65), peopled by red-robed senators, seems to us a better and more characteristic example of his style.

Two small drawings in which figures and landscape are skilfully combined, "An Autumn Ramble by the Spey" (47), and "The Doctor's Pool" (168), by Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., are agreeable from their purity of tone and their fresh and unconventional mode of treatment. Mr. J. Fulleylove's two architectural studies, "A Loggia" (85), and "The Cathedral, Sienna" (108), appear to be most accurate in design, and they are full of the most delicate modulations of colour, but his "Cypresses, Sienna" (246), is still finer work; the crumbling architecture of the antique terrace, and the tall trees glowing with rich and varied autumnal tints, are delineated with a fine sense of the beauty that lies in their combination. Mr. H. Hine's small pictures are full of refinement and beauty. Nothing could well be more luminous or more suggestive of space and air than his view on "Dunstable Downs" (61), or more true in tone than his "Eastbourne" (61) by moonlight. Among many outdoor studies by Mr. J. Aumonier, "On the Coast near Newhaven" (253), strikes us as the best as regards truth of effect and general harmony of colour, but they are all worthy of notice. By Mr. T. Collier there is a sketch of a "Snow Storm over Carnedd David" (75), full of movement and vigorously painted; and by W. L. Thomas an impressive picture of "Lucerne" (21) by twilight, very broad in effect and true in tone. The finished landscapes by Mr. J. Syer, Mr. J. Mogford, Mr. J. W. Whympere, and Mr. E. Hargitt, and the sketches by Mr. F. J. Skill and Mr. Harry Hine will be found worthy of attention. In the small room devoted to works in black and white are three masterly drawings which have appeared in *Punch*, by Mr. John Tenniel; studies by Mr. H. Herkomer for two of his exhibited pictures, and an excellent drawing of "Mr. Henry Irving as Fabien dei Franchi," by Mr. T. Walter Wilson.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

ALTHOUGH it is deficient in figure subjects of interest, the present Exhibition of the Society is quite up to the average of recent years. It contains, besides numerous examples of the finished work of the most esteemed members, an unusually large number of landscape sketches and studies painted from nature. Some of the best of these are by the younger Associates, whose names are not yet familiarly known to the public.

Mr. Herbert M. Marshall, for instance, sends several studies displaying capacity of a high order. In "November's Hail-Clouds Drift Away" (1) he has succeeded in conveying a vivid impression of a very transient atmospheric effect; and in "An Old Sussex Sea Port" (64), and "The Soft Dying Day" (140), he has represented two very different phases of Nature with equal force and truth.

By Mr. R. Thorne Waite there are also many out-door sketches, remarkable as well for their luminous quality of colour as for the ease and rapidity with which they are executed. The spacious

"River Scene" (132) and "The Road Over the Downs" (281) are among the best examples, but they are all strikingly suggestive of Nature, and show a rare power of rapidly recording the aspect of the scene before him under the influence of a particular atmospheric effect.

Mr. T. J. Watson, who first appeared in the Spring Exhibition of the present year, has made a very striking advance in his art. Besides several spirited and truthful sketches he exhibits a large picture, "In a Wood" (217), which scarcely suffers by comparison with the best contemporary work of the kind. It has the freshness of immediate observation, together with the completeness of realisation essential to work on a large scale. The colour throughout is very rich and harmonious, and all the details of the scene are faithfully delineated, not with minute elaboration, but in a way that shows a keen perception of their essential character.

Among many picturesque street scenes in Normandy and Brittany, evidently studied directly from Nature by Mr. J. Parker, "The Place St. Yves-Vitré" (68) and "La Cour Lavoussaye, St. Malo" (322), are especially noteworthy for their skilful execution and truth of local colour; in all this artist's drawings the figures are characteristic, and skilfully introduced.

Turning to the landscapes by the older members of the Society, we find, by Mr. E. Duncan, a large "Study of Sand Hills, Port Eynon, South Wales" (142), true in general effect, accurate in detail, and recalling by its simplicity and sobriety of style the works of the early masters of the school.

Besides several minor works which deserve attention, Mr. T. Danby sends a carefully-painted view, "Looking Down the River Sarrine, Canton Freyburg" (29), in which the impression of space and distance is vividly conveyed. A small study of boats on "The Beach, Lulworth" (30), seen through a veil of illuminated mist, by Mr. Alfred Fripp, is remarkable for its truth of aerial effect and purity of tone. The view on "The Rotter, near Rotterdam," by Mr. G. H. Andrews, which hangs near it, is also very luminous, and full of delicate gradations of colour.

Of the numerous sketches contributed by Miss Clara Montalba, that of "Salzberg" (197) strikes us as the best as regards general keeping and sober harmony of colour; but her smaller studies of "Lagny, Seine et Marne" (241), and "Greenwich" (97), are not greatly inferior to it. By Mr. W. M. Hale there is a low-toned and impressive picture of "Old Houses—Bristol by Twilight;" and by Mr. Albert Goodwin, a picturesque and brilliant sketch of "Dordrecht" (195). The landscapes by Mr. G. Fripp, Mr. E. A. Goodall, Mr. J. J. Jenkins, and Mr. J. P. Nafel are well worthy of examination, but they present no especial feature of novelty.

Sir John Gilbert, R.A., is represented by a vigorously executed and richly coloured study for his "Battle of the Standard" (182), which appeared in the Spring Exhibition here; it is almost as large as the finished picture, and does not materially differ from it. Mr. W. C. F. Dobson, R.A., has not often been seen to so much advantage as in the life-sized head of a young girl "Silvia" (95), which occupies the place of honour at the end of the gallery. The tendency to purple in the flesh-tints always to be seen in this painter's work of course detracts something from its value, but the head, besides being very beautiful, and exquisitely naïve and unaffected in expression, is drawn and modelled with masterly skill. Two life-sized heads, portraits of "Lieutenant-Colonel F. D. Winton" (23) and "Sir John McNeil, V.C." (183), are contributed by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, who last year became an honorary member of the Society. They both show great earnestness of purpose and keen perception of individual character, together with a considerable amount of technical skill. Besides two small studies "A Suffolk Road" (308), and "Southwold Mill" (392), Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., exhibits a very quaint and humorously suggestive finished picture, "The Two Dromios" (35) as it is called, are amphibious-looking birds of the penguin species, who stand erect on their short legs and look at each other with an air of stupid astonishment. They are drawn and painted with the painter's accustomed mastery, and seem to be very true in character. The plough-boy munching an apple in "A Surrey Farm Yard" by Mr. J. D. Watson reminds us of William Hunt; it is very rich in tone, and the picturesque barn door, and the crumbling wall which form the background, are painted with realistic force. By Mr. S. Read there is a large picture of "Burgos Cathedral" (145) treated in a broad and simple style, and by Mr. E. A. Goodall an excellent study of "A Street in Cairo" (26). Mrs. Helen C. Angell sends several flower pictures, remarkable as well for the tasteful arrangement as their beauty of colour and skilful manipulation; and Mrs. Allingham a large number of brightly tinted and elaborately wrought studies of miniature size.

A series of drawings by the late George Dodgson, whose death a few months ago caused a vacancy in the list of members from an especial feature of the Exhibition. These are more than fifty in number, and include many of his finest works. Some of his sea-coast pictures, "Whitby Scour," for instance, and "On the Yorkshire Coast" show that he had the power of interpreting Nature in her most impressive moods, but he seems to have delighted most in scenes of sylvan beauty and repose. "A Summer Morning" and "Crawley Wood" are perhaps the best among many examples of this phase of his art, but they are all poetical in feeling, and show a fine sense of natural beauty.



THE TURF.—Favoured with most pleasant weather, genial almost as spring, Sandown Park has this week been the scene of most capital sport, the three days' steeplechasing, timber-topping, and hunters' flat-racing having all been most excellent of their kind. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Teck, a large section of the Upper Ten, and ladies in abundance patronised the proceedings, which went off without a hitch from beginning to end; and once again the backers of previous winners had a fair time of it. Sloth, who has made many a winning mark this season, credited the Tally-ho Hunters' Steeple Chase to Mr. Yates, and United Service scored his third successive win in the Elmbridge Hurdle Race in a field of ten, starting at the comfortable odds of 6 to 1. Mr. T. Cannon's Boisterous, on the strength of a private reputation, was made favourite for the Claremont Hunters' Flat Race, but made a poor show, Nottingham, who has often been expected to win a good handicap on the flat, securing the stake, New Glasgow being second. The Squaw, who, considering her recent good form, strangely enough started at 6 to 1 in a field of five, won a Selling Steeple Chase on the first day, and the Irish mare Lobelia, ridden by one of the famous Beasley brothers, secured the Prince of Wales' Steeple Chase, the somewhat unfortunate Quibble being second, and Quadron, who probably would have won but for her rider's stirrup-leather breaking, third. Sisypheus made atonement for some recent disappointments by landing the Great Maiden Hurdle Race, his friends being able to get as much as 5 to 1 against him in a small field. On the second day old Woodcock was made a hot favourite out of eleven who started for the Surrey Hunters' Race, which fell to a rank outsider in Mr. Thirlwell's Florentine, a twenty to one chance. Ballet Dancer at last scored a victory in a maiden hurdle race, and Torpedo followed up previous successes by winning the Ladies' Plate. The Grand Annual Hurdle Race only

(Continued on page 590)



THE REV. RICHARD WILLIAM ENRAGHT
Imprisoned in Warwick Gaol



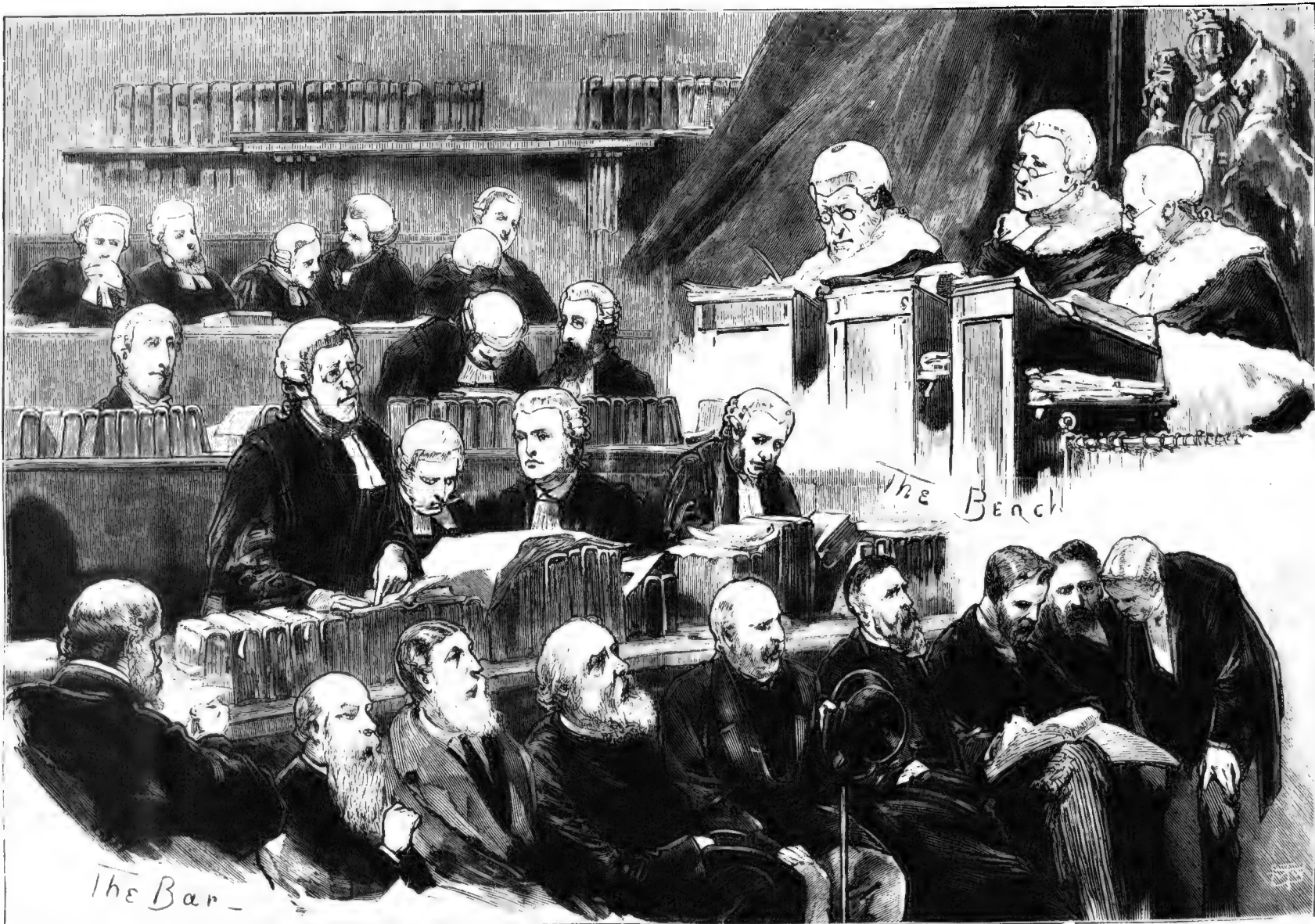
THE REV. T. PELHAM DALE
Imprisoned in Holloway Gaol

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW

THE Christmas Show of fat cattle, sheep, and pigs at Islington has this year been as successful as ever, crowds of visitors from the country, as well as from all parts of London, being attracted to the Agricultural Hall, where, in addition to the live stock, there is the usual large collection of all sorts of farming implements and machinery. The number of animals exhibited is thirty less than that of last year, but this is in some degree accounted for by the enforcement of a new rule excluding all beasts over four years of age, so that the old practice of fattening up cattle each year as Show time approaches, and "letting them down" again in the summer only to be re-fattened as Christmas comes round again, will in future be abandoned as profitless. The number of entries of cattle were 207, of sheep 139, and of pigs 48, making a total of 493. The largest exhibitor was Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., whose three and a-half-year-old crossbred steer in Class 32 took the Champion Plate as the best beast in the Show, besides other prizes as being the best of his class, the best of his breed, and the best of his sex. Mr. Colman is a fortunate exhibitor, for besides this, with fourteen entries of cattle and sheep, he wins five first prizes, three seconds, two thirds, and a special cup awarded to a three-year-old steer as the best of the Scotch breed. He thus takes no fewer than

thirteen prizes, worth together 370*l.*, though their money value is of course nothing compared to the honour and distinction which they symbolise. The Prince of Wales, who is the largest exhibitor next to Mr. Colman, has eight entries of cattle and sheep, but takes only two second prizes with his Devons. Her Majesty the Queen takes a second prize for a shorthorn cow sent from Balmoral, and first and second prizes for pigs of a small white breed from Windsor. On Monday, the opening day, while the judges were at work, the only persons admitted to the Hall were the exhibitors and the newspaper reporters, and some few privileged persons who had been specially invited, amongst whom was the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince of Wales arrived later in the day, after the public had been admitted, and was received by Lord Tredegar the President, Col. Kingscote, M.P., Sir Brandreth Gibbs, and the Chairman of the Agricultural Hall Company. Our sketches may be briefly described as follows:—
"Once a Year" represents a drover indulging in the penny luxury of employing a London shoeblack (of which there are many in the Hall), and enjoying the elevated feelings of refinement accompanying the operation.—"A Young Man from the Country" is a sketch of a visitor from the shires endeavouring to recruit himself at the toy-like table and miniature meal which suffices for the fog-breathing Londoner. "Sheep's Heads" is a title which may include

the boy as well as the quadrupeds—a long association with the animal being popularly supposed to have the result of establishing a facial resemblance between the shepherd and the sheep.—"Exhibitors who did *not* take an Award" are three malcontents who entirely differ with the decision of the judges in the matter of prize giving, and who give vent to their feelings by disparaging the more fortunate cases.—"Genius and Its Critics" shows one of the artists of the Show, who do the portrait of an animal at 2*s.* or so, and thoroughly earn their money, poor fellows, as they have to put up with a deal of ignorant knowledge and common patronage.—"With Body Filled, and Vacant Mind," is an illustration of a fat cow and its keeper, both overcome with eating to repletion, and enjoying that greatest blessing of existence—sleep.—"The Sword of Damocles" is too evident for description. The tablet hanging over the doomed bacon is only too like the suspended weapon, the description of which is proverbial.—"Strangers Yet" are exemplified by a butcher visitor and some examples of the fat stock, who are at present in ignorance of the unpleasant familiarity which the festive season of Christmas will develop between them.—"Didn't they give you a piece of ribbon?" is a sketch of a farmer's pitying little daughter, who is about to console the neglected ox with some part of her biscuit luncheon, to compensate somewhat for the slight which has been passed upon her father's darling.



Mr. Poland, Q.C.

Mr. Charles, Q.C.

The Attorney General

Mr. Jeune

The Solicitor General

The Rev. T. P. Dale

Mr. Justice Field

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge

Mr. Justice Manisty

SKETCHES IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION DURING THE HEARING OF THE APPLICATION FOR MR. DALE'S RELEASE

THE RITUALISTIC PROSECUTIONS

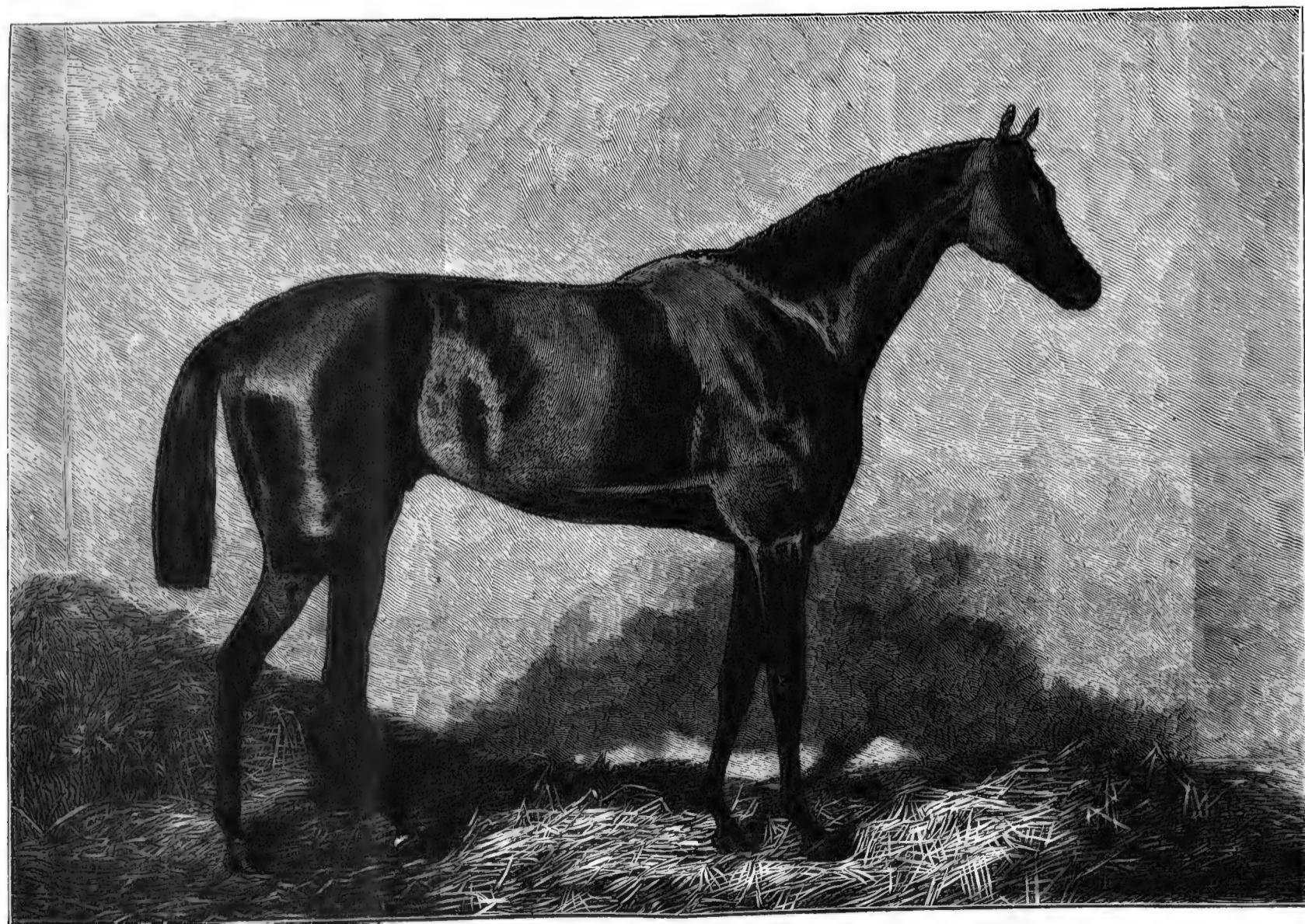


A BASUTO WARRIOR IN FULL WAR DRESS



A BASUTO WOMAN WITH CHILD AND MEALIES

THE WAR IN BASUTOLAND



"ROBERT THE DEVIL," THE CELEBRATED RACEHORSE
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY JOHN FLATMAN

saw seven animals come to the post out of thirty-nine subscribers. Ancient Pistol, with his light weight, was made first favourite, and Charles I. second, notwithstanding his heavy impost, and in this order they finished, Charles I. being beaten only by a neck. Bacchus, the Croydon winner, was scratched the day before. Badminton, his stable companion, the lightest weight of the handicap, represented Mr. Dunlop, and was last past the post. Quadron, by winning the Stewards' Steeplechase, made amends for the previous day's disappointment already alluded to.—The rising light-weight jockey Kellet had his leg broken on Tuesday, by a kick from a yearling at Leyburn, and E. Rossiter, the rider of Robert the Devil in the Derby, having entered into the pleasant bonds of matrimony, has taken up his residence at Shakespeare Cottage, Newmarket.—The Irish horse, Theophrastus, who has made his mark in this country, has been sold to Lord Marcus Beresford for 1,000*l*.

FOOTBALL.—In the second round of the Association Cup the Old Etonians have played off their tie against Hendon, and won by two goals to nothing; and Aston Villa, Birmingham, has beaten Nottingham Forest by two goals to one.—Inter-county contests seem each year becoming more popular. Under Rugby Union rules, Kent has beaten Surrey by four goals to love; and Lancashire, in the eleventh annual match against Yorkshire, has won by four goals and two tries to nothing. Lancashire has now won nine matches to one, that in 1877 having been drawn.—Edinburgh has beaten Glasgow in their twelfth annual Rugby Union match.—The Eton Boys have beaten the Old Etonians in their return match; and Oxford University, in an Association game, has just managed to defeat the Royal Engineers.—In Ireland, by way of a change from the sport of "potting" landlords and their representatives, Munster and Leinster have played a match, which resulted in favour of the former.—A fatal accident occurred on Saturday week during a football match at Southampton. One of the players, Mr. Stanley Ernest Gibbs, a young man of nineteen, slipped down, and others of his own side went over him. He "felt something snap," and lost all sense of feeling in the lower part of his body, and died on the following Tuesday, from congestion of the lungs, resulting from an injury to the spine. The coroner's jury found a verdict of accidental death; but added a recommendation that the rules of the game should be modified so as to lessen the danger.

AQUATICS.—Ross and Trickett rowed off their "no-go" on Saturday last, and suffice it to say that after the first quarter of a mile the race was never in doubt, and Ross won easily enough by four lengths. We fully sympathise with this and Trickett's other disappointments, as it has been evident that the ex-Champion has been in indifferent health almost from the date of his arrival in this country.—There is some talk of a match between Ross and Laycock.—Hanlan has been recently disporting himself in Dublin, but he has plenty of time in hand for preparation for his match with Laycock, and 2 to 1 seems to be freely laid on him wherever there is any speculation.—At Cambridge, Baillie's crew has beaten Brooksbank's by a quarter of a length, after a splendid race in the Trial Eights. The Light Blues have evidently some excellent material for use at Putney next spring.

COURSING.—The openness of the weather has been more favourable for this sport, which has been carried on with great spirit in all directions; but there has been an unusual lack of interest in the Waterloo Cup. At last, however, some quotations in the market have been published. Naturally enough, these are headed by Lord Haddington, owner of Honeywood, the 1880 winner, who has shown at several first-class meetings that his kennel is very strong this season. His nomination is backed at 12 to 1; Mr. Swinburne finds favour at 20 to 1, as does also Mr. Hinks, the owner of Plunger, the "runner-up" to Honeywood.



THE POST OFFICE AND THE TELEPHONE.—The arguments in this case, in the Exchequer Division, lasted five days, the proceedings being considerably enlivened by the practical experiments made in Court with different kinds of telephonic apparatus. The pleadings were of a technical, legal, and scientific character, the defence being substantially that by the new method of communication no "messages" were transmitted, but that the parties at the two ends of a wire carried on an actual personal conversation, the voice of each being audible to the other. The Attorney-General, in his final speech on the Friday on behalf of the Crown, contended that the question should be dealt with as a contract entered into at a cost of ten millions and a-half of public money; that communications sent by telephone were messages or telegrams within the meaning of the statute; and that the improvement in the telephone over the telegraph was not of such a nature as to constitute a difference in kind. He therefore asked their lordships to protect the public revenue by deciding in favour of the Crown. The Court reserved judgment.

SIR JAMES COLVILLE, senior of the four paid Judges of the Judicial Committee, died suddenly on Sunday at the age of seventy, having, like the late Lord Chief Justice, attended to his duties up to the very day before his decease, when he seemed in his usual health. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1835, knighted in 1848 on being raised to the Bench at Calcutta, became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court there in 1855, was made a Privy Councillor and Assessor on Indian Appeals to the Judicial Committee on returning to this country in 1859, and in 1865 was appointed a member of the Judicial Committee itself. The funeral takes place to-day (Saturday) at his country residence in Fifehire.

A JUDICIAL "TIE" occurred in the Common Pleas Division the other day, when an application for a new trial of an action for damages for assault came before Mr. Justice Lindley and Mr. Justice Lopes. The first-named judge had tried the case, and now adhered to the ruling which he then gave. Mr. Justice Lopes, however, was in favour of making the rule absolute; but the consequence of this difference of opinion was that the rule was discharged. Surely a question of this kind ought to be decided either by a single judge or by a bench of three; or if by two (of whom one is the judge against whose decision the appeal is made), division of opinion ought to be followed by the granting, instead of refusal, of the new trial.

A POINT OF A VERY FORMIDABLE CHARACTER, in the opinion of Lord Coleridge, has been raised in the case of *The Queen v. Parker*, though the matter involved is trivial, only a fine of one shilling having been imposed. The question is, whether the magistrates of Latchingdon, Essex, were justified in overruling an objection urged on behalf of the defendant, that the information against him for unlawful trawling for oysters did not contain the word "knowingly," which was necessary to make it an offence; and in inserting that word in the conviction, to make it a good one. His Lordship is not satisfied that such a proceeding is legal, and he has therefore granted a rule for a *certiorari*, to bring the matter before the Queen's Bench Division.

THE RIGHTS OF BICYCLISTS.—The Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Field have granted a rule *nisi*, calling on Mr. Paget, the Hammersmith police magistrate, to show cause why he should not hear and determine the summons recently applied for by a bicycle rider against a coachman for drawing his vehicle across the roadway, and thus obstructing his progress.

SECRET OUTRAGES are becoming very much too common on this side of St. George's Channel as well as in Ireland. Among the latest are the mysterious fatal "accident" at Solihull, near Birmingham, which looks as much as possible like a murder ordered by a secret society; an attempt (the fourth within a month) to upset a train on the Highland Railway; the savage attack on a policeman by a gang of Rebeccaites in Wales; and the threatening letter received by Mr. Ashdown, the Shropshire land agent, to whom a poisoned haunch of mutton was recently sent.

"SPIRITUALISM" is again occupying the attention of the Law Courts. Last week a libel suit was commenced in the Queen's Bench Division, in which both parties were Spiritualists. The plaintiff, a lady, complained that the Editor of *Spiritualistic Notes* had published a false and malicious statement to the effect that she was not a Spiritualist in the true sense of the term; that she was a scold; that she was under the influence of evil spirits; that she had been confined in a lunatic asylum, and that she had been guilty of "acts of folly and wickedness." After some evidence had been given, a consultation took place between the contending counsel, and the result was that the defendant apologised, and the jury were discharged without giving a verdict.—On Friday last, at Bow Street, a Mrs. Fletcher was charged with being concerned in defrauding a lady named Hart-Davies, a niece of Mr. Sampson, the late City Editor of *The Times*, of jewellery, plate, and other property to the value of 4,000*l*. It was stated that the prisoner's husband, who was not in custody, had pretended to go into a trance at various sittings, and that the prosecutrix had been persuaded that the spirit of her deceased mother had spoken through him, telling her to give up all her valuables to Mrs. Fletcher. She had in consequence parted with jewels, plate, furniture, and clothing, and had besides made a will devising to them the whole of her property, worth about 100,000*l*. She subsequently went with them to America, and there she met with another spiritualist, one Dr. Mac, who told her that she had been duped, and the Fletchers were given into custody, but were discharged on its being shown that the alleged offence had not been committed in that country. Last week Mrs. Fletcher was arrested at Greenock. During the hearing, Mr. Flowers remarked that a husband and wife could not be said to conspire together, and Mr. Abrahams, the prosecuting counsel, said that there were others whom he hoped shortly to have before him. At a later period in the proceedings, Mr. Flowers said that under the circumstances he should not rule that the prisoner had been coerced, though it might be a point for a superior Court. The case was ultimately adjourned for a week, Mr. Flowers declining to take bail, and the prisoner was removed to the cells, bouquets of flowers being handed to her by two young ladies as she passed from the dock. On Tuesday Mr. Flowers accepted two sureties of 500*l* each for her appearance, on the application of Mr. E. Dillon Lewis, who stated that he had been retained for the defence, and that his client had a perfect answer to the charge.

DAMAGING THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL.—On Monday, a young man named Barrett was charged with having wilfully and maliciously broken one of the figures in the bas-relief on the north side of the Temple Bar Memorial. A policeman swore that he saw him commit the act, which, however, he positively denied, asserting that the piece was already broken off, and that he merely took it from the ledge beneath. He was remanded on bail.

AT CHELMSFORD, an unlucky fellow has just been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for having been drunk and disorderly six years ago. He had spent the interval in gaol having been convicted of a felony, and was rearrested on his release.

THE HELPING HAND AT THE PRISON GATE.—There can be no question as to the amount of good accomplished by offering a helping hand to discharged prisoners at the very moment when they emerge at the gaol gate, with the wide world before them again, and they so ill-provided to face it. Prisoners' Aid Societies are all very well in their way, but they are scarcely prompt enough in their ministrations. It is with them impossible to avoid a certain amount of delay, which, in many cases, must be fatal to the main design. This, of course, is the arresting the further downhill progress of the evil-doer. He should be encouraged and assisted to turn over a new leaf, or rather to cast aside the old book entirely and commence a new volume, which from the first page to the last shall be innocent of prison taint. Very much—nearly everything—depends on being ready at hand at the exact nick of time. There may not be honour among thieves, but there undoubtedly is a great amount of sympathy and kindly feeling one for the other, and outcast indeed must be the clipped gaol-bird if, on being set free again, he has not a companion—a "pal," he would call him—who would bear in mind the day and hour of his chum's discharge, and go to meet him with money enough—stolen, in all probability—to cheer the heart of the downcast one, and make him so merry with cookshop and public-house stimulants as to fit him for the shameful old work again that very night if opportunity offer. To check this very unsatisfactory state of affairs a small band of philanthropists are always at work, and none more busily than a gentleman named Wheatley, who is Secretary to the St. Giles's Mission. Mr. Wheatley has worked wonders amongst the criminal classes. According to a recently-published report of the Mission (and its *bond fides* is guaranteed by the patronage of the Home Secretary, Mr. Howard Vincent, the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, &c.), out of 24,000 prisoners discharged at the gates of Coldbath Fields this eminently persuasive gentleman induced more than 12,000 to come and breakfast with him (the prisoners are discharged at nine A.M.), and listen to his words of counsel. Out of the 12,000 he had in a manner of speaking taken by the hand and with a lasting grip 4,000 who had pledged themselves to teetotalism, and had made at least a start towards well-doing. Mr. Wheatley's main object is to give the penitent black sheep a chance of returning to honest and respectable life, and this can only be done by providing them with some kind of employment at which they may prove themselves useful. As may be well imagined, this is no easy matter. At the same time there is no doubt that Mr. Wheatley would be able to show such documentary evidence from masters who good-naturedly have hazarded the experiment, as need only be generally known to encourage other employers to assist in the same humane direction.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF SOUP KITCHENS.—However anxious one may be to avoid giving utterance to a single word that might discourage the charitable impulse of those who so cheerfully help the poor, who are so sorely pinched by the icy fingers of winter, there is one feature of popular philanthropy one could wish were less prominent, and that is the soup kitchen. Not the public establishment, where any hungry wretch possessed of a ticket may enter and comfort his shivering carcass with a quart of the savoury concoction, but the local kitchen, that has its appointed season, no matter the state of the weather or the need of the neighbourhood. There is scarcely a district of the metropolis that cannot boast of its soup kitchen, built for the purpose, and with its permanence indicated in letters of stone or stucco, and for the maintenance of which the benevolent inhabitants are waited on periodically to contribute. It has its opening day fixed as a feast marked in the calendar, and several days before the forthcoming event is made known by placards and handbills. No exception can, of course, be taken to the kindly spirit that dictates the upholding these sources of relief, and doubtless there are times when, were the steaming coppers twice as capacious, there would be a sufficient number of grateful recipients to empty them; but it is questionable whether it is judicious to assume that every winter there will prevail among the lower classes destitution so

extreme as to warrant this special provision. It is no proof that because the hundred gallons or so of soup—costing perhaps two-pence a quart and disposed of at the rate of a penny—is all fetched from the Kitchen that no one but the really necessitous have received it. The working poor of the locality grow in time to be so familiar with the Kitchen in their midst that they are apt to forget the purpose for which it was planted there, and to regard it much as a sort of shop at which capital soup may be bought for half the sum they would have to pay for it elsewhere, and they carry their cans and pitchers to be filled as undisguisedly and with no more qualms of self-respect than though they were going to the pump for water. It never seems to occur to them that they are acting the part of destitute persons desperately driven to sink their proper pride for the time being, that they may gratefully accept the proffered hand of charity. From all points of view, this cannot be good for them. The soup may be, and one can understand it being, a temptation to a thrifty poor mother with many little mouths to fill to provide them with a hot and cheap meal on a cold day; but unless she be absolutely in need, she cannot but consider that she is in a degree obtaining goods under false pretences. The children know it too, and so it may happen that a few quarts of soup, surreptitiously obtained, may sap and undermine the moral constitutions of the entire family.

COAL-TRAPS.—The new crusade against chimney smoke will not have been in vain if it is the means of directing attention to the vile rubbish foisted on a too confiding public as house-coal of the best quality, and which is no doubt to a great extent responsible for producing the material of which London fog is made. This is the time of year when the Jeremy Diddlers of the coal-trade rouse once more to activity. To persons of easy morality it is a sore temptation to act the rogue when the game may be played with so much profit. With the first fall of snow or the appearance of a sharp frost the coal-trap is again unblushingly paraded in the newspaper columns. The trap differs slightly in pattern, which of course is necessary when there are so many sportsmen of the same school in the field; but the snare is equally transparent in all. However the advertisement may be worded, it is to the effect that somewhere or other, generally in the coal-region of King's Cross, there are lying several hundred tons of coal which must be cleared immediately, and which in order that this inexorable necessity may be promptly attained, will be sold in quantities of not less than two tons, at the "pit's-mouth price of eighteen shillings and sixpence a ton, delivered free within three miles of the depot." Year after year the same announcement appears, and there it remains for so many weeks, that the expense of the daily advertisement alone must of itself eat a ruinous hole in the slowly diminishing coal heap. But the heap does not slowly diminish. There never was a heap of greater magnitude than a dozen tons or so; the wholesale agent's back-yard not affording room for a larger quantity. He has the stuff in "fresh and fresh," however. It is notorious that when coal reaches 25*s*. a ton, it "pays" for these small-coal men to bring up from the nearest mining district pit rubbish that may be bought on the spot for ten shillings a truck-load of seven tons. It is of the same complexion as coal, and exhibits, mixed with dust, nice fine nobbles, which on dissection prove to be stone or slate. But the trash does excellently well for "marrying" purposes, as the swindlers' phrase is. A ton of pit rubbish blended, or married, to a ton of inferior house coal, make a mixture that will fill twenty coal sacks anyhow, and 1*l*. 17*s*. for the two tons is not a bad price when the lot does not cost the vendor more than the odd seventeen shillings.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VII.

VERY tantalising indeed is M. Jules Verne's "Steam House" (S. Low), translated by A. D. Kingston, as only the first part is published. Here is the usual mixture of the true and the miraculous, for M. Verne takes us to India to follow Nana Sahib after the Mutiny, and to join the journey of a European party in an extraordinary train drawn by a steam elephant. Opening well, the story leaves us asking for more. The same publishers send a fresh edition of the Transatlantic satire on fashionable extravagance, "Nothing to Wear," by W. A. Butler.

Apart from queer spelling and Americanisms, "Gold and Gilt," by Archie Fell (Hodder and Stoughton) is a pleasant tale of young people in a Transatlantic village, Temperance principles being strongly enforced. The illustrations are remarkably bad. Another village story—this time on English ground—is Mr. S. Hocking's "Reedyford, or Creed and Character" (Ward, Lock, and Tyler), but the incidents are more exciting and the tale is suited for older readers. The volume of "Shakespeare" belonging to Moxon's "Popular Poets" (same publishers), with its critical memoir by W. M. Rossetti, its illustrations and dainty binding, forms a most tasteful work, only marred by the excessively narrow margin of its pages, which gives it a re-bound appearance.

The yearly volumes of Messrs. S. W. Partridge's religious serials appear in time to furnish afresh school and lending libraries or working peoples' homes. These cheap and good periodicals, full of tales, papers, and verses and brightened by plentiful drawings, suit all ages, and range from *The British Workman*, *Friend's Union*, and *Family Friend* for parents to *The Children's Friend* and *East of Hope Review* for lads and lasses, and the *Infants' Magazine* for those just able to spell. Some useful sheet almanacs come from the same source.

Lord Brabourne, better known as Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, has again dipped into fairy chronicles, and his "The Mountain Sprites' Kingdom" (Routledge) furnishes fresh grotesque legends full of humour, and with the moral as neatly hidden as the cream in the chocolate. M. Griset's witty illustrations are admirable.—Dreams make the little heroine of "A Silver Key to a Golden Palace" (Routledge), by Alton Leslie, see strange visions during a runaway visit to Sydenham. Statues and stuffed creatures come to life, and so merry a time has Lily that we are afraid her example will tempt enterprising damsels to steal off to the Crystal Palace on the sly.—Highly amusing are the fairy tales of French origin, comprising "Prince Darling's Story-Book" (Routledge). Humourously illustrated, their only fault is a tendency to rise over the heads of young readers.

"The *Unity Fair Album*" (12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden) has now attained its twelfth year. It is fortunate for such publications as these that as the crop of former celebrities becomes exhausted a fresh harvest can be gathered in. Among the notabilities here depicted, the general reader will be especially interested in the portraits of Messrs. Bradlaugh, Parnell, and O'Donnell; of Sir F. Roberts, of Messrs. Edmond About and Victorien Sardou, of Mr. J. R. Lowell, the American Minister, of Lord Beaconsfield, leaning on the arm of his faithful henchman, now Lord Rowton, and of Messrs. Gladstone, Hartington, and Chamberlain seated on the Treasury Bench. In his portraits, "John Junior," still professes to give "the brutal truth," but while some of the pictures are of the grotesque caricature order, others are apparently at being merely faithful likenesses of the usual type.

"The British Almanac and Companion for 1887" (Stationers' Company) contains the usual careful digest of interesting information to which its readers have been for many years accustomed; while in the second portion will be found a valuable series of papers on subjects of the day, such as "Weather Forecasting," "Egypt in Liquidation," the "Food of the Poor," and "London Parks." The abstracts of Parliamentary Acts and Papers form a noteworthy feature of this publication.

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CHAPTER III.

HOW WE CAME TO LONDON ON THE COACH

WITH the purpose, therefore, of carrying out my father's injunctions, I remained for a few days at the Vicarage alone, having one servant to take care of me. But, had it not been for an accident, I might have remained at the village all my life. "For," said Lady Levett, "it is but right, child, that the instructions of your father should be carried out; I should like to know, however, who is to take charge of thee to London, and how are we to get thee there? A young maid cannot be sent to London on a pack-horse, like a bundle of goods. As for Sir Robert, he goes no more to town, since he has ceased to be a member. I care not for the Court, for my own part, and am now too old for the gaieties of London. Nancy will enjoy them, I doubt not, quite soon enough; and as for the boys, I see not very well how they can undertake so great a charge. I doubt, Kitty, that thou must come to the Hall after all. You can be useful, child, and we will make you happy. There is the still-room, where, heaven knows, what with the cowslip-wine, the strong waters, the conserving, pickling, drying, candying, and the clove gilliflowers for palletting, there is work enough for you and Nancy, as well as my still-room maid and myself. And just now, Sir Robert calling every day for a summer sallet (which wants a light hand), to cool his blood!"

I would very willingly have gone to the Hall; I asked nothing better, and could think of nothing more happy for myself, if it could so be ordered. My father's wishes must certainly be obeyed; but if no one at the Hall could take charge of me, it seemed, at first, as if there could be no going to London at all, for our farmers and villagers were no great travellers. None of them knew much of this vast round world beyond their own fields, unless it were the nearest market-town, or perhaps Maidstone, or even Canterbury. Now and again one of the rustics would go for a soldier (being crossed in love); but he never came home again to tell of his campaigns. Or one would go for a gentleman's servant (being too lazy to work like his father); then he would return filled with all the wickedness of London, and stay corrupting the minds of the simple folk, till Sir Robert bade him pack and be off, for a pestilent fellow. Or one would go away to the nearest market town to be apprenticed to a handicraft (being ambitious, as will happen even to simple clods, and aspiring to a shop). But if he succeeded, such an one would seldom come back to the place which gave him birth.

An accident happened which served my purpose. There was a certain farmer on Sir Robert's estate, whose sister had married a London tradesman of respectability and reputed honesty, named Samuel

Gambit (he was a builder's foreman, who afterwards became a master builder, and made great sums of money by taking city contracts. His son, after him, rose to be an alderman in the City of London). Whether the young woman was in ill health, or whether she was prompted by affection, I know not, but she left her husband for a space and journeyed into the country to see her friends and people. Now when, I heard, by accident, that she was about to return, my heart fell, because I saw that my time was come, and that a proper person to take charge of me during the journey was found in Mrs. Gambit.

Madam sent for her. She was a strong, well-built woman, of about six or seven and twenty, resolute in her bearing, and sturdy of speech. She was not afraid, she said, of any dangers of the road, holding (but that was through ignorance) highwaymen in contempt; but she could not be answerable, she said, and this seemed reasonable, for the safety of the coach, which might upset and break our necks. As for the rest, she would be proud to take the young lady with her to London, and madam might, if she wished, consider the extra trouble worth something; but that she left to her ladyship.

"I know," said Lady Levett, "that it is a great charge for you to conduct a young gentlewoman to town in these bad and dangerous times, when not only the high roads are thronged with robbers, and the streets with footpads, but also the very inns swarm with villains, and gentlemen are not ashamed to insult young persons of respectability in stage-coaches and public places. But Kitty is a good girl, not giddy, and obedient. I will admonish her that she obey you in everything upon the road, and that she keep eyes, ears, and mouth closed all the way."

The good woman undertook to have her eye upon me the whole journey. Then Lady Levett made her promise that she would take me straight to St. Paul's Coffee House, St. Paul's Churchyard, there to inquire after my uncle's residence, and never leave me until she had seen me deposited safely in Mr. Shovel's hands.

Now was I in a flutter and agitation of spirits indeed, as was natural, considering that I was going to leave my native place for the first time in my life and to seek new relations.

"Nancy!" I cried, "what will be my lot? What will become of me?"

Nancy said that she would tell my fortune if I would only leave off walking about and wringing my hands and be comfortable.

Then she sat down beside me in her pretty, affectionate way, and threw her arms round my waist, and laid her head upon my shoulder.

"You are so tall and so pretty, Kitty, that all the men will lose their hearts. But you must listen to none of them until the right

man comes. Oh! I know what he is like. He will be a great nobleman, young and handsome, and oh, so rich! he will kneel at your feet as humble as a lover ought to be, and implore you to accept his title and his hand. And when you are a great lady, riding in your own coach, as happy as the day is long, you will forget—oh no, my dear! sure I am you will never forget your loving Nancy."

Then we kissed and cried over each other in our foolish girls' way, promising not only kind remembrance, but even letters sometimes. And we exchanged tokens of friendship. I gave her a ring, which had been my mother's, made of solid silver with a turquoise and two pearls, very rich and good, and she gave me a silver-gilt locket, with chased back, and within it a little curl of her hair, brown and soft.

Lady Levett gave me nothing but her admonition. I was going, she said, to a house where I should meet with strangers who would perhaps, after the manner of strangers, be quicker at seeing a fault than a grace, and this particularly at the outset and very beginning, when people are apt to be suspicious, and to notice carefully. Therefore I was to be circumspect in my behaviour, and, above all, be careful in my speech, giving soft words in return for hard, and answering railing, if there was any railing, with silence. But perhaps she said, there would be no railing, but only kindness and love, in the which case I was all the more to preserve sweet speech and sweet thoughts, so as not to trouble love. Then she was good enough to say that I had ever been a good maid and dutiful, and she doubted not that so I would continue in my new world, wherefore she kissed me tenderly, and prayed, with tears in her eyes—for my lady, though quick and sharp, was wondrous kind of heart—that the Lord would have me in His keeping.

I say nothing about Sir Robert, because he was always fond of me, and would almost as soon have parted from his Nancy.

Now it was a week and more since I had, without knowing it, received those overtures of love from Harry Temple and Will, which I took in my innocence for mere overtures of friendship and brotherly affection. They thought, being conceited, like all young men, that I had at once divined their meaning and accepted their proposals; no doubt they gave themselves credit for condescension and me for gratitude. Therefore, when, the evening before I came away, Harry Temple begged me, with many protestations of regret, not to inform Sir Robert or madam of his intentions, I knew not what to say. What intentions? why should I not?

"Reigning star of Beauty!" he cried, laying his hand upon his heart, "I entreat thy patience for a twelvemonth. Alas! such separation! who can bear it!"

Fond Thyriss sighs, through mead and vale,
His absent nymph lamenting—

"Oh, Harry!" I cried, "what do I care about Thyrsis and absent nymphs? You have promised to bring me back in a year. Very well, then, I shall expect you. Of course you can tell Sir Robert whatever you please. It is nothing to me what you tell Sir Robert or my lady."

"She is cold as Diana," said Harry, with a prodigious sigh; but I broke from him, and would hear no more of such nonsense. Sighing shepherds and cruel nymphs were for ever on Harry Temple's lips.

As for Will, of course he wanted to have an explanation too. He followed Harry, and, in his rustic way, begged to say a word or two.

"Pray go on, Will," I said.

"I promised a twelvemonth," he explained. "I'll not go back upon my word. I did say a twelvemonth."

"A twelvemonth? Oh yes. You said the same as Harry, I remember."

"I don't know what Harry said, but I'll swear, whatever Harry said, I said just the clean contrary. Now then, liberty's sweet, my girl. Come, let us say fifteen months. Lord! when a man is twenty-one he don't want to be tied by the heels all at once. Let's both have our run first. You are but a filly yet—ay—a six months' puppy, so to say."

"You said a twelvemonth, Will," I replied, little thinking of what he meant. How, indeed, could I know? "I shall expect you in a twelvemonth."

"Very good, then. A twelvemonth it must be, I suppose. Shan't tell my father yet, Kitty. Don't you tell un neyther, there's a good girl. Gad! there will be a pretty storm with my lady when she hears it! Ho! ho!"

Then he went off chuckling and shaking himself. How could a courtly gentleman like Sir Robert and a gentlewoman like her ladyship have a son who was so great a clown in his manner and his talk? But the sons do not always take after their parents. A stable and a kennel, when they take the place of a nursery and a school, are apt to breed such bumpkins even out of gentle blood.

In the morning at five I was to start in the cart which would take us across the country to the stage-coach.

Nancy got up with me, and we had a fine farewell kissing. The boys were up too; Harry out of compliment to me, dressed in a nightcap and a flowered morning-gown; and Will out of compliment to his kennel, for whose sake he always rose at daybreak. He was dressed in his old scarlet coat, he carried a whip in one hand, and half-a-dozen dogs followed at his heels.

"Remember, sweet Kitty," whispered Harry, with a ceremonious bow, "it is but for a twelvemonth."

"Only a year," said Will. "Heart up, my pretty!"

They heard what each had said, and they were looking at each other puzzled when I drove away.

"What did you mean, Will?" asked Harry, when the cart was out of sight, "by saying only a twelvemonth?"

"I meant what I meant," he replied doggedly. "Perhaps you know, and perhaps you don't."

"Of course I know," said Harry. "The question is, how do you know?"

"Well," replied Will, "that is a pretty odd question, to be sure. How could I help knowing?"

"I think," said Harry, red in the face, "that some one has been injudicious in telling any one."

Will laughed.

"She ought not to have told, that's a fact. But we will keep it secret, Harry; don't tell her ladyship."

Little heed gave I to them and their promises. It was pleasant, perhaps, though I soon forgot to think about it at all, to remember that Harry and Will after a twelvemonth would come to carry me home again, and that I should never leave the old place again. But just then I was too sad to remember this. I was going away, heaven knew where, amongst strangers, to people who knew me not; and I mounted the cart in which we were to begin our journey crying as sadly as if it had been the dreadful cart which goes to Tyburn Tree. The best thing to cure a crying fit is a good jolting. It is impossible to weep comfortably when you are shaken and rolled about in a country cart among the deep, hard ruts of last winter. So I presently put up my handkerchief, dried my eyes, and thought of nothing but of clinging to Mrs. Gambit when the wheels sank deeper than usual. The way lay along the lanes which I knew so well, arched over with trees and lofty hedges, then in their beautiful spring dressing. It led past the churchyard, where the sun was striking full upon my father's new-made grave. I tried to think of him, but the cart jolted so terribly that I was fain to remember only how I carried his last admonitions in my bosom, and the money in two bags sewn to my petticoats.

Presently the lane led on to the high road, which was not quite so rough, and here we came to the roadside inn where the stage coach changed horses. We waited an hour or so, until at length we saw it coming slowly up the hill, piled with packages and crowded with passengers. But there was room for two more, and we mounted to our places outside. Presently the machine moved slowly along again. It was so heavily-laden, and the roads were so rough, that we rolled as if every moment we were going to roll over into the ditch, where we should all be killed. Mrs. Gambit loudly declared that nothing should ever again take her out of London, where a body could ride in a coach without fear of being upset and the breaking of necks. On this journey, however, no necks were broken, because the coach did not upset. When the rolling was very bad Mrs. Gambit clutched me with one hand and her left-hand neighbour with the other. I, in my turn, seized her with one hand and my right-hand neighbour with the other. Then we both shrieked, until presently, finding that we did not actually go over, I began to laugh.

My neighbour was a clergyman of grave and studious aspect. He wore a full wig, which had certainly been a second-hand one when it was bought, so shabby was it now; his gown was also shabby, and his stockings were of grey worsted. Clearly a country clergyman of humble means. His face, however, looked young. When I caught him by the arm, he laid hold of my hand with both of his, saying, gravely, "Now, madam, I hold you so tightly that you cannot fall." This was very kind of him. And, presently, he wanted to lay his arm round my waist for my better protection. But this was taking more trouble than I would consent to.

There was, however, a worse danger than that of upsetting. This year England suffered from a plague of highway robbers, the like of which was never before known. The roads were crowded with them. They were mostly disbanded soldiers, who, being either disinclined to return to their old trades, or being unable to find employment, roamed about the country either singly or in pairs, or in bands, rogues and vagabonds, ready to rob, steal, plunder, or even murder as occasion offered. They were sometimes so bold that they would attack a whole coachful of passengers, and take from them whatever they carried, unless, as sometimes happened, there were one or two valiant men on the coach ready to give them a warm reception with guns, pistols, swords, or even stout cudgels. They were said seldom to show much fight (being conscious of the gallows awaiting them if they were wounded or captured), and would generally make off. But it was not always that passengers were found ready to risk the fight, and in most cases they sat still and delivered.

With this danger before us, it was not surprising that the conversation should turn upon highwaymen whenever the road became a little smooth, and I listened with terror to the tales I heard. Most of them were related by a man who sat opposite to me. He

wore a scratch wig (probably his second-best), and had his hat flapped and tied about his ears as if it were winter. He was, I suppose, a merchant of some kind, because he talked a great deal about prices, and stocks, and markets, with other things, Greek and Hebrew to me. Also, he looked so uneasy, and kept watching the road with so anxious an air, that I felt sure he must be carrying a great parcel of money, like me, and I longed to advise him to imitate my prudence; and the next town we got down at to sew it within his coat. He continually lamented, as we went along, the desperate wickedness of the highway-robbers: he spoke of it as if he were entirely disinterested, and regarded not at all the peril to his own fortune, but only the danger of their own souls, liable to be wretchedly lost and thrown away by their dreadful courses. And he talked so feelingly on this subject that one began to feel as if good words were being spoken to the edification of the soul. As for their suppression, he said that, in their own interests, strong measures would be necessary. Trade would never flourish, and therefore men would not be induced to follow a respectable trade until ships could sail the seas without fear of pirates, and honest merchants carry their property up and down the King's highway without fear of highwaymen. Here we came in sight of a man on horseback, and we all kept silence for an anxious space, till we discovered, by his great wig and black coat, that it was nothing but a country surgeon riding out to see a patient. Then the merchant went on to say that since the gallows did not terrify these evil-doers, he, for one, was for trying how they would like the French wheel.

At this there was a terrible outcry: the clergyman, especially, asking if he wished to introduce French barbarities.

"Such things," he said solemnly, "are the natural accompaniment of Popery. Pray, sir, remember Smithfield."

"Sir," said the merchant, "I hope I am as good a Protestant as my neighbours. I call that, however, not barbarity but justice and mercy which punishes the guilty and deters the weak. As for barbarities, are we Protestants better than our neighbours? Is it not barbarous to flog our soldiers and sailors for insubordination; to flog our rogues at the cart-tail; to lash the backs of women in Bridewell; to cut and scourge the pickpockets so long as the alderman chooses to hold up the hammer? Do we not hack the limbs of our traitors, and stick them up on Temple Bar? Truly, the world would come to a pretty pass if we were to ask our cut-throats what punishment would hurt them least."

"I like not the breaking of legs on wheels," cried Mrs. Gambit. "But to call the flogging of Bridewell hussies barbarous? Fie, sir! You might as well call bull-baiting barbarous."

No one wanted to encourage highway robbers, yet none but this merchant from foreign parts would allow that an Englishman, however wicked, should cruelly have his limbs broken and crushed by a rod of iron.

"As for the gentlemen of the road," said Mrs. Gambit, "I, for one, fear them not. They may take the butter and eggs in my basket, but they won't find my money, for that is in my shoe."

"Nor mine," said I, taking courage and thinking to show my cleverness; "for it is all sewn safe inside my petticoats."

"Hush, silly women!" cried the merchant. "You know not but there is a highwayman sitting in disguise on the coach beside you.—I beg pardon, sir," he turned to the clergyman beside me—"no offence, sir—though I have heard of a thief who robbed a coach after travelling in it dressed as a gentleman of your cloth."

"None, sir, none," replied his reverence. "Yet am I not a highwayman, I do assure you for your comfort. Nor have I any money in my pocket or my shoe. I am but a simple clergyman, going to look at a benefice which hath been graciously bestowed upon me."

"That, sir," said the merchant, "is satisfactory, and I hope that no other ears have heard what these ladies have disclosed. Shoes? petticoats? Oh, the things that I have seen and heard!"

The clergyman then told us that he had a wife and six daughters, and that the preferment (two hundred pounds a year!) would make a man of him, who had as yet been little better than a slave with sixty pounds for all his income. The Christian year, he told us, was a long Lent for him, save that sometimes, as at Christmas and Easter-tide, he was able to taste meat given to him. Yet he looked fat and hearty.

"My drink," he said, "is from the spring, which costs nothing; and my bread is but oatmeal-porridge, potatoes, or barley-meal."

Then he pressed my hand in his, said I resembled his wife in her younger days, and declared that he already felt to me like a father.

There sat next to the merchant a young gentleman of about seventeen or eighteen, brave in scarlet, for he had just received a commission as ensign in a regiment of the line, and was on his way to join his colours, as he told us with pride. Directly highway robbers were mentioned he assumed, being a young man with rosy and blushing cheek, fitter for a game of cricket on the green than for war's alarms, a fierce and warlike mien, and assured us that we ladies should not want protection while he was on the coach. And he made a great show of loosening his sword in the scabbard to ensure its quick and ready use, should the occasion rise. The merchant received these professions of courage with undisguised contempt; the clergyman smiled; Mrs. Gambit nodded her head and laughed, as if he was a boy whose talk meant nothing. I neither laughed at him nor scowled at him. In fact I was thinking, girl-like, what a handsome boy he was, and hoping that he would some day become a great general. As the country seems at the present juncture sadly in want of great generals, I fear he has been killed in action.

When we stopped for dinner, at one o'clock—I remember that I never before saw so prodigious a piece of roast beef upon the table—our host must needs spoil all enjoyment of the meal by asking us, just as we were sat down, sharp-set by the air, if we had met or seen anything of a certain "Black Will," who seemed to be very well known by all. The very name caused our poor merchant to push back his plate untasted, and the young officer to rise from the table and hasten to assure himself that his sword was loose in the scabbard.

"Because," said the landlord, "it is right for you to know that Black Will is reported in this neighbourhood with all his crew: a bloody lot, gentlemen. I hope you have no valuables to speak of upon you. However, perhaps they will not meet you on the road. They murdered a man last year, a young gentleman like you, sir," nodding to the ensign, "because he offered resistance and drew his sword. What is a little toothpick like that, compared with a quarter-staff in the hands of a sturdy rogue? So they beat his brains out for him. Then they gagged and used most unmercifully, kicking him till he was senseless, an honest gentleman like yourself, sir"—he nodded to our merchant—"who gave them the trouble of taking off his boots, where, for greater safety, as the poor wretch thought, he had bestowed his money—"

"God bless my soul!" cried the merchant, changing colour so that I for one felt quite certain that his was there too, and that his courage was down in his boots as well, to keep the money company. "Bless my soul! hanging, mere hanging, is too good for such villains."

"It is indeed," replied the landlord, shaking his head. "There was a young lady, too"—I started, because he looked at me—"who had her money sewn in a bag inside her frock." I blushed red, knowing where mine was. "They made her take it off and dance a minuet with one of them in her petticoats. But indeed there is no end to their wickedness. Come, gentlemen, let me carve faster; spare not the beef; don't let Black Will spoil your appetites. Cut and come again. He may be twenty miles away. A noble sirloin,

upon my word: To be sure, he may be waiting on the hill there in the wood."

"A glass of brandy, landlord," cried the merchant, who surely was a dreadful coward. "Tell me, would he be alone?"

"Not likely." The landlord, I thought, took a pleasure in making us uneasy. "He would have two or three with him. Perhaps six. With pistols. Do take some more beef. And blunderbusses. Ah! a desperate wicked gang."

In such cheerful discourse we took our dinner, and then, with trepidation, mounted to our places and drove away.

We got up the hill safely, and met not Black Will. During the next stage we all kept an anxious look up and down the road. The coach seemed to crawl, and the way was rough. The sight of a man on horseback made our hearts beat; if we saw two, we gave ourselves up for lost. But I was pleased all the time to mark the gallant and resolute behaviour of the boy, who, with his hand upon the hilt of his sword, sat pale but determined; and when he caught my eye, smiled with the courage of one who would defend us to the death, as I am sure he would, like the gallant young knight he was.

Towards the evening we caught sight of the tower of Canterbury Cathedral, and soon afterwards we rolled through the streets of that ancient city, and got down at the Crown Inn, where we were to rest for the night.

I pass over, as unworthy of record, my own wonder at so great and beautiful a city. This was the first town I had ever seen; these the first shops; and this the first, and still the grandest, to my mind, of great cathedral churches. We walked through the great church at sunset, where there was something truly awful in the lofty arches mounting heavenwards, and the gloom of the roof. Outside there were Gothic ruins; rooks were calling to each other in the trees, and swifts were flying about the tower.

At supper we had more talk about highway robbers, but we were assured that there was less danger now, because between Canterbury and London the road is more frequented, and therefore robbers, who are by nature a timorous folk, hesitate to attack a coach. Moreover, the landlord told us that we should have with us two or three honest citizens of Canterbury, substantial tradesmen, who travelled to London together for mutual protection, taking money with them, and pistols with which to defend themselves.

"One of them," he added, "is a lieutenant in the train-band, and a draper in the city: a more resolute fellow never handled a yard-measure."

The gentlemen ordered a bowl of punch after supper, and we retired. As we left the room, the clergyman followed us. Outside the door, Mrs. Gambit having already begun to go upstairs, he said he would give me his benediction, which he did, kissing me on the cheeks and lips with much (and undeserved) affection. He was good enough to say that I greatly resembled his youngest sister, the beautiful one, and he desired closer acquaintance. Nor could I understand why Mrs. Gambit spoke scornfully of this act of kindness, which was entirely unexpected by me. "Kindness, quotha!" she cried. "A pious man, indeed, to love to kiss a pretty maid! I like not such piety."

In the morning the train-band lieutenant, with his two friends, came swaggering to the inn. He carried his pistols openly, and made more display of them, I thought, than was necessary, considering his character for resolution and desperate bravery. Then we started, our little soldier still ready with his sword.

The road was smoother; it ran for the most part along enclosures and gentlemen's parks. It was broad and straight, having been made, we were told by the draper, in the time of the Romans; and as we drew nearer to London, the villages became more frequent, and the road was covered with carts, waggons, and carriages of every kind, all moving towards London. Was London bigger than Canterbury? I asked. They laughed at my innocence, and began to tell me that you might take the whole of Canterbury out of London and not miss it much: also that he or she who had not seen London had not seen the greatest marvel and wonder of the world.

"There are fine buildings," said the merchant, "in Paris, though the streets are foul; but in London there are buildings as fine, with streets that are broader: and there is the trade. Aha!"—he smacked his lips—"Paris hath no trade. One has to see the ships in the Pool, and the Custom House, and the wharves, before one can understand how great and rich a city is London. And one should also—but that, young lady, you cannot ever do, live as long as you will, being only a woman—feast at one of the great City Companies to understand how nobly they can use their wealth."

We were still anxious about highwaymen, but our fears were greatly lessened by the presence of the brave draper of Canterbury. The clergyman kept up a flow of anecdotes, which showed strange acquaintance with the wickedness of the world, on highwaymen, footpads, robbers of all kinds, deceivers of strangers, and practisers on innocence. The merchant listened eagerly, and together they bemoaned the credulity of the ignorant, and the subtlety of the designing.

Our spirits grew higher as we neared the end of our journey. Now, indeed, there was but little fear. The coach travel from Canterbury to London in a single day; we should arrive before nightfall.

"Ha! ha!" said the merchant, rubbing his hands, "we who travel encounter many dangers. In London one can go to bed without fearing to be murdered in your sleep, and walk abroad without looking to be brained and murderously treated for the sake of a purse and a watch. There may be pickpockets, shoplifters, and such petty rogues! there may be footpads about St. Pancras or Lincoln's Inn Fields, but small villains all compared with these desperate rogues of highwaymen."

"Desperate indeed," said the clergyman. "Dear sir, we should be grateful for our preservation."

It was already past seven when we arrived at the Talbot Inn. The merchant fetched a deep sigh, and thanked Providence aloud for keeping us safe from the danger of "Stand and deliver!" The clergyman said "Amen," but gently reproved the merchant for not allowing him, as an ordained minister, to take the lead in every devotional exercise. When they got down they entered the house together. The young ensign pulled off his hat to me, and said that no doubt the rogues had got wind of an officer's presence on the stage. Then he tapped his sword-hilt significantly, and got down, and I saw him no more. The gallant draper, getting down slowly, lamented that he must still be carrying loaded pistols, with never an opportunity for using them upon the road, and uncocked his weapons with as much ostentatious care as he had shown in loading them. For my own part, I had no taste for fighting, or for seeing fights, and was only too glad to escape the hands of men who, if tales were true, did not even respect a girl's frocks. The clergyman bestowed a final benediction upon me, saying that he craved my name with a view to a closer friendship; and would have kissed me again had not Mrs. Gambit pushed him away with great roughness.

The thing I am now about to relate will doubtless seem incredible. Yet it is true. I learned it some time after, when Black Will was hanged, and his last Dying Speech and Confession was cried in the streets.

The merchant and the clergyman entered the Talbot Inn to drink together a bowl of punch at the former's expense. Before separating, the latter, out of respect for his cloth, called for a private room, whither the punch was presently brought.

Now, when they had taken a glass or two each, both being very merry, they were disturbed by the entrance of three tall and ill-favoured fellows, who walked into the room and sat down, one on each side of the merchant.

"Gentlemen!" he cried, "this is a private room, ordered by his

reverence here and myself for the peaceful drinking of a thanksgiving glass."

"No," replied the clergyman, rising and locking the door; "I fear, dear sir, that this room had been already bespoke by these gentlemen, who are friends of mine own, and that we have very urgent business which particularly concerns yourself."

At these words the merchant turned pale, being, as you may imagine, horribly frightened, and perceiving that he had fallen into a nest of hornets. Whereupon he sprang to his feet, and would have rushed to the door, but that two of the villains seized him and pushed him back into the chair, while the third drew a knife and held it at his throat, informing him that his weasand would most certainly be cut across did he but move a finger or utter a sigh. At this dreadful threat the poor man gave himself up for lost, and said no more, only the tears of despair rolled down his face as he thought of what was going to happen to him.

The good clergyman, then, with smiles and a polite bow, informed him that in this world things are not always what they seemed to be. "Honest tradesmen," he said, "often turn out to be common cheats, and substantial citizens become bankrupts. Therefore, it is not surprising if a reverend minister of the Established Church should occasionally bear a hand in a little scheme in which good acting and dexterity are essentials necessary for success. In fact," he went on, drinking up all the punch meanwhile, "though to you and to many good friends I am a pious divine, among my particular intimates and those gentlemen of the road"—here he pointed to the three villains—"I am no other than Black Will, at your service! Nay, do not faint, dear sir. Although you would break me on the wheel, had you the power, I assure you I shall do you no harm in the world. Wherefore, kick off your boots!"

Alas! in his boots was the money which the poor man was bringing home from France. They took it all. They tied him to his chair, and that to the table. They gagged him; they put his wig on the table, tied a handkerchief over his head, so that he should seem to be asleep; and then they left him, telling the waiter that the gentleman in the blue room was tired after his journey, and would like to be undisturbed for an hour or two.

To think that this villain (who was but twenty-four when he was hanged, a year or so later) should dare to feel towards me like a father, and to give me his blessing—on the lips!

(To be continued)



MRS. LYNN LYNTON'S "The Rebel of the Family" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is an exceedingly clever and interesting novel. There is less exaggeration of direct purpose running through it than through most of its predecessors; but it has quite enough strength of motive to afford, apart from its other merits, excellent reason for its being written. Mrs. Linton holds the belief, which has long ceased to be a mere platitude or truism, that there is plenty of work in the world for women to do, but that there is none fit for her doing except what is womanly. With what is meant by the cant phrase of "Women's Rights" she has no sympathy, while she possesses an exceedingly sharp lash for her types of those who treat the phrase as a battle cry. The main attraction of her story, however, centres in a widow and her three daughters, in whom, though certainly not fascinating people in themselves, she contrives to awaken and maintain the reader's interest through a course of events that are by no means of an exciting character. Courage as well as skill are needed, in these days, to interest us in the love-story of a hero who is a druggist, and a heroine who is plain in face, dresses badly, and wears spectacles. In this case courage succeeds; and few readers will be found to compare the spectacled heroine unfavourably with the most orthodox belle, or the druggist disadvantageously with the very heaviest of Dragoons. Mrs. Linton always prefers to deal with the most real and common life, and eschews all affectations and conventionalities. The principal fault of the novel, and it is a serious one, is her over-anxiety lest anything should be misunderstood unless it is repeated two or three times over.

"Dimplethorpe," by the author of "St. Olave's," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is a simple, quiet, and well-written story which cannot fail to give ordinary readers a satisfactory amount of moderate pleasure. It is to be compared to a succession of graceful sketches in water-colour—we intentionally select that medium for comparison—rather than to the complete, finished, and harmonious picture which the ideal novel ought to be; but then, while ideal novels are not to be looked for, graceful sketches are also quite rare enough to be gratefully welcomed. One good quality about "Dimplethorpe" is that the interest, not very promising at the outset, continually grows. The authoress deserves some credit for the device whereby she has brought together her two victims of the usual misunderstanding. It is pleasant and natural, and neither hackneyed nor unlikely. On the whole, "Dimplethorpe," though not the kind of book to make much stir even by accident, is a great deal better than a great many that do.

The oracular and unfathomable profundities of Mr. Henry James, junior, are finding many American imitators, among whom is to be counted the author of "The Head of Medusa," George Fleming, (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), whose "Nile Novel" and "Mirage" obtained a certain amount of reputation. A title which has no discoverable reference to its story is admirably appropriate to a novel which can only be compared, in respect of profundity, to a well which has no bottom. The object of common novelists is to mean something and to reach somewhere; that of the last new American school of fiction is to seem so superhumanly subtle and profound as to be unable to mean anything or to reach anywhere. Its members are always solemnly shaking their heads, and impressing us with an air of inexpressible sagacity. High American culture demands that the scene of such novels as "The Head of Medusa" should, if possible, be laid in that part of Rome where the good Americans live who—as one of their own authors has said—go to Paris when they die. The heroine is one of those young ladies with unwholesome minds who look upon life as a mixture of high sentiment and high art, and are martyrs to deep natures and unsatisfied yearnings. She reads Darwin, has an "incubus" (does George Fleming possibly mean a "nimbus"?), of golden hair, and marries an Italian count, who neglects her to such an extent that she falls in love with a man who is in love with another girl. The story in some degree suggests that of Romola, who is to her prototype what the Boston of to-day is to the Florence of the Medici. All the characters are seriously affected by very minute trifles, and see mountains in molehills; but how or why they should be so different from others, or what they perceive in things that most fairly intelligent people take for mere nothings, or why they should see in a straw more than a straw, is left unexplained. It is impossible to sympathise with a people who do nothing but sympathise with themselves, and uselessly try to understand what professes to be deeper than life and wiser than wisdom. There is undeniable talent in writing what means nothing in such a way as to make it read as if it meant more than everything; and the style is certain to take with people who look upon being misunderstood as the most pathetic and interesting duty in which human nature can be employed.

Mr. Hawley Smart, in "Social Sinners" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), has certainly not laid himself open to the charge of trying to

seem wiser than his neighbours. He is a sort of light and lively follower of the author of "Guy Livingstone," and loves to show his litera descent by calling a cavalry officer a *sabreur*. His characters are taken from the scum—which means the fools—of society, and from its dregs or knaves, with two or three conventional young ladies, a cricket match at Lord's, and a case of manslaughter thrown in for the sake of form. His strength—unlike George Fleming's—does not consist in treating straws as of consequence because they are really profound mysteries, but in refusing to see that there is anything of interest in the world except its straws. It is not, perhaps, Mr. Smart's fault that the side of society which he affects has a look of being, at its best, both paltry and vulgar.



STABLE, STALL, AND KENNEL.—A very promising Newfoundland puppy, Nemo, prize winner at Dundee, has just died of distemper; while the champion Sussex spaniel, Bachelor, has been worried to death by a larger dog. We regret to hear that Colonel Gunter has lost Duchess the Third in calving.

FRUIT FOR NEXT YEAR.—The Kentish orchards promise well. The buds on the apples are thick and stout, and the hazels promise equally well. The recent apple crop has been exceedingly short, so that good prospects for next year are doubly welcome.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—It is reported that on Tuesday week at Leeds several persons heard the cuckoo. We once remember hearing a similar rumour repeated in the presence of an aged county woman. "Ah, it was a two-legged cuckoo" was her remark. Doubtless, the old lady suspected human agency. Even if December were the cuckoo's own month Leeds is not exactly the place where it would be most likely to be heard.—A fine bittern has recently been shot at Addlethorpe in Lincolnshire. "Addlehead" was probably the name of the slaughterer, for the rarity of this fine indigenous bird should assure it the protection of every sportsman.—The rare and beautiful moth *Deileopeia pulchella* was taken a short time back near Bournemouth.

THE MALT TAX.—Speaking at Ilminster the other day, Major Vaughan Lee, M.P., said he did not think the transfer of duty from malt to beer would do the farmers any good. He never had thought so. It certainly would not benefit the brewers, who were, of course dissatisfied, and it would in his opinion lower the price of barley. At another gathering close by Mr. Fenwick Bissett, M.P., said he had to thank Mr. Gladstone for having taken the duty off malt, though he questioned whether the abolition would actually prove of very great benefit to anybody. He had always opposed the malt duty as a matter of principle. We had had Free Trade—falsely so-called—for the foreigner, while the English farmer could not do what he liked with his own. The duty would now no longer be on a certain quantity of malt, but on the saccharine produced from malt, and an ultimate effect might be the underselling of Englishmen by foreigners, as in so many other cases of agricultural produce.

MINISTRIES AND HARVESTS.—Was the following by Lord Beaconsfield actually written before the spring of 1878, or after the spring of 1880?—"What nonsense," Lady Montfort would say, "Mr. Sidney Wilton talks about the revenue falling off! As if the revenue could ever really fall off! And then our bad harvests! Why, that is the very reason we shall have an excellent harvest this year. You cannot go on always having bad harvests. Besides, good harvests never make a Ministry popular. Nobody thanks a Ministry for a good harvest. What makes a Ministry popular is some great *corp* in foreign affairs."

GLANDERS.—A well-known veterinary surgeon says that the spread of glanders will never be checked until drinking-troughs are altered. In especial, he lays to the public troughs—which philanthropy was so proud of having established—the charge of greatly assisting the dissemination of the deadly disease.—Mr. Price recommends tip-up enamelled basins, each holding about two gallons. Mr. Price's statement is that he has condemned thousands of horses for glanders, and he could invariably trace it to contagion spread in many instances by the pail and nose-bag.

BREAD AND BREADSTUFFS.—During the past five weeks the amount of wheat and flour brought to market has been about 2,400,000 quarters. This, of course, includes both English and foreign wheat. Stocks are estimated as increased about 200,000 quarters. The price of bread should be moderate, the Imperial wheat average justifying no more than a sixpenny charge. In London and some other towns a penny more is asked, even "across the counter," but in many country districts sixpence is the price. The happy inhabitants of Lyme Regis are only paying fivepence per quarter loaf. In France farmers have held their wheat very firmly, and prices are about five shillings per quarter higher than they are in England.

THE EXCELLENT LANDSCAPES on the walls of the British Artists' in Suffolk Street are very welcome at this gloomy period of the year. The Spring Exhibitions are always open to the criticism that when Nature is offering her own paintings on leaf and flower, and gladdening the country with burst of innumerable blossoms, mere Gallery representations may well be left unnoted. That pictures of summer and country scenes are most truly welcome in winter, and amidst town life, was certainly our experience at Birmingham. The most pleasant reminiscence of a recent visit is the recollection of a splendid August landscape, by Vicat Cole, then on view in New Street.

THE NORTHERN HILL FARMS.—The past season, although a decided improvement on 1879, has not been a really good one for "the Northern Farmer." Autumn sales however, have shown an advance of 15 to 20 per cent. on sheep, of about 5 per cent. on cattle, and over 30 per cent. on wool, so that agriculturists are beginning to look a little cheerful once more, even though they may have the prospect of a trying winter before them. The early frosts have materially injured the herbage, and not only are the hill flocks manifestly deteriorating in condition but losses by death have been large. At the best farming is a hard struggle for the sturdy "statesmen" of the wolds and fells.

CATTLE DISEASE is still spreading. It has gained fresh ground in Dorsetshire, while in Norfolk farmers have to be seriously on their guard. No efforts must be spared to stamp out this dangerous foe to farming prosperity and national meat supply.

TURNIPS IN SCOTLAND are being stored, indeed we hear that a much larger breadth has been stored than has ever before been the case at this period of the year. Farmers year by year are becoming more keenly alive to the necessity of taking care of what is a costly crop. The recent frosts do not appear to have got at the roots, save in a very small number of cases.

THE GROUND GAME BILL is finding *ex post facto* friends. Speaking at the Gillingham Agricultural Society's dinner, Lord Henry Thynne, M.P., said he wished to correct a misapprehension that appeared to exist in the minds of some that the Conservative party were opposed to the Hares and Rabbits Bill. From his

connection with the party he could state that they were never opposed to it, but were in favour of it. What many of them did object to was the way in which the Bill was drawn up. We agree with Lord Henry Thynne that the opposition was not of a party character, but we do not think the Conservatives as a body are ashamed of having stood up for freedom of contract; in resistance to a measure imposing disabilities on farmer and landlord alike.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The use of dandelion leaves for horses is strongly recommended in several old herbals, and is now being renewed in some quarters as helping the preservation of health, and as improving the sleekness of the coat.—The simultaneous deaths of Moody and Sankey are announced. Yet let not "our Dissenting Brethren" be alarmed. "Moody" and "Sankey" were the names of two famous trained oxen, which have just died in Texas of the Spanish fever.—Chippenham, a great bacon centre, has recently held an agricultural show, the principal feature of which may be said to have been the poor exhibits of pigs. The cattle, however, were both a better and a larger show than we expected to see.

THE LONDON BALLET—I.

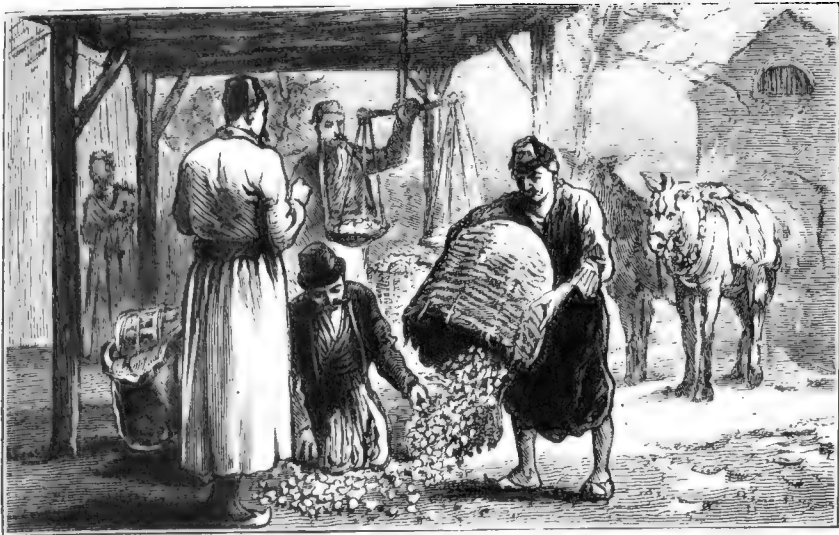
THE BALLET MASTER.

THE neighbourhood of Covent Garden is very busy in the present week. It has been busy for weeks before, and just now it is almost at boiling point. The public know little about it: the time has not yet come for their enlightenment. On the 27th of December the larcenous career of the Clown will commence, and the Fairies be nightly discovered grouped in the Dazzling Halls of Enchantment. Just now the Fairies are qualifying for this metropolitan paradise, and Covent Garden is the school of their probation. If you pass through its bye-streets in the evening you will meet dozens of girls—shabbily dressed, as a rule—hurrying along, each with a little bag, and each little bag containing—for what is the use of mystery?—probably her lunch, and certainly her boots. She and you both pass by the spangle-shops and the costumiers', where a great many hands are at work day and night in basement stories where the sun never rises, and in dreary garrets where the gas seems never to set, making wings, and wreaths, and garments of seaweed, and fantastic branches of impossible coral, all for the use of the Fairies. If you pass down the same street at five in the evening you will meet the tide of Fairyland ebbing in the opposite direction, and probably will never realise that through all the intervening hours the ballet have been hard at work practising. If M. Jourdain could have remembered his childish days he would have known that to talk prose was once a difficult attainment, and even ballet-dancing does not come quite spontaneously. The public—good-humouredly apathetic as to the history of its pleasures—finds year after year some thousands of girls dancing before it in the month of January, accepts the fact as statistically interesting, connects Fairies (by association of ideas) with holidays, childhood, Christmas-boxes, and perhaps, in a general way, with what is called the good old time; but scarcely pauses to think what becomes of the army when the battle is over, or how it was collected when the campaign commenced. Let us try and give some account of how theatrical Fairyland gets to be colonised.

The first step is to learn to dance, and it is a *premier pas* not to be taken without money; so that, long before we get near the stage, we have to make the acquaintance of the Ballet-master, and what he calls his Variety Training School. There is a large proportion of these professors scattered over London, and it would appear that they are for the most part foreigners, and very frequently Italians. An occasional Frenchman is to be met with in the ranks, or an Irishman with a fine native accent, but a distinctly Continental name. You cannot doubt for a moment that you are in the presence of a "professional," and indeed of a foreigner. There is the bright blue neck-tie, which contrasts, according to the old law of contrasts, with the complementary red of the face, and there is the enormous watch-chain by which the proprietor seems to be tethered to his own waistcoat. You pass through a narrow hole up to his receiving room, where, amidst a strong smell of whitewash and of gas, you find the blank walls hung round with familiar prints of the old favourites of the ballet. Were our ancestors unduly susceptible, or is it that art in those days failed to keep pace with grace? Here are the Ceritos and the Taglionis, the Elsslers and the Crisis whom we read of in novels, and hear praised across old-fashioned dinner-tables, in attitudes that are certainly difficult, and probably impossible. And side by side with these are the modern nonentities of extravaganzas and burlesque, quickly sketched in with an eye to colour and form, and who in this very character seem extremely like the originals on whom the curtain rises night after night. Poetry and law are not more opposite than Fairyland and this school, where fairies learn to carry their wings and spring about as if they could use them. The ruler of these spirits has just now his hands full of work, and all day long the training goes on. In a large damp dungeon, lit with gas, furnished with a dissipated-looking *roué* of a piano, and relieved from utter dreariness by a few stage properties that even under the gaslight look ghastly, twenty girls are being put through their paces. The room, for all its bleakness, suggests that a well-trained terrier might have a warm time of it at night, when the music had ceased and the gas was turned off. Now, however, it is daylight (out in the street), and the Fairies are in possession instead of the rats.

Oberon himself, accustomed to Paradise, and viewing it with the temperate sentiment of a successful businessman, is quite bright and cheery in the prospect of an unusually good season. For many years he has not had so many *hours*, and his class is all but full. He is hopeful about the pantomime, and happy in the possession of one or two bright stars as to whose training he is very particular. Industry, he says, and moderate abilities—that's all you want for the profession (looks, and what he calls "figger," he throws in as a matter of course); but that's what you never get. They come here and learn a little, and then they "go on." If they stick in the back rows, there they are, and they never get out of them; and if they get to the front, perhaps they think they've done enough, and get lazy, and won't work. What's 30s. a-week, says Oberon, warming to his subject, when you might get 3/ 10s., and be a credit to the profession? but they are all either lazy or get desperate. It is curious to hear this supple little undersized foreigner, propertied in his dress and theatrical to the very tip of his fine old crusted nose, talking of the dignity of his profession, and speaking very much as a conveyancing counsel in enormous practice might speak to a hopeful young pupil who saw the woollack at the end of his career, but objected to copying precedents at the commencement of it. And from his own point of view there is a dignity in what, by a happy restriction of a general phrase to a special calling, he persists in terming "the profession." You must begin at the beginning, he says, to learn your work well. It would have done Mr. Irving (he thinks and says) no harm to have been a harlequin. He'd have trod the stage better, at all events. Let them all begin at the beginning, he repeats. Down in that subterranean little back kitchen, with its whitewashed walls and its gassy atmosphere, two dozen girls, starting on their professional career, are hard at work at this preliminary stage of what may lead to great results. But for the present, even in Fairyland, money seems scarce. Between this and Christmas they may get over all their difficulties, and actually be in receipt of thirty shillings a week for the season. But all this wealth does not come without deduction; and in our next paper we hope to show both what they are paid and what they have to pay.

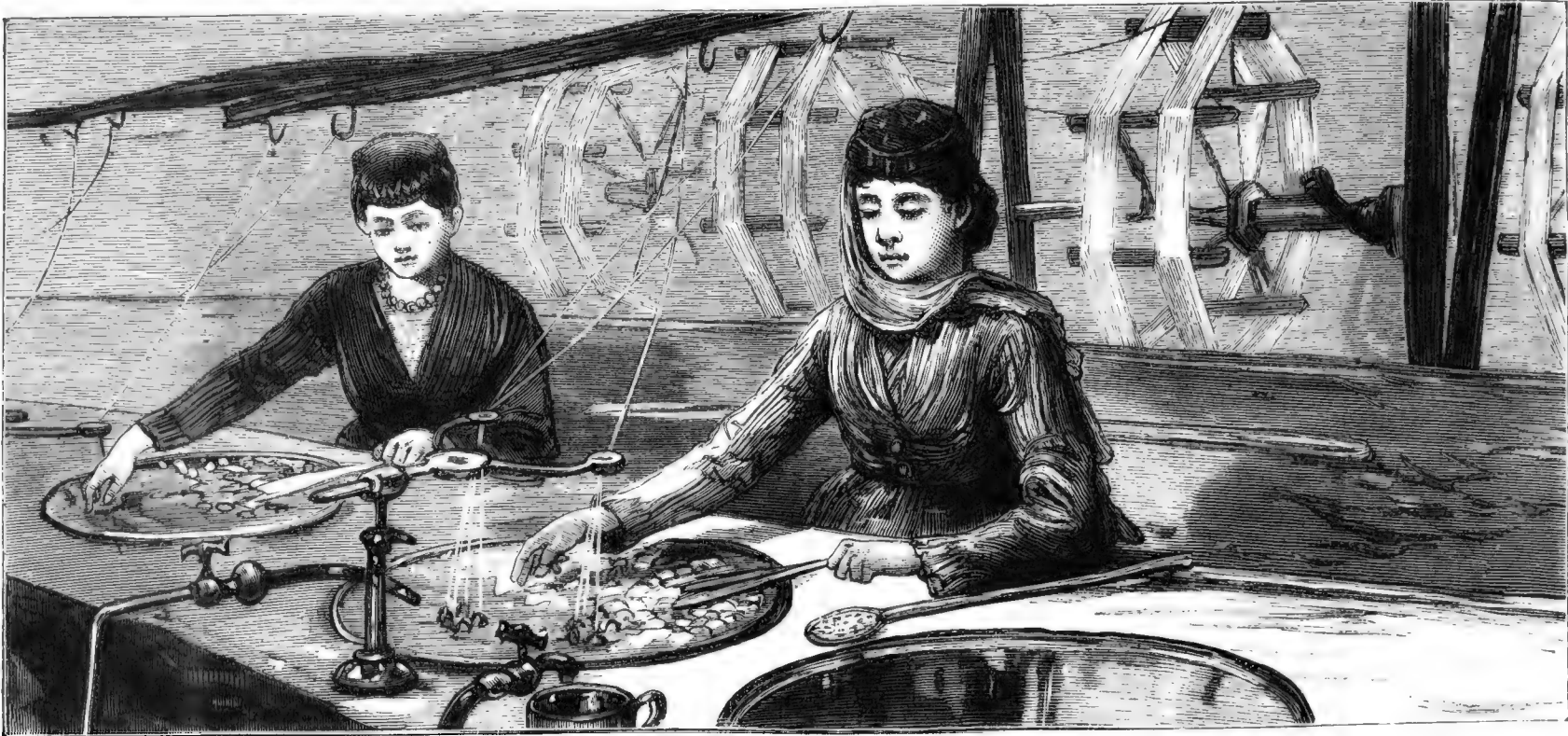
W. L. W.



ARRIVAL OF COCOONS



SORTING THE COCOONS



SORTING AND WINDING



STIFLING THE COCOONS



A CHRYSALIS SMASHER

CAIRO AND THE NILE—I.

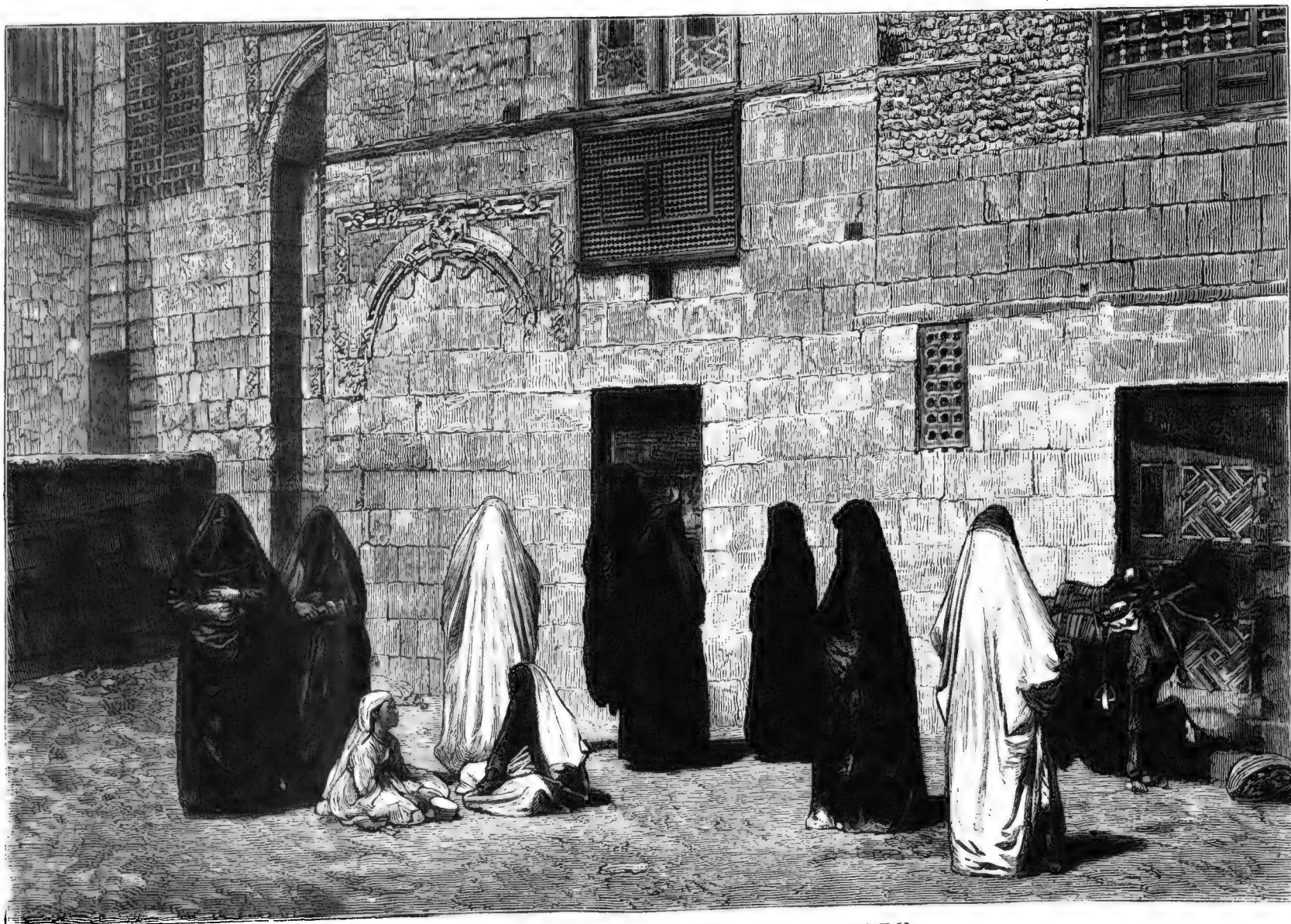
With Notes of an Excursion to the Second Cataract.



A DONKEY BOY AT CAIRO



A WATER-CARRIER AT CAIRO



WOMEN GOING TO A TURKISH BATH

CAIRO AND THE NILE—I.

WITH NOTES OF AN EXCURSION TO THE SECOND CATARACT.

WHEN I left Paris on the morning of Tuesday, the 9th of December last, for Marseilles, to take the boat thence to Alexandria, the gay city was smothered in snow, and the thermometer ranged at some 20° or more below zero of Reaumur. I was by no means unwilling, therefore, to hasten towards the South; and sailing from Marseilles, which was glittering with a brilliant sky and a keen air, at about 1.30 on the afternoon of Thursday the 11th, we made Naples about nine in the morning of Saturday the 13th, our sea having been as smooth and as blue as our sky. Thence onwards, however, our fair weather deserted us, and when, after some improvement, we reached the port of Alexandria on the evening of Thursday, the 18th, we were just too late to enter, for the sun had set. We were therefore obliged, as there is no anchorage outside, to continue wheeling round and round all the night—happily a quiet one—until after sunrise of the following morning. The new port of Alexandria is now, no doubt, a very fine one, and so it ought to be; for according to all accounts it has cost a fine sum of money. But there exists still this slight drawback to it; that it is very difficult to get into it, the entrance being narrow, rocky, and dangerous.

ALEXANDRIA

WHEN morning came, I found my first introduction to the climate of Egypt reminding me of my first introduction, some few years ago, to what is called the Pacific Ocean, after passing through the Strait of Magellan. In the place of peace I found waves and darkness. So here, in the place of genial skies I found cold rains and driving wind, and the long flat shore, with its Phar and Pillar, was little more than visible. The Obelisk had been already packed for America. After anchoring, we disembarked for the Custom House, and made for the Hotel Europe in a drenching rain—two of us being a pair of jolly Irishmen—one a Father, the other a large brewer, and both Anti-Home Rulers. As the weather cleared, Sir George Elliott, our pleasant fellow passenger with his two friends, sent his carriage round to take us to breakfast, and indeed entertained us till night, placing his carriage and a companion at our service until dinner time, for a drive round the principal sights of the city. Next day I had the pleasure of shaking hands with my friend Captain Burton, through whose introductions and their consequent hospitable invitations I managed to pass a very pleasant week in Alexandria and its neighbouring Ramlah. Among other visits I must not omit one we made to the tents of Mr. Curzon Thompson, an engineer employed on the new Revenue Survey of Egypt; for this gave me an opportunity of seeing something of the surrounding country, including Egyptian villages. These are composed of mud huts, many of them being rounded on the tops, like ovens. These small domes were invariably occupied, as we approached them, by as many different sorts of dogs as we see in Constantinople, all barking fiercely. Their alarm against intrusion is thrown away; an outward inspection of their owners' mansions quite suffices. I have been struck by the appearance of villages in the centre of Russia, but these of Egypt outvie them. Perhaps those I have seen at Tangier may be compared with them.

The great Mahmoodeyeh Canal, so called from its having been cut by the great Mohammed Ali, in 1819-20, runs for some fifty miles into the Rosetta branch of the Nile, at a village called Afey; and was formerly much traversed as a water-way to Cairo, distant from Alexandria by this route about 180 miles. Its cost is stated at 300,000*l.* sterling, and 20,000 human lives. There is a pleasant walk for some little distance along its right bank on an evening; and at the proper hour the picturesque figures of the "faithful," bowing at their evening prayer, may be seen on many a cargo boat, as it slowly glides along the stream. As a general high road to Cairo, it has, however, of course been wholly superseded by the railway; and I left Alexandria, which has very little in itself to attract the general traveller, by the 5 P.M. train on Saturday, the 27th, occupying four hours and twenty minutes over the 130 miles, with a halt of twenty minutes at Kafr-*ez-Zaiyat* for dinner. At

CAIRO

I TOOK up my quarters at Sheppard's Hotel, where, on New Year's Day, Sir George Elliott entertained at dinner some sixty or more of us, ladies and gentlemen. There are, of course, other good hotels in Cairo besides Sheppard's, but there is one special feature belonging to the latter which must offer great attraction to the traveller. I mean its large canopied stone verandah, in front of which, as the engraving shows, all the diversified moving life of Cairo is constantly assembled, not counting the numbers of carriages with their running footmen, that are constantly passing to and fro. Donkey-boys and donkeys, dragomans, conjurors, snake-charmers, sellers of curiosities, in all their Eastern costumes, make up an ever-varying picture. For the purpose of seeing the city and neighbourhood,

THE DONKEY BOY

Is a very great institution at Cairo, and nine times out of ten he is not a boy at all, but a man, and often an old man. This name of "boy" puts me in mind of the use of the word "rapaz," or "youth," always addressed to any slave in Brazil—a shrivelled old black very often responding to the call. Donkeys are ridden in Cairo as horses are in Constantinople, not only for getting about from one place to another, for sight-seeing, but also by those employed in the city by day, who come and go upon their own animals, with their attendants, the donkeys being generally handsomely caparisoned, and sometimes of values verging on 100*l.* apiece. In the long run, these donkeys are indispensable at Cairo, and are excellent little animals, but for those who have been used to ride on horses only, the first sensations are by no means agreeable. There is a misgiving of a liability to fall over the low short neck in front, though you are guarded by a tremendous red pommel; and there is also a sensation of being likely to

slip off behind, especially when the driver prods the little animal with his goad, and makes him jerk forward as if he was going to leave you behind in the dust or mud which the weather may happen to make in the street. The manner, however, in which you are pushed and pulled along through the crowds that frequent the bazaars, for example, with perfect safety, but at every moment trembling for the safety of your knees, and even seat, must be realised to be at all comprehended. The hocks of these donkeys were formerly adorned with coloured ribbons; and now-a-days the hair is clipped in lines instead.

THE WATER-CARRIER

Is a great institution in Cairo, with his well-filled goat-skin, either upon his back or his donkey's, although there are now waterworks which supply the city. "Water Drinkers" at fountains may be found in every city where there are fountains to drink from, especially where the climate is generally hot and dusty, and where the chief of the labour is performed on foot.

THE TURKISH BATHS

ARE nowhere inviting. They have a squalid and even dirty appearance, as, indeed, they have in Constantinople. They are to be found of a far superior quality in Damascus: while for downright comfort and cleanliness I should place those of London and Paris above all. In Cairo the practice for several days in the week is to devote the baths for the whole afternoon to the women, who appear to revel in their relaxation, singing, sipping coffee, sucking oranges, and (as so many people seem to take delight in) making a great noise. When the bath is thus occupied, a square sort of rag is hung over the entrance, and a guard sits beside the postern. The streets of Cairo, with its 370,000 inhabitants, including Old Cairo and Bülâk, present a vast number of very peculiar features, particularly in Old Cairo. Here also is to be seen the wonderful Dâlik Museum.

THE MOSQUES,

OF far more ancient character than those in Constantinople, are extremely picturesque and striking, although almost all of them are comparatively in a wretched state of repair. This fact is greatly to be deplored, as the features of Arabian architecture which they display must wholly disappear if allowed to moulder into ruin, it being extremely unlikely that any new buildings thus rendered necessary would be constructed after the original style. It was on my visit to the Gâma El Hazar that I was most impressed by the scene. This mosque is now used as a university for the general public. Outside is a row of barbers, busily employed in shaving, and on entering, a remarkable sight met my gaze. There is a large quadrangle; and an interior which reminded me, though it is far inferior, of the interior of the mosque of Cordova in Andalusia. The whole of the quadrangle was crowded with squatting students, in all their turbaned Eastern costume, of course; and the whole of the interior was occupied with various groups, squatting round their several teachers (not priests) who were expounding to them the Koran. There must have been some two thousand turbans here, besides those in the quadrangle. It was curious to remark the various degrees of devotion that were manifested by the various descriptions of students and worshippers. There was a general hum and chatter of repetition throughout the sea of turbans in the quadrangle, and some, here and there, were ardently embracing their books and pressing them to their lips.

THE CITADEL

AMONG all these mosques, however, there is one quite distinct in its architecture, and built after the model of the Santa Sophia at Constantinople, designed for a Christian Church by Justinian, and "imitated," as Gibbon writes, "by the Turkish Sultans." It is quite distinct in its position also. I mean the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, commenced by that ruler, but not finished during his lifetime. It is also called the Alabaster Mosque. It stands high in the midst of the Citadel, famous—or infamous—for ever, as the scene of the treacherous massacre by Mohammed Ali of the Mamelukes in 1811. Mohammed himself lies buried here; and it is to this Mosque that the pilgrims, on their return from Mecca every year, bring the Veil of the last year from the Kaaba or Sacred House, there to be deposited till cut into pieces, which are divided among those who either beg or pay for them. I gave an account of all this in *The Graphic* of 17th April last.

Hence also is obtained the grand view of Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, the winding Nile, bordered by its own water-spread green band of cultivation, the brown and endless Libyan Desert, the Aqueduct, and the Pyramids of Gizeh in the distance. This view should be one of the first sights realised, as it at once conveys to the eye a full appreciation of the country one has come to visit. And it should be repeated as often as practicable, in order to secure the variety of effects that different lights produce. Sunset, as a rule, should be chosen as the hour; but all depends on weather. On a dullish evening, with a high wind, I saw nothing but one pervading brown colour over everything, and the air was stained in the distance with the floating and flying sand of the Desert. On another and a brighter evening, there was colour everywhere. The undulating Desert, it may be here observed, is, except on dull days, full of colour, particularly at early morning and at evening. In fact, I have heard Mr. Varley, the artist, who passes several months every year at Cairo, say that one of the colours which he most uses in painting the Desert is rose madder. Its composition of dark and light quartz, limestone and sandstone, mixed with its peculiar hard earth and loose brown or golden sand, naturally give forth a vast variety of hues, especially under a sloping sun. By full moonlight its surface sometimes presents a brilliant white, and on a moonless night, however starry be the sky, it will show a "darkness which may be felt." Possibly this very

appearance suggested this profound expression in the Mosaic Record. After all that has been said, however, of this view from the Citadel, a far finer one is obtained from the Mokattam Hills, as this embraces the Citadel itself in the foreground; in particular the Astronomer's Point should be insisted on, though the donkey boys are much opposed to this excursion. The ride through the Quarries is most impressive.

THE BAZAARS

OF Cairo, the great centre of which is to be found in the Musli, are full of every kind of life and colouring. Carriages, running footmen to clear the way, donkeys laden or with riders, turbaned men, veiled women, (with what Thackeray called the nose-bag,) children, dogs, and vendors on all sides keep up a constant stream of interruption to one another, and yet get along. Even a blind man will be seen wending his way *alone* among the crowd. The bazaars are totally unlike those at Constantinople, which, being of late date, are arched over with stone groinings, and consequently present a far more imposing appearance. In Cairo there is very little covering, and that is only of wood. But whoever wishes to see ancient bazaars in their most picturesque condition should visit Damascus. These also are covered with beamed wooden roofing, and are of such an extent that on looking down on the great city from the chief minaret, a vast proportion of it seems almost to have been burrowed underground, for the roofs are covered with a thick earthy coating to resist the rain. In Cairo, it must be confessed, the bazaars, and indeed all the streets, are very dusty in dry weather, and very muddy and very slippery in wet. And this is the case also under the many beautiful avenues of the sycamore—fig, and the lebbek tree, a species of acacia. The Esbekeyeh Gardens are pleasing in almost any practicable weather. From Cairo the principal of the many excursions is, of course, that to

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH AND THE GREAT SPHINX

IF I were simply to recommend a start by carriage "after breakfast" for this excursion, I should be misleading people. For what is called "breakfast" in the hotels at Cairo signifies a hot meal with thick gravies served at the unwholesome hour of half-past twelve. But by taking an early cup of coffee with its general accompaniments, and packing a good basket of luncheon materials to take with you, you may start about nine or even ten o'clock, and making a very comfortable day of it, return in very good time for a rest before your seven o'clock dinner. Of course, however, the heat of the season must be taken into account, and also the disposition of the excursionists, as some may prefer the endurance of heat rather than early rising, nor does the visitor generally content himself with one visit only to these wonders. There is, as we all know, a good carriage road, with the exception of the last half-mile or so, which is very heavy with loose sand. There is nothing particular to remark upon until you enter the long avenue of dark acacias, running straight towards the Pyramids; and then as you come well in sight of them, the forms of Cheops and Chephren, with their twin points, one rising close behind the other and hazed in atmospheric perspective, present a charming aspect, as seen through the dark foreground of the avenue. Like all very large objects encountered in travelling they deceive the eye by appearing to be much nearer than they really are, so that you begin to wonder, as you drive along, when it is you are to come up to them. The valley which this avenue (a raised causeway) runs along, and over which the Nile pours its annual flood, presents a vividly green appearance of wheat, beans, and lucern, contrasting strikingly with the dry brown desert beyond. The carriage stops at a point of the avenue lying about a third of a mile from the raised platform, on which the Pyramids stand, and over this distance (always dry in winter) you may either walk or ride a donkey. As mental objects present themselves so differently to different minds, so do the physical, and it would be difficult to define impressions generally created by a close approach to these monsters, of which Cheops, the greatest, stands the nearest, covering, in fact, the second and the third. For my own part, the lightness of his colour first struck me—a bright yellow—then his gradually dominating height as we approached the base of the platform; then his most striking appearance of having had all his outer skin torn off, and at last the sloping side that lay exposed to us appeared to me, in spite of efforts to disabuse my eyes of the illusion, to be completely perpendicular. When quite close to him, and walking towards the kiosk built for the accommodation of visitors, I felt that a sort of intoxication of astonishment had come over me, which I finally revelled in, gazing on him from the first-floor windows of our breakfast-room. The sun was shining brightly on the peaks. It is also to be remarked of these pyramids, that their forms alter to the eye as you change your position in regard to them. I have been twice to the top of Cheops; and having made the ascent before lunch (or breakfast) as well as after, let me strongly recommend the former course. My first ascent cost me comparatively nothing, and with two short halts I was on the platform in sixteen minutes. My second cost me and my companion, Captain Wotton, after our meal, enough to drive us to the conclusion that we need not mount again. The Sheikh of the district tells off three of the importunate Bedouins who surround you; two to pull you by the hands, and (a most effective assistant) one to push you. Some dispense with the third, but there is always a volunteer in the shape of one calling himself a doctor; who, at the inevitable half-way halt, begins with mysterious brow to champoo your legs, if you will submit to the absurdity. But all must be made the most of, here as elsewhere. The steps are often three to four feet deep, and the push in mounting is most effective, and as the Arabs climb with naked feet, they cling with their toes like monkeys. For myself I experienced no giddiness either in mounting or descending, and while clambering and pausing was aware of my height only by viewing the small figures of those moving below. These alone would have produced giddiness; but a certain sense of security is afforded by

looking down a long slope, instead of a perpendicular. Yet, when you turn or are resting, the edge of the next line below you hides all else below it by the angle of vision, so that, for the moment, you may imagine that there is but a narrow strip between you and a fearful perpendicular. Advance a step towards the brink, and your safety reappears. So far as I remember, I found the top of the spire of Strasburg more trying, some years ago. From the platform, caused by demolition, at the summit of our Cheops, the view is, as we all know, wonderful. With Cairo, its Citadel and the Mokattam Hills, it comprehends the Pyramids of Sakkara, as well as those around it; and while looking down upon Old Nile, with his attendant green band of fertility, I was struck by one particular feature in the outline of vegetation. There is no straight line of division from the Desert, but the outline is drawn in curves, corresponding exactly with every undulation of the waters along the river's course.

It may at first sight appear to have been childish to accept the offer of one of my volunteers to run down Cheops and mount Chephren in so many given minutes. But in truth this feat most vividly illustrates the real size of these objects, and the distance between them. All was to be done in ten minutes, not counting the run between the two. The descent was accomplished in three, as he disappeared and re-appeared on his way down; and then, running along the level space, he came to the base of Chephren, up which he began rapidly to climb in the high distance, like some little white animal in confused outline, till he reached the very apex, where he stood out, a small human statue against the sky, and waved his turban at the end of the seventh minute. The upper part of Chephren, it is to be observed, is largely covered with the original smooth coating, all of which has been entirely torn from Cheops, and was originally massed with inscriptions.

After the descent, which I found very jarring, and in which the third man, pulling instead of pushing against the laws of gravitation, was of great assistance, I went through the dark, fatiguing duty of a visit to the interior, and thought of Pekuah in "Russelas." I thought also that the darkness must be yet left to the disquisitions of the learned. Professor Piazza Smyth, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, and our own distinguished authority in that science, Mr. Proctor, have published lucubrations on this subject. All is wonderful, but had my knowledge been greater, so also would have been my interest, and my sense of labour less. There seems to be no doubt among those best versed in Egyptian lore that these Pyramids were intended for tombs. "More than seventy such Pyramids" (writes Brugsch) "once rose on the margin of the desert, each telling of a king, of whom it was at once the tomb and monument." "Moreover," writes Mariette Pasha, "there does not exist in Egypt a single Pyramid that is not the centre of a necropolis, a fact which confirms in the most emphatic manner the character of these monuments." The three great Pyramids are held to be the tombs of Cheops, of Chephren, and of Mycerinus; the smaller ones being the tombs of members of the families of those kings. They are placed in the midst of the old necropolis of Memphis, and are called by the name of Gizeh, simply because that village to-day lies near them. One cannot help in some sense appreciating the remark of Pliny, that with all their wondrous features they suggest folly. In gazing on them, also, one cannot but recall the far lesser Colosseum, and the *corvée* that was always enforced for these mighty structures. Both Brugsch and Mariette repudiate Herodotus and his stories, in this respect; and Brugsch points, in opposition to them, to the *official* language of the priests and others concerning Cheops; representing him, however, as a great conqueror. But does he sufficiently take into account a feeling which smells under our noses at almost every turn of life, small and great—sycophancy? The causeway by which the stones were conveyed from the Nile to the Pyramids is among the wonders of the platform.

THE GREAT SPHINX

The Second and Third Pyramids are not always visited, but no one returns to Cairo without a good gaze at the Sphinx, and at what is called its Temple. There is also another notable object of inspection, known by the name of "Campbell's Tomb." I am speaking now only in reference to the general traveller. The face of the Sphinx, as is well known, and, as the engraving shows, has been terribly and irretrievably mutilated; irretrievably, not only because no trace of the original can be found, but because, as is firmly asserted, no art can avail to reproduce the exact expression even from the countenances of the Sphinxes which remain perfect. Stupendous as is the monument as it stands, the beholder has yet to imagine that the head originally bore a helmet and the chin a large stone beard: that its lion's paw lie buried in the sand, and that between them was built an open temple, with a small recumbent lion. From the top of the head to the feet of the lion sixty-six feet of measurement are given. There is authority for its antiquity being greater than that of the Cheops Pyramid, which is attributed to the Fourth Dynasty; 4,235 years according to Mariette, and 3,733 years according to Brugsch, before our era.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX

Is described by Mariette Pasha as "even to a greater degree than the Sphinx itself, an enigma to Egyptologists, and asks "Is it a temple or is it a tomb?" "After all," he again asks, "to put the case plainly, "is the monument an annexe of the Sphinx, or is not rather the Sphinx an annexe of the monument?" He then makes this further observation, which closely bears upon the conclusion that the Pyramids are tombs:—"We need hardly remind the reader that the spot we are now visiting is one of the cemeteries of Memphis, just as Père la Chaise is one of the cemeteries of Paris." This temple or tomb lies buried in the sand, but its interior is all hollowed out. The masses of stone, and the careful laying of them, are a marvel, and I think there is one feature in the structure which would strike every one experienced in building, but which I have not seen noticed. The stones are so cut and put together, for all the main corners, that in no case is there to be seen a straight line or division running from top to bottom. The cutting is notched with ingenious irregularity to avoid this weakness.

THE STEP PYRAMID OF SAKKARA

This and the Dahabeyeh are now the only two engravings remaining unnoticed; but as they refer to the Nile excursion, they will be treated of in my next letter, in which I shall make my start up the Sacred River. J. J. AUBERTIN



I.

THREE writers of as many different schools contribute, each a part, to the opening article, "The Irish Crisis," in the *Nineteenth Century*: Mr. Justin M'Carthy from the historian's point of view, little expectant of any really effective Land Bill, and sedulous to show that Irish claims, like those of the Sybil, expand after each rejection—demands, for instance, which the "Young Ireland" of '48 thought "revolutionary" when propounded by the elder Dillon being now far less than would satisfy his son; Lord Lifford, as the land owner, despairing to see Ireland brought back to sound principles of political economy, and hoping very little from such "poor and paltry palliatives" as those suggested by the Catholic Bishops and Mr. Bright; Miss Charlotte O'Brien, as the champion of the "Irish Poor Man," the labourer as distinguished from the tenant-farmer, whom he hates more bitterly than he does the landlord, and against whose League he would prove, as he has proved in parts of Cork, an effective barrier if fairly treated—an acre of land and a good cottage, held say from the State at a low rent, being enough at present to content him well. The freshness of the lady writer's arguments and a certain feminine hopefulness withal make Miss O'Brien's section a pleasing contrast to Lord Lifford's gloom and Mr. M'Carthy's scant expectations from the Saxon—"Explosions in Collieries," Mr. Plimsoll holds, result less commonly from sudden eruptions of gas than from the displacement (through barometric pressure, sinkings of the roof, and other causes) of "gas already accumulated in the process of working." If, then, the dangerous carburetted hydrogen, so much lighter as it is than common air, were enabled steadily to flow off upwards, as water in our present mines flows downwards, into "sumps" or receptacles, whence, as the article goes on to show, it might be easily pumped out, would not half our colliery accidents cease at once?—So even are the other articles that selection becomes invidious. "The Chase" (Part II.), by the late Lord Chief Justice—a scholarly sketch of hunting among the Romans, whether in the open field or in the games of the amphitheatre—has interest over and above its intrinsic merits as the last paper we shall ever receive from a versatile and skilful pen.—In "South Africa" Lord Grey argues strongly for the abolition of "responsible government" at the Cape, and a return, with some modifications, to the older plan of direct administration of the various colonies by the Crown.—In "Parliamentary Obstruction and Its Remedies" Mr. Cecil Raikes—not uninfluenced possibly by a sneaking tenderness for the Fourth Party—tries to show that Obstruction, even of the most perverse order, might be tamed, if the House exerted itself, without such sacrifice of the rights of minorities as would be involved in the *disture* recommended by the Right Hon. Lord Sherbrooke.

Temple Bar, besides its two excellent and exciting serials—the one concluded in the present number, the other fast approaching its conclusion—has a fair biographical sketch of "Sheridan," and some passable short stories, of which "France in the Dykes"—the diary of a lively French girl on a visit to the Fen country—is decidedly the most amusing.

In the little *Argosy* the well-sustained "Mysteries of Heron Dyke" are at last unravelled to the general satisfaction of the reader. "About Norway" brings to an earlier close than we could have wished its picturesque "pen and pencil" sketches of dale and fjord. The shorter stories are a little too uniformly of the ghost and haunted chamber order.

Time, too, beside its regular serials, has several fair "ghost" and "Irish" stories of the approved Christmas type, among which "A Belgravian Mansion" and the "Major's Valediction" may decidedly be commended to read "for choice."

The *Theatre* for December ends the second volume under present editorship with tempting promise for the future, and a useful index for those who would refresh their memories as to the dramatic history of the past half-year.

Harper, the *doyen* of American monthlies, makes this month its first appearance as an English magazine simultaneously published in London and New York. As with *Scribner*, the admirable engravings form its special excellency. But the letterpress too is very good, notably Mr. Hardy's very promising novel, "A Laodicean," Mr. Moncreu Conway's "English Lakes and their Genii," delightful rambles in the haunts of Wordsworth and "Christopher North," and Mr. Muller's capital account of "Pittsburg City," the scene a year or two ago of the great American Railway riots.

The *Atlantic*, though a little handicapped for English readers through its chief serial, Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," coming regularly a month behind its publication this side of the water in *Macmillan*, is, on the whole, a fairly average number. Specially interesting are "The Romance of Sunrise Rock," a pathetic idyll from Tennessee; and "Child Labour," by Emma E. Brown—another unexpected revelation of hard times among the factory hands of the Massachusetts valleys.

Scribner as usual has pleasant matter to suit every taste; for the friends of Art a fresh instalment of M. Sensier's sympathetic memoir of "Jean François Millet, Peasant and Painter," and "Glances of Parisian Art," a lively anecdotal roll-call of the younger celebrities of the Salon, from Delance and Clairin to De Neuville and Berne Bellecour; for the lovers of history and travel Mr. Schuyler's narrative of Czar Peter's dealings with the mutinous Streltsi, and first campaign against the Ottoman Turk; and Mr. Woodville's graphic "Montenegro as We Saw It" in the late autumn of 1879.

In *Belgravia* Dr. Andrew Wilson discourses learnedly in an article entitled "Coinages of the Brain" on various phenomena of "illusion" and "hallucination." The two terms we may say *en paranthèse* by no means imply the same thing, for the sufferer from illusion may be completely sane, and quite aware by the "evidence of his other senses" that the illusory sight or sounds have no reality. Miss Iza Duffus Hardy in her "China Town" treats with some freshness the well-worn topic of the daily life of the Chinese immigrant population of San Francisco.

In the *Gentleman*'s the most noteworthy paper is Mr. Alexander Ewald's story of the "Captivity of Castille," the unhappy child of Ferdinand and Isabella, daughter of a King and mother of an Emperor, whose destiny it was to pine away until her reason failed her—not for any crime, but because her claims stood in the path of stronger folks' ambition—in the castle-prison of Tordesillas. In "Shakespeare as a Prose Writer" Mr. Churton Collins breaks somewhat new ground in Shaksperian studies with a tasteful critique of the Swan of Avon's prose in all its varieties, from the euphuistic affectations (parodies of a silly fashion of the age) of *The Winter's Tale* to the "highly wrought poetical prose" of *Hamlet*.

Blackwood for December abounds in political articles. A scornful critique of "Indian Famine Reports," by an old official who can call to mind the Sholapur Famine of 1838, requires some special knowledge in its readers. Mr. Caird and his fellow commissioners, the writer holds, tells us nothing as to the cause of famines, or the way to deal with them which old Indians did not know before. The severity of recent visitations he ascribes not to over-growth of surplus population—so far at least as the Bombay provinces are concerned—but to the changes that have come over the country ever since the Revenue Act of 1835, the severance of old ties between *soucar* and *ryot*, the setting aside great tracts of land for the growth of exportable produce *vice* food—briefly the natural results of

"party laws and free-trade" principles applied in somewhat hazardous fashion to simple and primitive communities.—"Ireland our Reproach" demands energetically exceptional legislation for "the sister kingdom—not mere Coercion Acts but thorough extra-Parliamentary government by a Viceroy and Council for a fixed term of years during which Ireland would entirely "cease to be a handle for any party operations."

The *Cornhill* bill of fare is a little meagre. "Buddhists and Buddhism in Burma" is a minute but slightly dry account of the daily discipline of monks and novices in the Kyoungs or cloisters of Upper and Lower Burma.—"Mrs. Van Steen," an amusing story of an American "grass widow" and the discomfiture of her English admirers.—"Rambles among Books" a gossiping paper on the quaint visions of nooks and corners far afield which flit across the brain with more of temptation than the reality might possibly inspire as we turn over Walton, Cobbett, or "Lavengro" Borrow in the recesses of a London library.

In *Macmillan* Mr. Bence Jones discusses "What Can be Done for Ireland" from the point of view of a practical agriculturist, who has farmed an Irish estate profitably for forty years, and who can see nothing but mischief in any scheme for rooting in the soil by special legislation "the worst and most useless" class of tenants. Let the land, he thinks, fall naturally into the hands which can make most of it, let pauper tenants become thriving labourers, and surplus labour be encouraged to emigrate, and Ireland would need no artificial help to make her prosperous by Act of Parliament.—An interesting paper, by Professor Jack, describes the "New English University," which has sprung up almost unnoticed on the foundation of Owen's College.

In *Fraser* again "The Irish Land Question" calls forth from Mr. Cliffe Leslie a very excellent article in which the many-sided nature of the problem is brought out with more than ordinary breadth and fairness.—In "Horses and their Feet" Sir G. W. Cox sums up the great question of "Shoes or No Shoes" with an emphatic preference for the latter alternative.—"Prison Visiting" gives some curious details of good influences successfully brought to bear on criminals who seemed at a first glance brutalised out of all resemblance to humanity.—In a "Visit to the Oldest State in Europe" Mr. Bent descants briefly, but persuasively, on the attractions offered to the tourist by his favourite Republic of San Marino.

The weightier essays, in which the *Contemporary* delights, are relieved this month with more than usual variety of lighter matter. In "Limits of Human Thought" the new chapter of his striking treatise on the "Unity of Nature," the Duke of Argyll combats with decided success the Agnostic doctrine of the absolute nature of these limits in the sense that every effort to advance beyond can be nothing more than a battling with clouds.—"Young Bengal at Home" is a capital picture of the failings and the virtues of a native class which, despite its weakness for brandy pawnee and its childish aping of Western fashion, is and must be (after the English) the ruling intellectual race from East to West in Upper India.—In "Nihilism in Russia" the Rev. Moritz Kaufmann sketches briefly the origin and extent of Russia's greatest social evil, concluding finally with Tourgenief that Nihilism will eventually disappear before the gradual introduction of Constitutional Government.—In "China and Its Foreign Relations" Sir Rutherford Alcock ably contrasts the latent resources of the Chinese Empire with its present weakness, if brought into collision with any Western Power, and dwells in somewhat alarmist fashion on the danger to the world if Pekin, with its 400,000,000 subjects and its unbroken prestige in the eyes of every native State from Burmah and Nepal to Persia, should become a vassal of the "White Czar."—In "The Land League and Its Work" Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., claims for Mr. Parnell and his colleagues the honour of having by their initiative saved Ireland from a destructive famine, and bitterly complains of the exaggerated reports of Irish outrages transmitted to the English Press by their local correspondents. Mr. O'Connor, however, must know very well that these are not "the high crimes and misdemeanours for which Mr. Parnell and his colleagues are about to be tried" in ordinary course of law "in the capital of their country."—Lady Verney's "Autumn Rambles" is bright and pleasant, though we need ampler evidence to convince us that peasant proprietorships from Belgium to the Danube mean nothing more than debt to village usurers, unceasing toil, and lives of sordid aims.

The new *Army and Navy Magazine* must beware of over-dosing its readers with Indian matters. A passable memoir of that modern Viking, "Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald;" a fair paper, by Mr. Marvin, on "The Decadence of the Russian Navy;" and another on "The Indian Army," by an "Officer in High Military Command," suggesting sweeping reductions in the Native "Contingent" Corps, and the employment of the officers, and money saved thereby, for the better offcoring of our regular Sepoy army, are the most noticeable articles in a slightly disappointing number.

Of two other fresh applicants for public favour, "*London Opinion*"—a critical and literary journal for the expression of independent thought on current topics and existing abuses;" and "*The Squire*"—a Magazine for Country Gentlemen," neither, we fear, can boast distinctive excellence.—A paper, by C. Stanley, on "The Treatment of Lunatics," in the former, and one by Professor Eassie on "Peat and Its Uses," in the latter, will both, however, repay perusal.

In *London Society* and *Tinsley* novels and novelettes hold as usual almost exclusive sway, disputed only in the case of the first-named by the most hideous and aggravating of interleaved advertisements.

In *Chambers*' the chief story, a "Jamaica Holiday," is so prettily told that one quite resents the carelessness which makes the narrator reach the island on July 4th in answer to an invitation dated July 24th, and be there received by a hostess with "laughing brown eyes," who in Devonshire had been a "blue-eyed maid."

In *All the Year Round* the interest of "Asphodel" begins to flag. Some of the padding, however, is very good, notably two amusing papers upon "Parish Clerks," a type already almost as extinct, except in very primitive parishes, as the Dodo.

A GOVERNESS'S OCCUPATION IN ENGLAND being but weary and miserably paid nowadays, except in the case of a favoured and talented few, desponding teachers may take heart from the experiences of a young governess in South Africa, described by a contemporary. This happy young lady, teacher in the Port Elizabeth High School for Girls, tripled her salary by going to Africa, and finds her duties most pleasant and easy. Three months in the year are holidays, and the studies are most agreeably intermingled with excursions and delightful Colonial experiences.

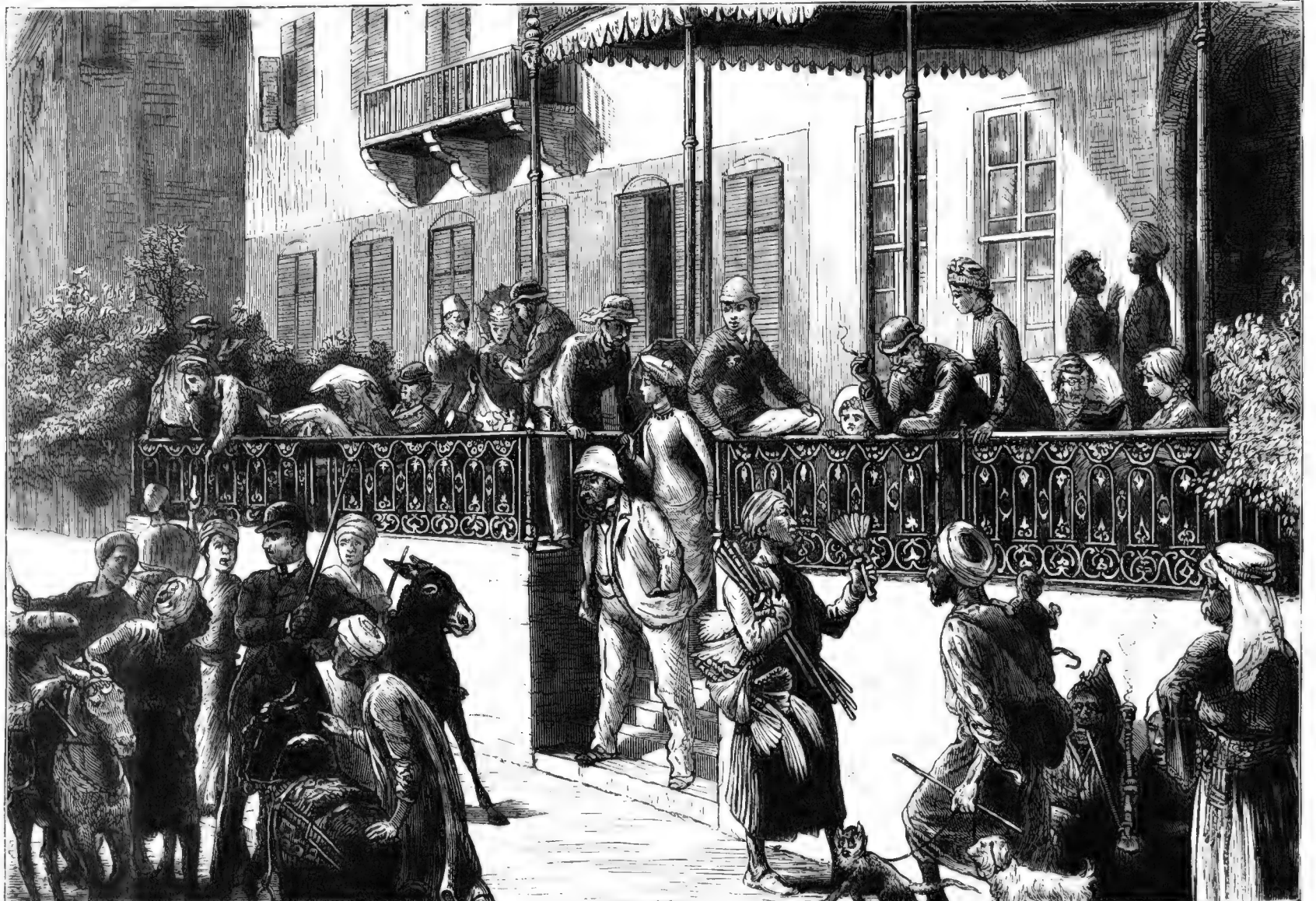
THE DEATH-ROLL OF RAILWAY TRAVELLERS in Great Britain during the first nine months of the present year is unusually heavy compared with that of 1879. Eight hundred persons were killed and 2,881 were injured, although as *Engineering* points out amongst the former number are included fatal casualties from carelessness, such as alighting from a train in motion, crossing the line, trespassing or suicide, and the actual deaths of passengers from accidents to trains only amounted to 23. Still, during the same period last year, not one fatal case resulting from accidents to trains was reported, while the number of railway officials killed and injured was considerably less. Up to Sept. 30 last 1,656 accidents, failures, and collisions occurred, including 91 collisions, 4 locomotive explosions, 10 failures of bridges or viaducts, and 56 cases in which the train left the rails.



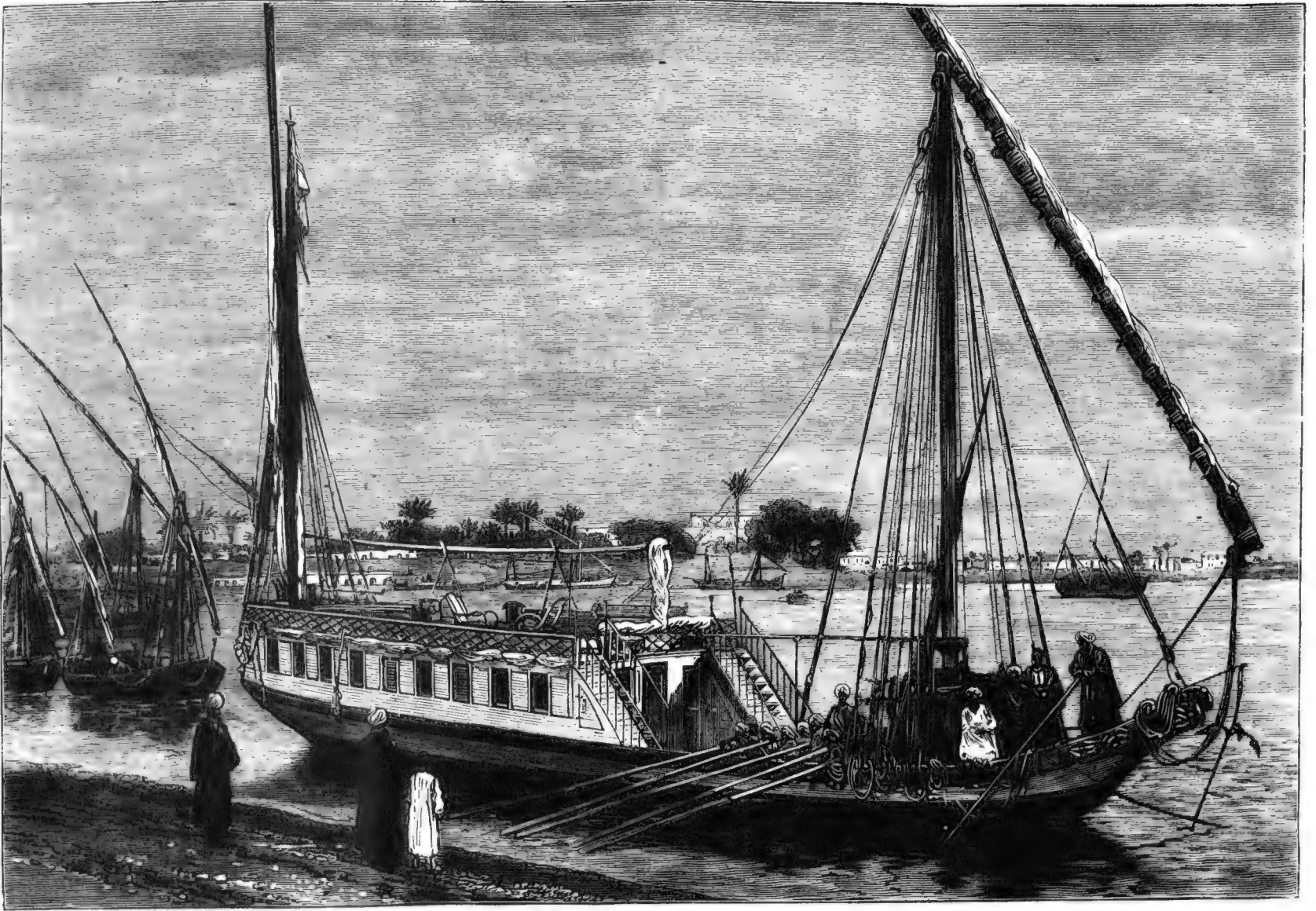
A STREET IN CAIRO—OLD STYLE



DRINKING AT A FOUNTAIN, CAIRO



THE VERANDAH OF SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO
CAIRO AND THE NILE



A DAHABEAH



THE SMOKING PAVILION AT SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO

CAIRO AND THE NILE

DISTURBED IRELAND FIFTY YEARS AGO

If Irish history still repeats itself in dismal alternation of disorder and repression, it may yet be urged that under the influence of even laws each wave of disturbance proves less violent than its predecessor—the normal savagery of one generation becoming the exceptional criminality of the next. And thus even in the middle of the new crusade against rents and landlords there is consolation as well as teaching in a backward glance on a worse time which many still remember well—the time of the Anti-Tithe League of 1830–1835. Modern Liberals who profess no surprise at the slight gratitude of the Celtic millions for Mr. Gladstone's Church and Land Acts of '69 and '70 can hardly realise the passionate disgust with which old Whigs of the first Reform Bill period—there were few "advanced Radicals" among the governing classes then—greeted the revival of Irish agitation when the Battle of Emancipation had only just been won. The men, it was said bitterly, who but the other day pretended to desire nothing more than direct representation in the British Parliament, now seek to destroy the Parliament and the Constitution. Repeal of the Union, Abolition of Tithes, Disendowment and Disestablishment of the Protestant Church, were the appalling programme of "the Liberator" and his "tail." But the movement against the levying of tithes—an impost, in its then form, even more objectionable on economic than on religious grounds, and particularly obnoxious to the smaller tenants, who were perpetually harassed by "processes" and "distrains" for arrears of only a few shillings—was by far the most widespread and determined in its character. For the Celt is much more a man of business than popular fancy is accustomed to depict him, and his opposition to the Saxon law has always been of two kinds, the one evanescent, vaporous, and sentimental, the other patient, practical, and persevering—war to the knife against high rents, unlimited evictions, agrarian burdens of all kinds; light skirmishing, half for "diversion's" sake, in favour of Repeal, Home Rule, the Irish Republic, or whatever else may symbolise for the nonce the age-long strife of "The Green" against "The Red." And the question of tithe payments was, as we have seen, a very practical question indeed. The elder generation will easily recall the pitying horror with which they listened to charity sermons on behalf of clergymen compelled to live on buttermilk and potatoes, and to dig "for bare life" on their own glebe lands. An "Irish Landlord" told us lately that similar sermons have been already preached in at least one church for landlords unable to get in their rents. By the end of '33 the strike against the tithe-claimant was universal. The arrears, which in '31 were 92,185*l.*, at the close of '32 amounted to 300,000*l.*, and '33 to 600,000*l.*—not a farthing of which could be recovered.

As with the present anti-rent agitation, the spark was kindled by a famine in the West. In 1830 the crops along the Atlantic coast failed so completely that in Mayo alone it was computed there were 20,000 persons, "without food or means of procuring it." And from the West the contagion spread to the rich counties of the central plain. Anti-tithe meetings began the movement, but meetings against evictions, against high rents, against turning lands into pasture, and the discouragement of spade husbandry, against abuses of power on the part of employers generally, followed quickly in their train. In Dublin the popular leaders boasted openly they could drive a coach and six through any "Algerine acts" of the British Government, and organised their famous Volunteer Association for "the prevention of unlawful meetings and protection of the sacred rights of petitioning for the redress of grievances." At Westminster they opposed the introduction of a Coercion Act in every way the forms of the House allowed. The reign of terror in the country districts, as pictured in the speeches of Her Majesty's Ministers, quite throws into the shade the disorders of to-day. Kilkenny, Carlow, Queen's County, were the centres of the most determined resistance to the law. But the West and South were not far behind. Bloody affrays between police and yeomanry on one side and infuriated mobs on the other were matters of every day occurrence. The report of an officer at the head of an armed detachment of police, describing his march through a disturbed barony in Mayo, his movements from one strong position to another (holding each just long enough to effect a strategic retreat upon the next), and his final preservation after expending forty rounds of ammunition by reaching a river, where his men found some boats, might have been penned the other day from Zululand.

Houging cattle, driving away sheep, or chasing them over cliffs, levelling walls, and rooting up land laid down in grass, were the lighter operations of "the finest peasantry in the world." Distraining was of no use, for no one would buy distrained goods. Jurors preferred being fined to answering the summons of the Court—at Clonmel, out of 265 who had been called, only 76 put in an appearance—or if they attended, did not venture to convict. At a trial in Kilkenny for the murder of a process-server, the jury could not come to an agreement, and were discharged. But before separating they had pledged themselves to keep their deliberations a profound secret. In half-an-hour the streets were placarded with their names—the seven who had voted for an acquittal printed black, the five who had been willing to convict, blood-red. Even Tipperary attorneys dared not take fees in suits to recover tithes. It was much as their practice—not to say their lives—was worth.

"Boycotting," though not yet known by its new name, was practically as well understood as now. A fatherless girl had to leave service because her mother had given evidence in a tithe outrage. A Wexford grocer who had similarly offended was placed under the ban. A field of corn belonging to him was reaped by the crew of a sloop of war. But the land could not be sown again, nor could his potato crop be saved. His daughter, too, had to leave school. The mistress dared not teach her any longer. Another grocer, who had simply sold salt to an obnoxious clergyman, found suddenly that no man would buy from or sell to him. His cart, sent to a distant town for bread, was stopped on the way back, and the bread thrown into a stream. A farmer who had been tempted to buy some distrained cattle "for a song," vainly endeavoured to obtain forgiveness by re-selling them to the original owners on their own terms. He next proposed to give up all the milk. They would not take milk of "distrained" cows. And the unfortunate had finally to flee the country. A son, whose aged father was killed before his eyes, dared not assist the authorities in searching after the murderers. Another tale of midnight assassination has been often told since for its very different *dénouement*, and for the Spartan resolution of one of the victims. A man who had offended the peasant "Vehmgericht," and had deemed it prudent to leave the neighbourhood for a time, ventured after some months' absence to return. His cottage was surrounded after dark, and he and his wife successively dragged out and murdered. But the woman had hid her little daughter in a corner, and had charged her to mark the assailants well. "The fire is bright," she said, "and I will struggle hard to give you time." Confident that no witnesses would appear against them the assassins scarcely troubled themselves to evade pursuit. They were arrested, tried at the next assize, and hanged upon the evidence of the child—evidence which no skill of cross-examining counsel was able to impair. Irish members still strove in vain to impede the introduction of a strong Coercion Bill. Carried at last in spite of all their efforts it diminished crime with marvellous rapidity—counties in which the yearly murder list had represented a total loss of life which Peel compared to that at some great naval battle, dropping down suddenly to the ancient level of six or a dozen homicides in the year. But the old tithe-system had all the same to be abandoned in the end, nor was it till some years later that attacks on Protestant clergymen were altogether laid aside for the noisier, but more harmless, "diversions" of Repeal meet-

ings. With, perhaps, the one exception of the murder of Lord Mountmorres—a crime which, in its unprovoked atrocity as in the brutal exultation of the peasantry over the sorrow of the bereaved relatives, presents a close parallel to the assassination of the Rev. Mr. Houston, of Borrisokane, in 1833—there has been, at any rate, thus far much less of pure bloodthirstiness exhibited than was the case some fifty years ago. Whether the strike against rents "over Griffiths' valuation" is the less determined because somewhat milder mannered, must be left, however, for the new year to tell.

J. K.



JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—Three songs from the nautical comic drama of *Billet Taylor*, written and composed by H. P. Stephens and E. Solomon, will raise many a hearty laugh at a Christmas party. They are entitled, "The Virtuous Gardener," "All On Account of Eliza," and "The Self-Made Knight." Not a few of our readers will be already acquainted with these very funny songs.—H. S. Leigh and J. Leybach have written and composed two songs of more than ordinary merit. Brightest and most pleasing of the group is "Song of the Muleteer," a *bolero* for a voice of medium compass, within the middle octave.—"Land of Enchantment" is equally limited in compass.—Decidedly mawkish is "Sweet Babe," by the above-named collaborators.—A very charming song for a mezzo-soprano is "Two Children by a River," composed by Lady Jenkinson; the smooth and flowing accompaniment is particularly pleasing.—Very nonsensical although meant to be quite serious, is the translation by R. Barnett of a poem by Victor Hugo, "I Ask for No Other Riches." It is a pity that B. Goddard did not choose some better words for his music.—Two simple and tuneful duets for violin and piano are "Les Bergers Watteau" (Danse Louis XV.) composed by Louis Gregh, arranged by E. Perrier, and No. 2 of "Favourite Subjects," which is J. P. Knight's popular song, "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," arranged by Ch. Tourville.—One of the most useful and pleasing series of current publications for the pianoforte is "The Progressive Music School," edited by J. Leybach; it consists of a selected collection of classical and progressive sonatas, sonatas, &c., intended to be played simultaneously with easier exercises of Czerny, Bertini, and others of the same standard. No. 7, Series I., is a Sonata by Herold. No. 13, Series I., is a Sonata by Diabelli; both are excellent specimens of this publication, and well worthy the attention of teachers of the young.—"Thinking of Bygone Days" is a graceful sketch for the pianoforte, composed by F. Pascal.—Both the "Arm in Arm" polka, by P. Fahrback, and the "Ting! Ting!" polka, by J. Pächter, are fairly good specimens of their kind.

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Two very prettily written and useful vocal duets for the schoolroom are respectively "Long Ago, Long Ago," written and composed by Wellington Guernsey and Alexander Reichardt, and "Un Mattino d'Amore," the poetry by Enrico Lemmi, the music by P. D. Guglielmo; the former is far from difficult, the latter requires careful study, which it fully repays.—Our self-confident composer, H. C. Hillier, has again undertaken to re-adapt four familiar poems, "While the Stormy Winds do Blow," better known as "Ye Mariners of England," the fine old tune of which he has not improved upon. "The Old Familiar Tree," hitherto known as "Woodman, Spare that Tree," of which the same may be said. "Queen Mab" and "The Homes of England" are the best of this composer's recent adaptations.—Montgomery's sweetly pathetic poem, "Friends," has been set to a charming melody by E. Rubini Jervis, who has been equally successful with a spirited barcarole, "A Moment More the Swelling Sails," words by R. S. Gedney.—"Three Pieces for the Pianoforte," by Paul Semler, entitled "An Evening Song," "A Reverie," and "Joyfulness," are pleasing *morceaux* to learn by heart and play in the gloaming.—A brief "Prelude" and a *caprice étude*, "Un Moment de Fiebre," for the pianoforte, by J. Romano, are both clever compositions worthy the attention of students.—"The Popular Ballad Quadrilles," by W. Godfrey, may be added to our list of useful and first-class dance music.—As a rule good poetry inspires a composer to try his best, and no doubt Harry Croft Hillier has done so, but not with the success he anticipated. It was a bold venture to adapt "The Cheery Mariners" and "When the Stormy Winds do Blow" to new melodies, when they are so thoroughly associated with their traditional tunes.—The composer has been more successful with "Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay," a so-called vocal gavotte, which has a cheery ring in it; and also in "Lord of Himself Though Not of Lands."

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—A very simple and charming duet, for a soprano and contralto, is "Daisies," the words by Henry Hersee, music by Jacques Blumenthal.—Published in G minor and E minor, "The Voice of My Love" is a song that will please wherever it is heard; the pathetic words are by F. E. Weatherly, the music by Ciro Pinsuti.—Equally good in their way are "After the Rain," written and composed by Sarah Doudney and Henriette, for a mezzo-soprano; "Madeline," a love song for a tenor, written and composed by Hugh Conway and Jules de Sivrai; and "Clover Blossoms," an easy ballad of the same type as the above—words by J. P. Douglas, music by J. B. Boucher.—Of a more difficult school are two descriptive songs on popular themes: "Grace Darling," an elaborate *scena* on a highly dramatic poem, of which the well-known heroine, who bore that name and honoured it, is the subject; written by Hugh Conway, and set to suitable music by J. L. Roeckel. The lengthiness of this song is somewhat a drawback to its success in the drawing-room; but for a penny reading, especially at the seaside, great success may be anticipated, if sung dramatically; the compass is moderate.—Most of our readers are acquainted with the pathetic history of Casabianca, the young hero of thirteen years old who, rather than desert his post on board the *Orient*, at the battle of the Nile, perished in the explosion of the vessel, which had taken fire. Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poem on this theme has been set to music with much feeling by F. H. Cowen. "Casabianca" is a song which will be a favourite in spite of its length; it is published in D and F.—"The March of Time," written and composed by Hugh Conway and J. L. Roeckel, is a series of truisms, set to good music.—No. 4 of "Musical Thoughts for the Young," by Ernst J. Reiter, is a pretty little waltz, and very easy.—"The Kingfisher Waltz," by the same composer, is a feeble composition, with a very gorgeous frontispiece.—A meet companion for the above is "The Mona Schottische," by J. H. Sykes, of which the frontispiece is the best part.

MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO.—Six of the best specimens of dance music which we have come across this season are by Alphonse Cary. The music is tuneful and original, the grotesque and clever frontispieces in black and white are laughable, and not in the least vulgar. The subjects are all storks in various attitudes and of different ages.—"Ye Infante" and "Ye Leane and Slippered Pantaloon" are spirited polkas; "Ye Lovere," a tuneful waltz; "Ye Justyce," a funny quadrille; "Ye Soldyers' March," and "Ye Second Childhood," a merry dance tune.—"The Florrie Gallop" is a tuneful and easy piece by W. Smallwood.—"Leisure Hours," No. 1 of a series of drawing-room duets for the violin and pianoforte, by Max Schröter, is "Evensong," a smoothly written piece, moderately difficult, suitable for after-dinner performance.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—Three Italian songs, music by Luigi Caracciolo, are respectively "Preghiera alla Madonna," poetry by Ernesto Villante, which is of a very mediocre description, the music quite unsuitable for the words; "Un Sogno Fu," words by R. E. Pagliara, both words and music, for a mezzo-soprano, of a very pleasing character. "La Danza delle Memoire," a sentimental poem by Odoardo Ciani, is wedded to a very graceful melody.—Very sad and pathetic, as the gloomy frontispiece would lead us to expect, is "Nel Campo Santo," a song for a mezzo-soprano, words by Cesare Lisci, music by L. Denza.—"Mazurka, For Ever and for Ever," on Tosti's popular song, has been neatly arranged by Edward Solomon, Musical Director of the Globe Theatre.

MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—There is a healthy tone and sentiment in the words by Thomas Sherlock, of "Bring My Heart Home," a ballad for a mezzo-soprano, the appropriate music of which is by C. J. Camphling.—Although we have heard many songs, resembling "In the Twilight," words by Emily G. Lawson, music by G. H. Goodair, it will prove effective in the drawing-room if only on account of its simplicity.—The same precisely may be said of "If Thou Wert King," written and composed by F. Clark, music by W. Borders.—Two well contrasted pianoforte pieces for after-dinner execution are, "A Song from My Native Vale," a sketch for the piano, by J. Batchelder, and "Marche des Athletes," by E. J. Bowen.—Original and danceable, "The Valeria Waltzes," with their dainty frontispiece, music by W. Brothers, will be very popular this Christmastide.—"La Première Volée Polka," by Arthur T. Toller, is a poor specimen of its kind; the only thing in its favour is that the time is well marked.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Linger Not Long," a song by Charles Salaman, is written with his usual good taste, but lacks originality. We have met with more than one of his compositions which resemble it much too closely. The anonymous words are very charming.—Much more striking than the above is "Thought," one of Shakespeare's beautiful sonnets, which C. Salaman has handled in an original and masterly style; it requires careful study, being somewhat difficult, but will repay the pains taken with it (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.).—A very satisfactory French song, written and composed by Alice Dumont and C. G. Maclean, is "Le Rendezvous" (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"The North Pole Galop," by H. De Quincy, is danceable and tuneful (City Music Store Company).

THE CURRAGH CAMP

THIS well-known military station is situated some twenty-four miles from Dublin on a fine undulating down, six miles long and two broad, and lying in a direction from north-east to south-west, with the town of Kildare near its western extremity.

The word *curragh* signifies *common*. It is, in fact, an extensive sheep-walk of above 6,000 acres, forming a more beautiful lawn than the hand of Art has ever succeeded in making; for nothing can surpass the extreme softness and elasticity of its wide extent of turf, whose verdure is still further set off by the gentle inequalities of the surface. It is depastured by numerous large flocks turned on it by the occupiers of the adjacent farms.

At one time this plain was celebrated as the principal race-ground in Ireland.

The Curragh Camp was built in the year 1855 in the incredibly short space of three months, with accommodation for 10,000 people. The huts are erected in a series of squares, and are constructed almost entirely of wood, the roofs being covered with felt, which is saturated with tar. A few, at the commencement of the Camp, have been replaced by concrete, which, though more durable, indeed altogether durable, and comparatively impervious to any currents of air, presents a most unprepossessing and prosaic appearance; whilst the quaint, picturesque little windows, in fashion like those of a Noah's Ark, and which open and shut on precisely the same principle as those of an ordinary forcing-house, are beginning in a few instances to disappear, the usual sash-windows being hailed by their possessors as a great improvement upon those of their less-favoured neighbours.

An observable feature of the Curragh Camp is the number of large stones placed at intervals along the verge of every turning, or path, or square, by which the huts or compounds are divided. For the said stones are never otherwise than liberally whitewashed, and thus are tolerably trustworthy indicators of the wayfarer's whereabouts on a dark night.

Like many other places which boast of somewhat unique characteristics, the Curragh has its legends attached to it. St. Bridget, so the story goes, besought St. Patrick to bestow upon her a portion of land for her poor, upon which the saint consented to give her as much ground as her cloak would cover. St. Bridget promptly dropped her mantle upon the ground, and as she spread it the mantle grew and grew, until the space it finally occupied stretched over the beautiful grassy plain now known as the Curragh Camp, and whose outline, it is almost needless to say, bears a curious resemblance to a long gigantic cloak thrown carelessly upon the ground.

The scenery on all sides is picturesque, and more or less mountainous, and there are charming walks to be found in all directions, one of the most notable being the Bog of Allan, more familiarly known as "The Subaltern's Walk," since every young subaltern who is new to the place is certain to consider himself in duty bound to start off there as soon as possible after his arrival.

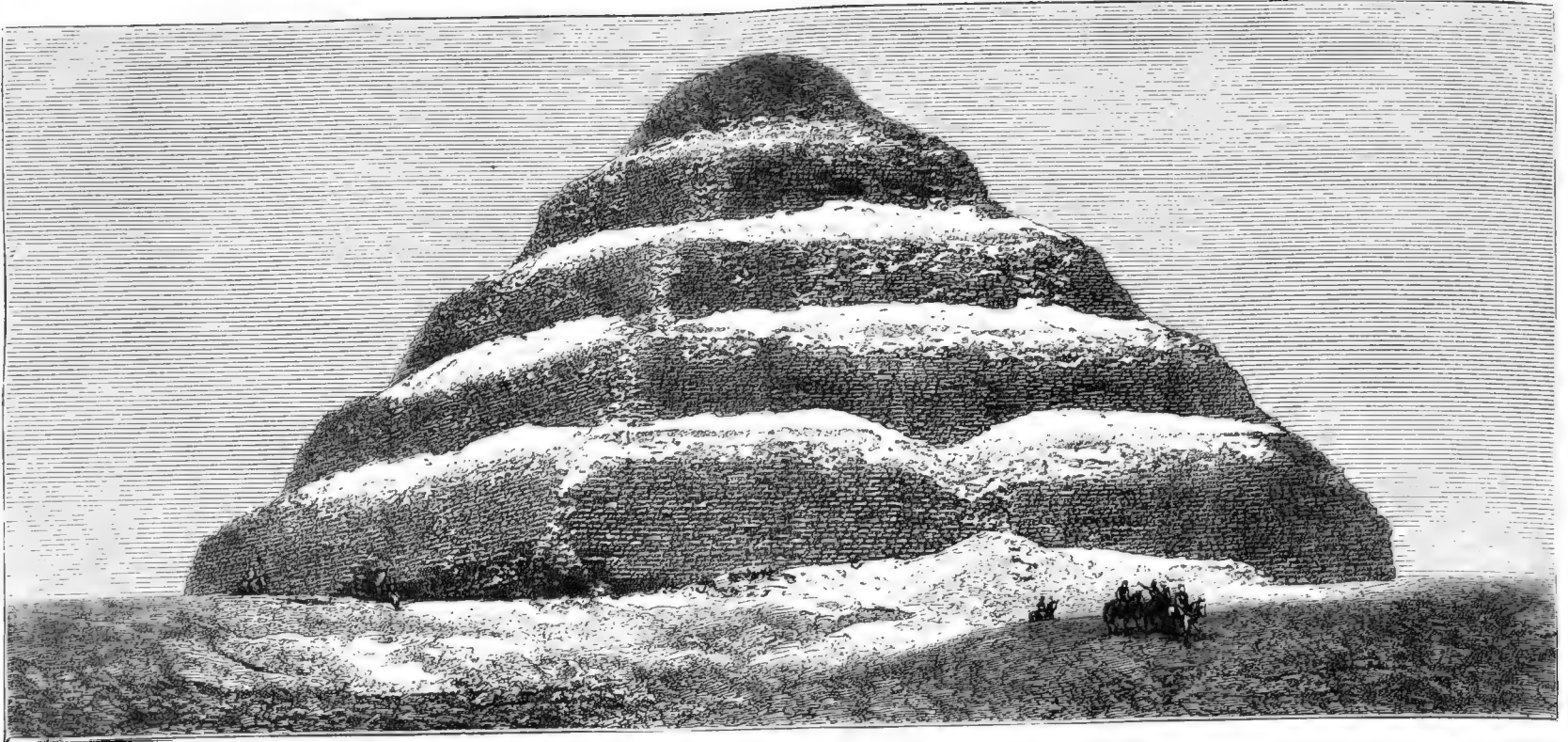
Most of the huts of the married officers are marvellously and dexterously fitted up, more especially the drawing-rooms, although their dimensions rarely exceed eighteen feet by ten, and in fact are no bigger than a tolerably large-sized cabin. The greatest possible taste and ingenuity are displayed in their interior arrangements. Scarcely a scrap of wall paper is left uncovered or unadorned. China plates with velvet backgrounds of quaint device, carved brackets, mirrors, reflecting glasses, bookcases with gold-embossed doors, birds' nests are grouped artistically along the walls, whilst Japanese fans and umbrellas depend grotesquely from the corners of the ceilings, many of which are of polished wood. The window-ledge, too, are either covered with velvet or velvet-embroidered serge, not a few of them boasting of the tiniest and prettiest of projecting conservatories, no bigger than a modest-sized herbarium.

One room, which struck us with unusual admiration, was entirely decorated, covered, to speak accurately, with every shade of peacock blue and green, the velvet background of each mirror and each ornament being also embellished with peacock's feathers arranged according to the fancy of its mistress.

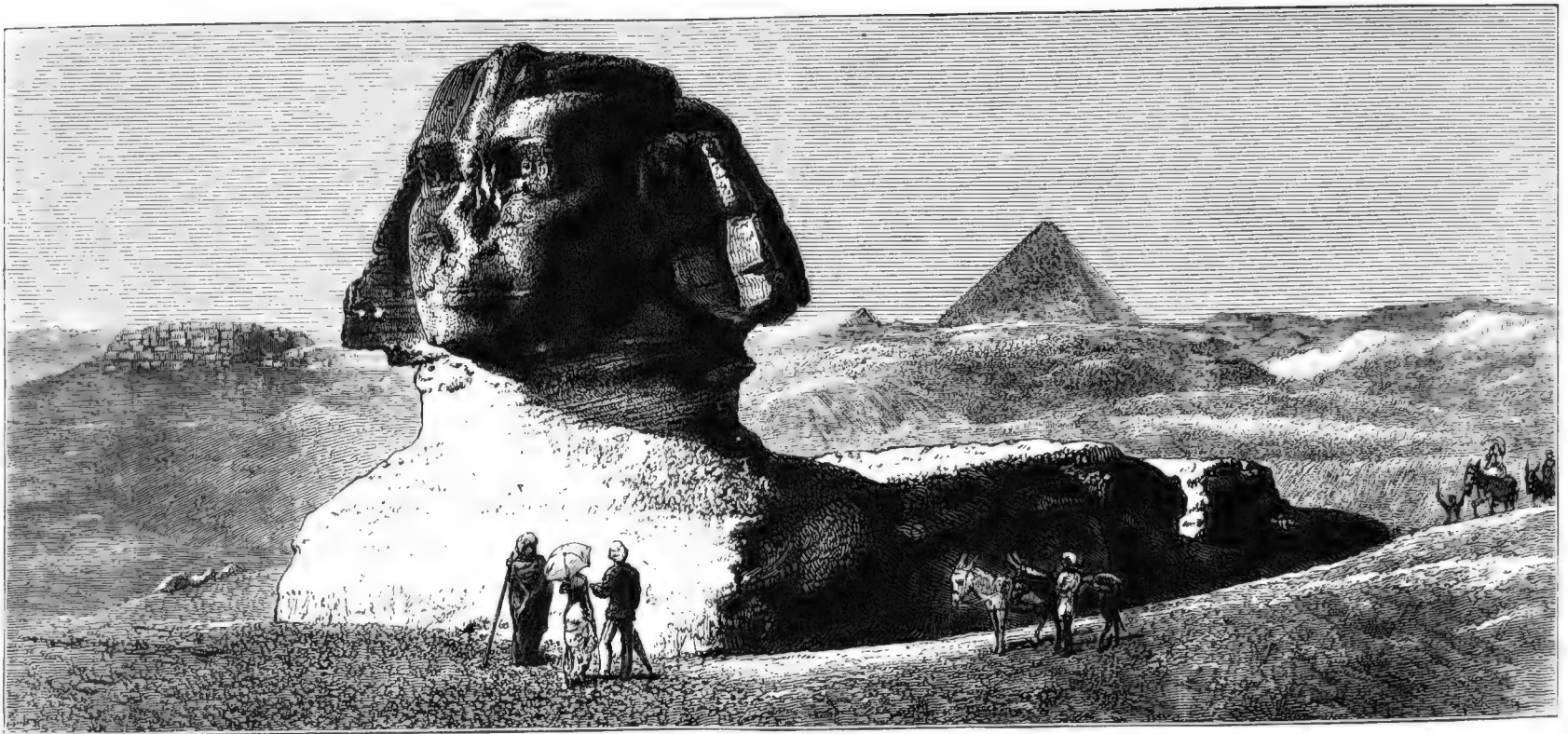
One is astonished to find how much furniture can be stowed away in these diminutive rooms. A piano, a sofa, a couple of "occasional" tables, two easy chairs, and several smaller ones of various shapes and forms, all conveniently find a place. Indeed, these little big drawing-rooms are the pet hobby of all the officers' wives who are making any reasonable sojourn at the Camp, a hobby which serves to excite a very ingenious spirit of rivalry as to who shall carry off the palm for the adornment of their Lilliputian reception-rooms.

The summer months are the gayest portion of the year. In the autumn and winter there are occasional theatrical performances. Once a week the band plays for the afternoon dance at the Gymnasium, from four to six; whilst on the first Friday of every month a ball is held in the same place.

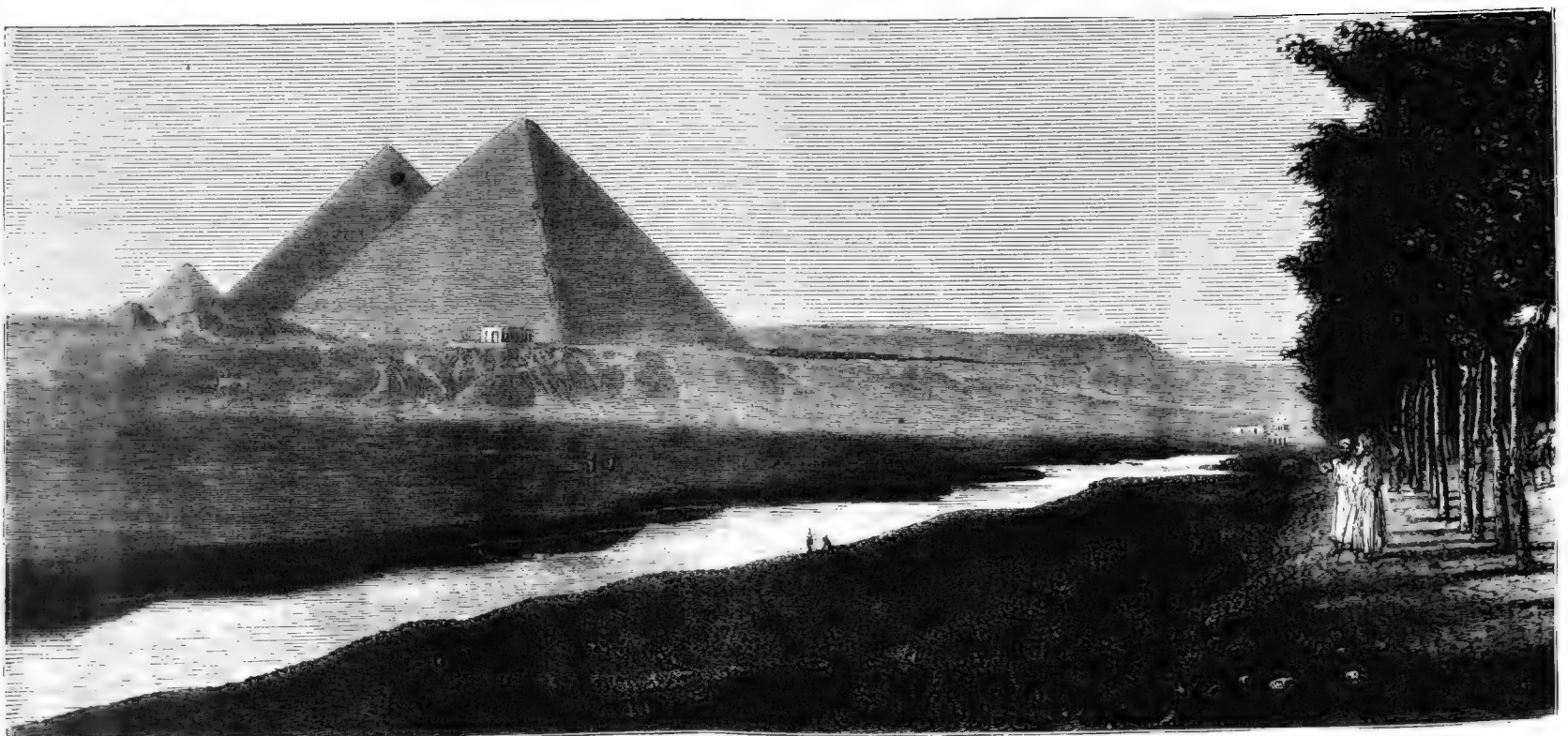
As may be surmised, small news flourishes there exceedingly, and gossip thrives apace, nor, as we have heard it more than once remarked, could telegraphy itself communicate more quickly than that "bird of the air" of fame immemorial, whose wing flutters untiringly in the service of the dwellers upon the Curragh Camp.



THE GREAT STEP PYRAMID OF SAKKÁRAH



THE GREAT SPHINX



THE THREE PYRAMIDS AT GÍZEH—KHUFU (OR CHEOPS), CHEPHREN, AND MYCERINUS

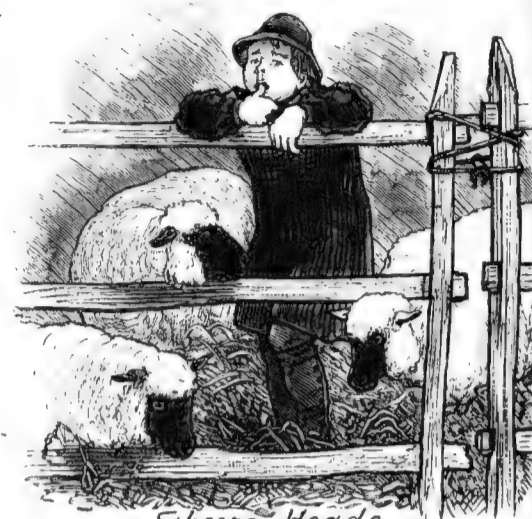
CAIRO AND THE NILE



Once a year



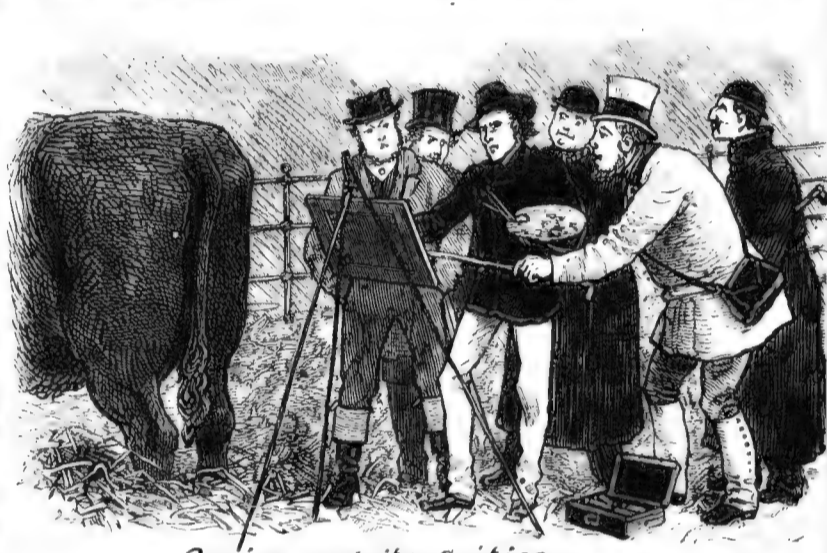
A young man from the Country



Sheeps Heads



Exhibitors who did not take an award



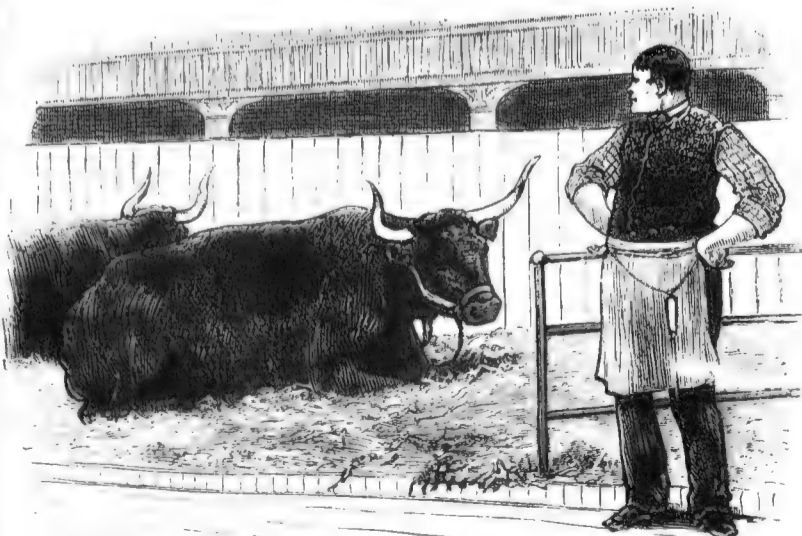
Senius and its Critics



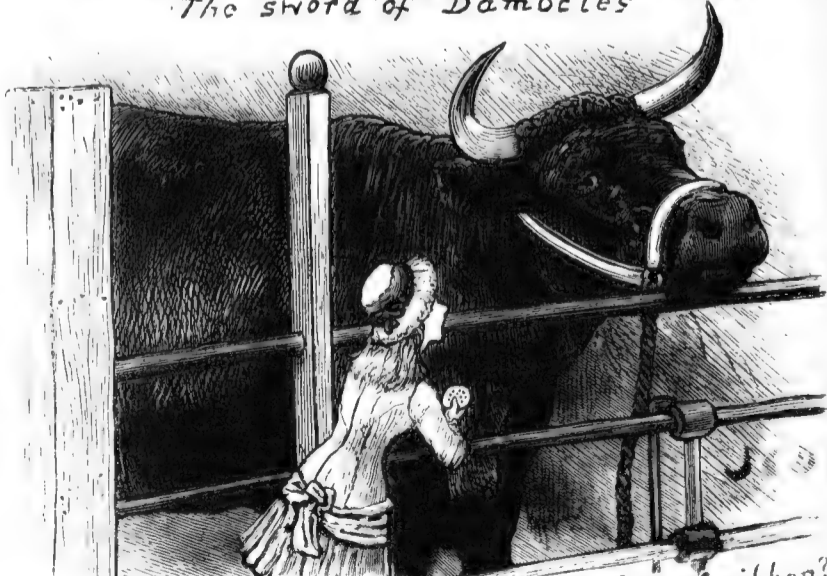
"With body filled — and vacant mind"



The sword of Damocles



Strangers yet



Didn't they give you a piece of ribbon?

HAWK-CATCHING IN HOLLAND

THE plain of Valkenswaard is not so celebrated in story as those of Châlons, Waterloo, or Marathon; and yet for many centuries it was better known, and regarded with greater interest, throughout the West of Europe than any battle-field in the world. For here it was—upon the great "Falcons' Field" of Brabant—that the hawks were caught every year to supply the wants of the most noted sportsmen of the day. Kings, princes, and potentates sent hither their falconers, charged to select and purchase, and carry back to their several countries, the falcons that might be caught; and high indeed were the prices paid for the most likely-looking birds. No such assemblage now congregates annually in the rooms of the Falcon Inn. The poor little village has lost its great attraction, and descended from its high position to a level with its rustic neighbours. Guide-books either ignore it altogether, or give some scant mention of its mercantile industries; and for all that the traveller who steams past it knows, it might never have been the falconers' autumn rendezvous, or the chief mart for the birds which in the Middle Ages were more valuable than horses or any other animal. There remain still, it is true, in the place itself a few traces of departed fame. The little inn, kept by a descendant of that great hawk-catching family, the Botts, is decorated profusely with drawings of hawks, and with a few stuffed specimens, set up in attitudes more natural than those in vogue at the museums. Its furniture, moreover, belying its humble exterior, betokens a wish to accommodate the grandee who occasionally came himself to see how his hawks were caught, and to pick and choose his own particular fancy amongst the string of captives. There is to be seen, moreover, at one end of the village a long, low building—now degraded to farm purposes—where in the palmy days gone by grand auctions were held of the hawks caught in the year. But by far the most interesting relic of the ancient régime is Adrien Mollen himself, formerly Falconer to the Royal Heron-Hawking Club at Loo, and now sole representative of the hawk-catching industry which once furnished employment for a score of experts. He is an old man, but hale and hearty, tall and straight, with an eye as keen as one of his own falcons, and all the intelligence of manner which comes from the successful practice of a most difficult art.

It is Adrien Mollen who has for years past supplied the "passage hawks" to most English and French falconers. They are caught in the months of October and November on their passage to the south as they pass over the "svaard" or plain, and then, after being kept a few days in the unpretentious but comfortable mews of the old falconer, are despatched to the various clubs and individuals by whom they were bespoken. This year some twenty peregrines, a goshawk, and a few merlins have been secured in the old style, and all were purchased in advance before they even found their way into the bow-net. The process by which these captives are taken is exceedingly ingenious; and it would well repay any lover of natural history, to say nothing of falconers, to run over to Brabant one November just to see the hawk-catchers at work. The "Falcons' Plain" is a great expanse of heath, three miles long, and from a mile to two miles wide. In the midst of it the falconer builds a small semi-subterranean hut within which he can sit at his ease, smoking, reading, or working throughout the day. At his side, but just outside the hut, is posted a small but valuable assistant, a shrike or butcher-bird, which has been caught ready for this occasion at about the end of September. This little creature—the tyrant of the hedgerow—has a mortal terror of hawks, and especially of the redoubtable peregrine; and, as he jumps about at the end of his leash or in his cage, he has perpetually an anxious eye turned towards the open sky. No sooner, therefore, does a peregrine pass within his range of vision, that is to say, within a mile or so, than he immediately gives warning by a series of piteous shrieks and all the violent actions inspired by horror and despair. The falconer, aroused in a moment by the noise, has in the twinkling of an eye put the trembling shrike out of the way, and then proceeds to set in motion his hawk-catching apparatus. The first of his objects is to attract the notice of the passing traveller of the air; and for this purpose he sometimes sets out on the open ground a trained or newly-taught hawk having a "dummy" fastened to its feet. The decoy hawk pulls and picks at the dummy, and seems to his fellow in the air to be discussing some meal; and thus a powerful attraction is first of all provided in the shape of curiosity, to say nothing of the chance that there may be something also for the new-comer. But the principal motive upon which the trap-catcher relies is more direct and certain. He lets fly a pigeon, to which a long string is attached, and which, after some attempts to escape, at length finds its way into a small hut built for its accommodation. The wild hawk, which has of course seen this pigeon, comes sailing up overhead, and, as there is nothing to frighten him, descends within a few score feet of the ground to see what has become of it. Now is the time for the grand attempt. A second pigeon, which has been kept outside with a second cord attached to it, is pulled out of a refuge in which it also had been ensconced, and as it flutters up is struck down at a blow by the peregrine. In another moment it is killed, and the hawk, sooner or later, according to the state of its appetite, begins to take its meal. When once the meal has been begun the rest of the process is easy enough. A steady pull at the strong string to which the pigeon is tied, by means of soft jesses round its legs, draws it slowly along, with the hawk upon it, towards a ring sunk in the turf. The hawk is too much occupied with his meal to pay much attention to this rather strange mode of involuntary travelling; and when once the two birds have been down close enough up to the ring, another cord is pulled, a bow-shaped net swings up from the ground, and the passage-hawk is secured. The bird-catcher may now at last issue from his place of concealment. He makes up to the net, seizes his victim with well-gloved hands, puts a ball of worsted under its talons, which are soon buried viciously in its soft mass, claps a hood on its head, and draws a sock over its body, which holds the still struggling and ferocious creature as in a straight waistcoat, and enables it to be laid down quietly on its back in the hut, while the falconer hurries back to prepare his tackle for effecting a fresh capture.

E. B. M.



A MAN must have a wonderful enthusiasm for ornithology to let it take him to the Petchora and keep him for nine weeks close by that unattractive river. Certainly Mr. Seebohm had his friend Mr. Harvie-Brown of Dunipace; and there was a bibulous Pole, who played interpreter, and whose sledge-accident is described with evident gusto. Then there were Samoides and their reindeer, and Old Believers, to watch whose gay processions—the women clad in velvet and gold, silk and satin, all wearing the quaint silver crosses of which Mr. Seebohm gives so many illustrations—was a relief from continual birding. Still it must have been a dull life, and we fancy Mr. Seebohm had enough of it, though his "Siberia in Europe" (Murray) is very pleasant reading. The chapter on bird migration (written in Heligoland) is to our mind the most interesting in the book. The account of the midnight flight of larks, "the lantern of the lighthouse being vignetted in a drifting

sea of birds," reminds us of Audubon's story of the blue pigeons, or Michelet's account, in "L'Oiseau," of the passage of the nightingales. We caution fathers who enjoy the book against letting their bird-nesting boys read it. Such boys are probably under a solemn engagement "not to take all the eggs;" a restriction at which they will grumble when they find their author ruthlessly clearing his nests and shooting the mothers as they fly off. "The interests of science" have a deal to answer for; by and by, we are told, the impatient investigator will sally out, rifle in hand, to shoot the human "subject" which is not immediately forthcoming at the hospital. Our friends did something almost as bad. Shooting in the streets is naturally illegal at Ust-Zylma; but, like true Britons, they took out their air-guns and set the foreigners' law at defiance, shooting a jackdaw, close to the house of the public prosecutor, who, meeting them at dinner at the chief magistrate's, "kindly cautioned" them to shoot as little as possible in the streets. If there is a hades for birds we hope news reached it of our sportsmen's sufferings from mosquitos. We don't pity them. Was it worth while, for hares at 3d. each and salmon at 9d. a pound, and capercaillies and kazel grouse and Bohemian lapwings at particularly low prices, to go where the only possible scenery notes are: "What a great river, what a big country?" Mr. Seebohm makes one socio-political reflection: the not very original one that Poland is a good deal like Ireland. His illustrations are delightful. We shall never tire of the "Nest and Young of the Little Stint."

From the Petchora to Borneo, from the home of the hooper and little stint to that of the Argus pheasant and orang-utan is a pleasant change this weather; and at any season we would rather be with Mr. Burbridge, in "The Gardens of the Sun" (Murray), orchid-hunting, than potting birds with Mr. Seebohm on the swamps and tundras over against Nova Zembla. From Singapore, the loveliness of which strikes all travellers, and which has its sanatorium, the Puloi mountain, if only there was a road up to it, Mr. Burbridge explored Johore, where in the interior is a curious aboriginal race that shares with the big red apes the name orang-utan (wild man). Then, in a deluge of cold rain, he and Mr. Veitch (whose name every one knows in connection with orchids) landed in Borneo. There they found "orchids at home," and large pitcher-plants, and glorious tree-ferns, and flowering trees—the *Poinciana regia* and others, enough to have made Canon Kingsley write another "At Last." Messrs. Burbridge and Veitch went about in Borneo as if it had been the Isle of Arran, among head-hunting Muruts and "sea-gipsies," always treated well, because they did not, as a missionary lately did, use rifles to help out their arguments. The Orang-kayas (village head-men) were honest and just, and their houses were "at the service of the passing stranger." "Nature there is ever beautiful; and man, although often strikingly primitive, is hospitable, and not often vile." On the whole the aborigines seem better fellows than the Malays, though the latter are steeped in poetry and romance. Mr. Burbridge fears that, if we don't help, Borneo will be annexed to the Philippines, or fall into the hands of speculators. Already an English company intends to colonise the north of the island, and Baron Overbeck's company has land there as well as in the Sulus. From the Sulu Sultan to the poorest mountaineer he met with the greatest kindness. His maxim that, though "a double breech-loader is useful to the naturalist, and a good revolver is a source of interest and amusement (perhaps sometimes of awe) to uncivilised people, the strength of right and gentleness is the best of all protections to the traveller anywhere," no doubt partly accounts for the cordiality of his reception. Among the "Borneo Andes" were plants which Mr. Low sent years ago to Sir J. Hooker, but which have never reached Kew alive. To see the giant *Nepenthes Rajah* and three or four other species was enough to rouse a botanist to eloquence. Mr. Burbridge has the credit of bringing this plant, found nowhere but on Kina Balu, alive to England, along with several new ferns, rhododendrons, &c. Most of these, we believe, are in the Veitch Collection at Chelsea, where Borneo has also a museum of curios. We wish Mr. Burbridge had given us an index and a good map—the latter especially, for ordinary atlases don't do their duty by Borneo. The book is a most fascinating one, and ought to be read by all who care to compare tropical Nature in the far East with its oftener described aspects in the West.

Heredity solves many mysteries; but we cannot understand how a son's having got at seventy is an "unconscious memory" of his father's having had it at the same age. Indeed, we thought at first that Mr. S. Butler's "Unconscious Memory" (D. Bogue) was an elaborate joke to discredit Darwin, Huxley, and Co. by showing where their theories lead—viz., to the conclusion that cream thinks, and that chickens in the shell perform an act of reasoning. We soon found, however, that the author of "Erehwon" has two objects in view, first to dethrone Mr. Darwin, and to restore to Buffon and Lamarck and Dr. Erasmus Darwin the chief seats in the realm of Evolution; next to show that heredity and all the acts and tendencies which make each species what it is are due to memory. Mr. Butler is welcome to argue as much as he likes for the second of these objects. If he can prove that not only am I the outcome of all my antecedents, but that I am actually my grandfather over again—nay, my father, if he pleases—though in that case two middle-aged gentlemen would often have to be rolled into one—if he can prove that "all Nature lives and thinks and remembers in a more or less dim way," so much the better. It is pleasant to think of a spray of moss, for instance, sending out shoots almost exactly the same as those of last year's spray, while yet they have not that absolute identity which would come from being cast in the same mould; pleasant, too, to believe that the slight change which makes improvement and "spiral progress" possible, instead of the unvarying round, is due to memory. Mr. Butler is, indeed, "levelling up" with a vengeance when he claims for "every atom of matter some kind of humble memory;" and we at once begin reflecting what would happen if stones so far forgot themselves as to lose "that profound respect which memory gives them for the law of gravity," or if air and water ceased to pay any regard to chemical affinity. But all this is fair, and depends on the sense in which we use "memory," "respect," and so on. There are also two ways of looking at Evolution; either specific changes are the result of accident, or of design. The giraffe either got his long neck because an accidentally long-necked ancestor found more food and so had a better chance of surviving than his shorter-necked compeers, or because by earnestly desiring a longer and manifestly more useful neck he gradually developed it. Mr. Darwin teaches the former, Dr. Darwin taught the latter view, the *reductio ad absurdum* of which is to be found in the "Vestiges of Creation." Mr. Butler contends that the former view is a development of the latter, that Mr. Darwin owes a great deal to his namesake and to Lamarck and Buffon, and that the "Origin of Species," instead of being "a kind of literary Melchisedec," may, as Dr. Krause said in "Kosmos," be paralleled in almost every particular in the works of his ancestor. Were this so, it would be no reason for writing in a captious carping style—accusing Mr. Darwin of purposely ignoring Dr. Darwin, and Mr. Huxley of purposely misrepresenting Buffon. Those who wish to learn how not to argue, and how to make the better reason appear the worse, should read Mr. Butler's "Evolution Old and New." We advise him to call in this edition, and expunge such ill-tempered stuff; and then we will freely say that his own speculations about memory are quite as plausible as anything that he has translated from Hering or Von Hartmann.

Major Wood-Martin's motto is from Macaulay: "a people who take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors

will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants." Unfortunately in Irish history not only are the heroes Irish but also those against whom they display their heroism. "Sligo and the Enniskilleners" (Dublin, Hodges and Co.) is therefore necessarily a party book, recording the prowess of those whose war-cry was "No Popery." Major Martin writes because he thinks the Sligo men have been forgotten, whereas they certainly stood to the better known Enniskilleners much as the Plataeans did to the Athenians at Marathon. Sligo was the key to North Connaught, cutting it off from James's friends in Ulster. Sarsfield took it, using to shelter his wild kernes that medieval engine "the sea." It was then held for James by Sir Teague O'Regan, a little hunchback of seventy years old, knighted for his brave defence of Clarendon. He failed at Sligo, being forced to surrender to Mitchellburne. Indeed, the Protestants, who gave M^cCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, a crushing defeat at Newton Butler, almost annihilating Clanc, "Yellow Dragons," seem to have been more than a match for James's Irish forces. It is pleasant to find, instead of Cromwell's savage cruelty, a careful regard on both sides for the courtesies of war. When, however, the fighting was over, the chief mischief began,—the Protestants, who had all been in arms, "assuming the air of masters, were unwilling to work, and inclined to depend more and more on help from the English Parliament." Thus began that "Protestant ascendancy" which has been the great cause of Irish misery and disaffection. Major Martin has a warning for the Home Rulers: "all the wealth and security of the Irish Roman Catholics would speedily vanish were English rule withdrawn."

One does not expect perfect accuracy in such a book as Mr. Smiles's "Duty" (Murray). Still he ought to know that Gallio was not a "don't care" in his sense. Lax he was, or tolerant, which Mr. Smiles pleases; and, as for coming to a Galen, he shared the fate of Seneca and St. Paul, if, indeed, he is the Gallio whom Nero put to death. Of course the book is full of anecdotes which, if not always to the point, are always interesting. Every parent should study the refutation of the old saw about "breaking a child's will;" and every trades-unionist should take to heart the reply of the workman who, when a comrade asked why he was walking so slowly, said: "It's my master's time." Kindness to animals enters into Mr. Smiles's idea of duty; some "birds are more human than some men," witness the terms which Edward of Banif saw carrying off their comrade whom he had just wounded. As for battues and pigeon tournaments, why Sir C. Napier, and even the sport-loving Outram, gave up shooting because they could not bear to hurt dumb creatures. "Duty" concludes the series which began twenty years ago with "Self-Help,"—of which Mr. Smiles tells us that it was declined with thanks by the publisher to whom he offered it, and did not appear till the "Life of Stephenson" had made its author known. We hope "Duty" will be as widely read as its predecessors; "great deeds are great legacies," which will be too often unclaimed until cheap editions of works like this are put forth as class-books for night and Sunday-schools.

Ecce iterum—but no; Major Ashe puts all his predecessors out of court by saying you can't write satisfactorily about a war till it has been some time ended. "Moreover, the criticism of amateur Mentors" was so ignorant that he, who watched the campaign from his chambers in Hare Court, and was kept *au courant* by letters from Captain Wyatt Edgell, felt he must come forward to assure us that Sir Bartle Frere is "one of England's greatest, wisest, and most humane administrators," and that Lord Chelmsford and his lieutenants belong to that class of able and prescient and resourceful leaders of whom Tacitus says: *ratis et consilium propria ducta arte*. What prescience and resource were shown at Isandlwana really must judge for themselves. Major Ashe assures us Lord Chelmsford's standing order was for the waggon to be laagered. "Doubtless he supposed Colonel Glyn would see to this. Doubtless Colonel Glyn thought Colonel Puleine would do it. Colonel Puleine, only in command three hours, doubtless left it to his successor, who had not been half an hour in camp when the battle began." Major Ashe, always given to fine writing, writes his finest when describing the death and finding of the Prince Imperial, "the hope of France," "the pride and hope of Imperial Gaul." We can understand his showing no mercy to Lieutenant Carey; but why say, "A great deal of rubbish was talked about the inhumanity of burning down kraals?" It was not rubbish, but fact. And why kill Dabulamanzi, at the end of Chapter VI. (in the Contents), to raise him up again at Sir G. Wolseley's durbar? We wish Major Ashe had not written, and we think that by and by he will wish the same.

"Brigitta," by Berthold Auerbach (S. Low), is the latest addition to the series of Tauchnitz German Authors. Like many stories of this well-known novelist much of the action takes place amid the sound of the woodman's axe and the hoarse cries of raftsmen, while the author is never happier than when describing the pure and simple life of the German peasant. In the latter half of the volume, however, Brigitta—the daughter of a rich innkeeper who has been beggared by the wiles of a swindler—goes to Geneva and turns surgical nurse, and, of course, tends the destroyer of her hearth and home in the course of her duties. For what comes of all this we refer the reader to the book itself, which in these days of sensational novel writing is refreshingly pure, and healthy in tone. The translation is by Miss Clara Bell, who, as usual, has done her work well.

The "Theatres of Paris," by G. Brander Matthews (S. Low), is an interesting little volume, written by an American, on the drama and its houses in the French capital. It is well planned out and fairly illustrated by portraits of celebrated actors, which, if we mistake not, appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* some years since. The chapters on the Academy of Music, the New Opera, and the Théâtre Français are especially to be commended, particularly the portion dealing with the *personnel* of the Comédie Française; the Gymnase, the Variétés and the Porte St. Martin, receive their due share of attention, and, indeed, the whole book is worthy of perusal, even by the oldest Parisian playgoer.

SILK MANUFACTURE IN THE LEBANON

BEYROUT, though in the heart of the Lebanon territory, is not so it, for the Turks considered it too valuable a property lightly to be handed over to the Lebanon Government. Two stations of sentries, one of Turkish, the other of Lebanon soldiers, show where Beyrou ends and the Lebanon begins, and after passing these the sight of a large long building with a tall chimney at the end is not uncommon, dotted about the hills. These are the Lebanon silk factories.

Let us turn into the first that we see, where some thick pine-trees near the entrance give an inviting shade, and where quiet and stillness seem to reign.

A bright picture meets our view on entering. Under the shade of some matting sit a crowd of brightly-dressed girls sorting the still brighter-coloured cocoons of silk. The proprietor, to whom we have a letter of introduction, advances to meet us, glances at the note and asks us to be seated, and we commence talking till the inevitable coffee is brought; for nothing can be done till that has arrived. In a few minutes a servant arrives with glasses of lemonade with icy snow from the mountains floating in it, an agreeable variation on the coffee, especially after the hot and dusty Damascus road on which we had been riding.

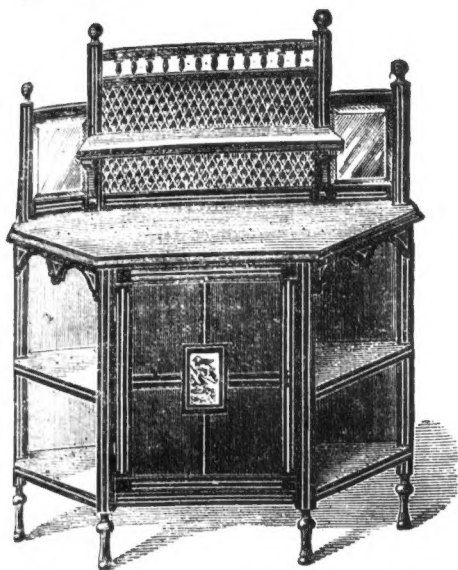
Some mules arrive, and we are able to see the cocoons fresh from the country. Large mats are spread, and they are shot out of the curious receptacles, half bag, half basket, that they have been in whilst travelling.

(Continued on page 609).

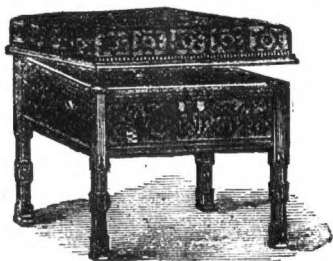
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145, 146, 147, 148, 149,

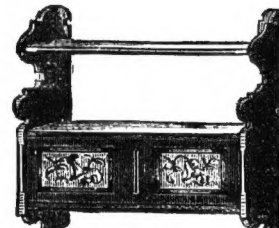
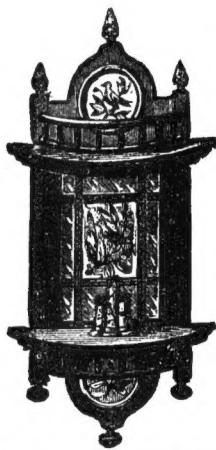
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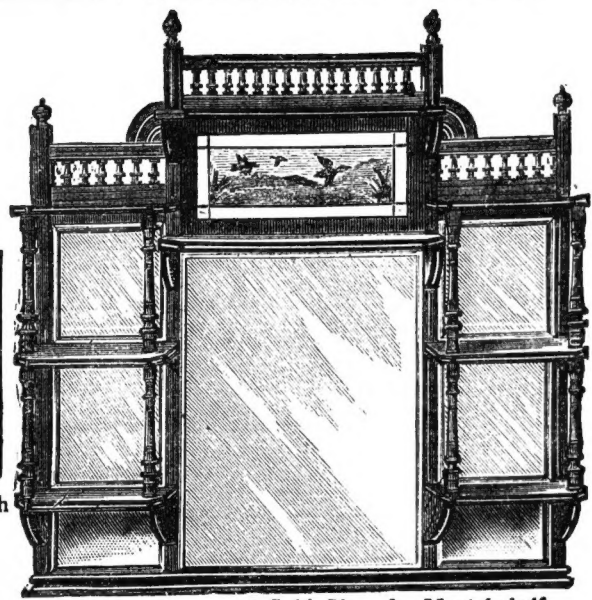
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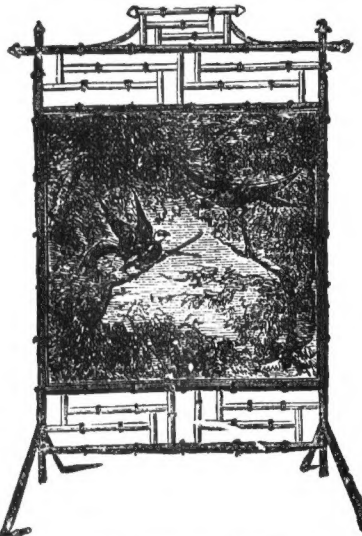
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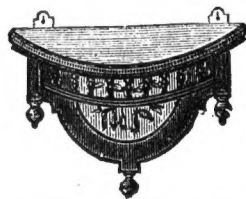


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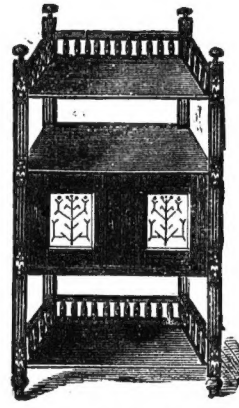


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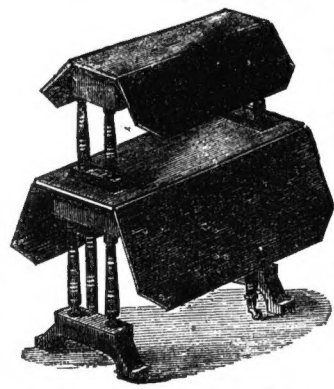
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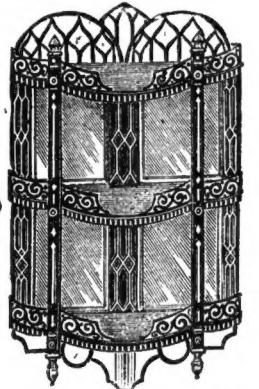
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Wholly supersedes every other form of Garter for
Ladies, Gentlemen, or Child's wear, are worn with all
the comfort of the best known Garters. Not more
expensive. Beautiful in appearance. Adjusted in a
moment. Are lasting wear. Finished in finest Silk and
Cotton fabric (usual Colours) with Stud and Buckle
Clasps.

Like the Telephone and Electric Light, it has taken
time to develop, but is now the success of the day, and
PRICE.—The Electric Garters in finest Cotton Web-
bing, ladies' or gent's size, 2s. 6d.; in Silk, 3s. 6d.
(by post 2s. 8d. and 3s. 8d.); child's size (up to eight
years) Cotton, 2s.; in Silk, 3s. (by post, 2s. 2d. and
3s. 2d.)

Develop the ANKLE and FOOT into perfect form,
support and strengthen the LIMBS, add MARVEL-
LOUS GRACE and elasticity to the step, give GREAT
EASE and COMFORT in WALKING or RIDING,
maintain and excite healthy circulation. PUT AN
END TO ILL-SHAPEN and DWARFED LIMBS
and ANKLES, dispel GOUT, RHEUMATIC, and
NEURALGIC PAINS, subdue all cramps and stiffness
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of joints.

They are carefully examined and felt, and we are shown a good one, and all shades of those that are not good. It is explained to us that they ought to be of an even oval shape, about one inch and a quarter long, and hard all over. On pinching them they ought to dent a little like a hard felt hat, and spring out again. Sometimes they are thin like paper, but even all over; these produce good enough silk, but as they are valued by weight when the chrysalis is still inside, they are not worth so much per pound as the others. Sometimes one end is thin whilst the rest is thick, and these are worth very little, as after being unwound for a short time the place is reached where a thread is severed, and as this arrives sometimes very soon, it is impossible to tell exactly when, the value can only be reckoned by guess, and, in the East, that means it will be a very low one. Sometimes a hole is seen at one end, and this shows that the moth has formed, and eaten its way out during the journey. The cocoon is then valueless. If the distance travelled is far, there are sure to be some of these, and a few white moths are seen struggling among the cocoons. These are always preserved for eggs.

And now the price has to be settled, and a severe altercation ensues between the man who has brought them (a muleteer) and

the proprietor of the works. The latter offers fifteen piastres per oke of two and three-quarter pounds as the outside value. The other declares that he has bought them, and given twenty-five piastres, and he cannot let them go for less than twenty-six, and finally even then it would scarcely pay for the feed of his mules. Finally twenty piastres is agreed upon, and the poor muleteer takes it, swearing all the time that he is losing six piastres (about one shilling English) upon all the 2,000 okes he has brought, but he is obliged to take it because he cannot take them any further, or the moths would all come out, and he would lose everything. They are weighed, of course, before being paid for, and this is another sore subject, as he declares that he brought five more okes than can be found. Yet he carries off his money, and his expression outside the gates is happy enough! Perhaps he told a lie, and has really made a good thing out of the transaction. And now the first made a good thing out of the transaction. And now the first process has to be gone through at once, all the chrysalides inside have to be killed before they turn into moths, and spoil the cocoons. They are carried off in trays to the "stiffer," as shown in the illustration.

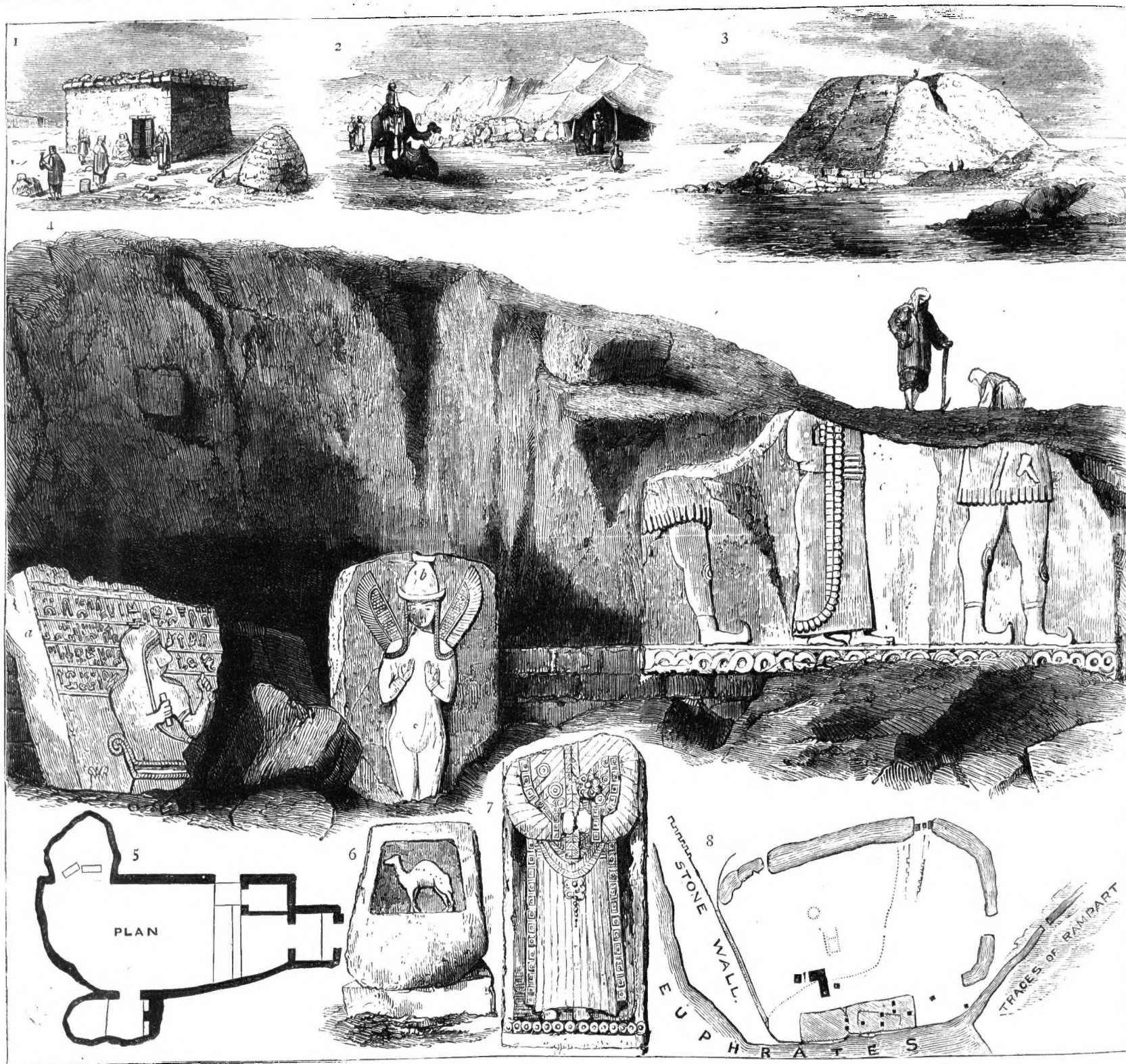
This apparatus consists of a moveable frame, running on wheels into a chamber. At one end of the frame is fixed a door, so that

when the frame is pushed in, the door closes the opening steam-tight. In the centre of the door is another small door, about eight inches square, and above it is a thermometer with the bulb communicating with the interior of the apparatus.

The trays filled with the fresh cocoons are put upon the cross-bars of the frame that when full holds some 200 okes. The door is then closed, and, by turning a tap, steam is admitted into the chamber. One of the head men of the establishment always superintends this process, and watches the rising thermometer and his watch. In about three minutes he causes the steam to be turned off and opens the small door. With a pair of scissors he picks out a cocoon, rips it open, and takes out the chrysalis. He then stabs it with the point of the scissors, and picks out its heart and puts it in his hand. If the heart is soft, and becomes a paste when pressed, the chrysalis is dead, but if a slight motion is visible, it has not been cooked long enough, and another half-minute's steaming is necessary.

When the time has thus been found for one arrival of cocoons, no more examination of individual cocoons is necessary, and they are stifled by time alone.

The frame is quickly emptied while another batch is being stifled. One girl superintends the whole charging and discharging of the



1. Sheik's House at Jerabis (Carchemish) where Explorers Have to Stay.—2. Tents in the Village of Jerabis.—3. The Great Mound of Jerabis (Carchemish) from the North-West.—4. Sketch in the Excavations at Jerabis, Showing the Positions of the Sculptures: a. Bas-Relief with Hittite Inscriptions; b. Large Sculptured Slab; c. Part of a Frieze Representing a Procession.—5. Plan of Principal Excavation.—6. Altar of Black Stone Found in the Village of Zambur, near the Sadjur.—7. Sculptured Monolith with Inscription on Back (Jerabis).—8. Sketch-plan of the Ruins.

ANTIQUITIES AT CARCHEMISH, NORTHERN SYRIA

"Stiffers," and very hard work it is, while some dozen girls are told off from the group that are picking, in order to fill the trays and carry them to and from the apparatus. Directly they are cooked the cocoons are spread upon mats in the shade to cool and dry, for in the process they have become wet and soft.

They are then carried to the pickers, who feel by a touch whether they are strong or weak, even or uneven, and collect them into different qualities. The scene is lively enough, the nearly white dresses of the girls contrast well with their olive complexions and dark eyes, while their vari-coloured handkerchiefs thrown over their heads prevent any chance of monotony of effect. Not the least beautiful part of the scene is the varying colour of the cocoons. Generally they are of a delicate greenish-yellow, but there are many white, and some with even a pinkish tinge upon them, but all with a peculiar brilliant sheen reflected from the sky above that gives quite an extraordinary delicacy of colour and tone.

After being sorted into the different qualities, they are weighed into bags and passed over to the winders. In a long lofty room are two rows of workmen and women, one on each side. In front of them is a long bench, and before every worker a shallow basin, and behind are the winding-wheels worked by steam. Each basin is provided with a steam-pipe to heat the water to boiling, and to commence the process the

cocoons are thrown into the basin that has been previously filled with what looks like *very* dirty water, but is in reality water and chrysalis juice, the manufacture of which will be described further on. The steam is now turned on, and the water rapidly reaches the boiling point. In a few minutes the beautiful yellow of the cocoon begins to fade, and rapidly turns to a dull pale brown. The boiling is then stopped, and the cocoons while floating are gently brushed over with a species of fine broom made out of small twigs. After passing the brush several times over them, it begins to catch the ends of the silk threads, and soon the larger number of ends is thus caught. These are then held in the left hand, while the free cocoons are pushed into a corner and again brushed till all the ends are caught. Ten cocoons, in two groups of five each, are then separated, and the fine ends from each group carried through a small hole at each end of a fork-shaped piece of brass standing in front of the basin, as shown in the illustration. The five threads stick together and form one thread, and this is carried up and through some hooks, fixed on a rocking bar, to the spinning-wheel, worked by friction wheels from a shaft running the length of the room. Before passing the hooks the threads are twisted once round each other, and thus rub as they pass. This is necessary to ensure the adhesion of the finer threads of which they were composed. At one end of the long room there were two or three wheels winding a very coarse and knotted-looking silk. This comes from the

cocoons which contain twin-chrysalides, of which there are generally one or two per cent. in the mass of cocoons. From its rough nature it is much less valuable than the other, and is used in the country only. After passing through this room, in which there is always a strong odour of boiling mingled with a curious rank smell peculiar to the cocoons, and pervading the atmosphere of the whole establishment, we turn our steps towards a small house in a rather out-of-the-way corner. The all-pervading smell becomes stronger, and on arriving opposite the door we stop, unable even if willing to proceed further. Within there is a man pounding away with a large wooden mallet at the dead chrysalides after the silk has been wound off. He seems very much amused at our discomfort from the smell, and with great glee takes up a handful of half-smashed and dripping chrysalides to show them closer. It is explained that this is done to get the juice. Our friend takes out a cupful from a barrel close by to show us, naming it, with a grin, chrysalis milk. It is a thick, whitish liquid, and a small quantity is put into each basin in the winding-room for the purpose of giving toughness and elasticity to the silk.

We then, after inspecting the engine, turn to go out. But before we can escape, more iced drinks and strawberries are placed before us under the delicious shade of the pine-trees, and not till we have done full justice to them will our kind host let us depart.

TRISTRAM ELLIS

THE GRAPHIC

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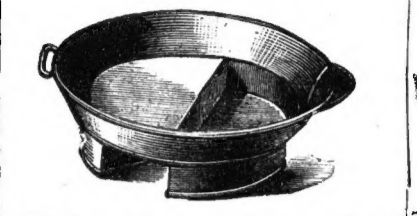
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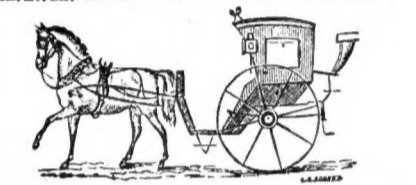


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S.S. NAVARINO, October 28th, 1880.

To the Secretary of the ZOEDONE COMPANY (Limited), ABCHURCH LANE, E.C.

SIR,—Some time ago, while travelling in England, I heard one of my fellow travellers speak highly of ZOEDONE as a remedy for sea sickness. As I was intending to take a long voyage, I determined to lay in a stock and try it. I feel it really necessary to say that IN EVERY CASE it has been successful, and has given relief (in some cases the sickness ceased entirely after the first wine-glassful). I have written to the "Standard" and "Telegraph," hoping that they will make publicly known that a cure for the most distressing malady has really been discovered. Everybody who took it on board this ship was benefited at once. I may say that we had it very rough indeed in the Bay of Biscay, and the ship rolled heavily. I am really anxious that people who have to go to sea, and suffer from sea sickness, should know that a remedy is within their reach. No passenger ship ought to go to sea without a stock of it on board. If my letters to the papers do not appear, and you like to print this, or any part of it, as an advertisement, pray do so.—I am yours faithfully,

JOHN CLOUGH,

Rector of Clifton, Nottingham; and Passenger to Calcutta and Akyab on board British Indian Steam Navigation Company's steamer "Navarino."

ZOEDONE is carried by the Steamships of the "Inman Line" Royal Mail to and from New York; the "Guion" Line United States Mail Steamers to and from New York; African Steam Ship Company; British India Steam Navigation Company; the Isle of Man Royal Mail Steamers, and all other first-class Passenger Steamers.

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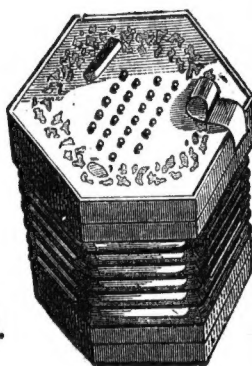
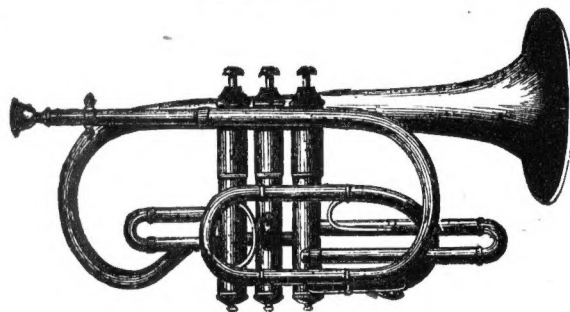
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